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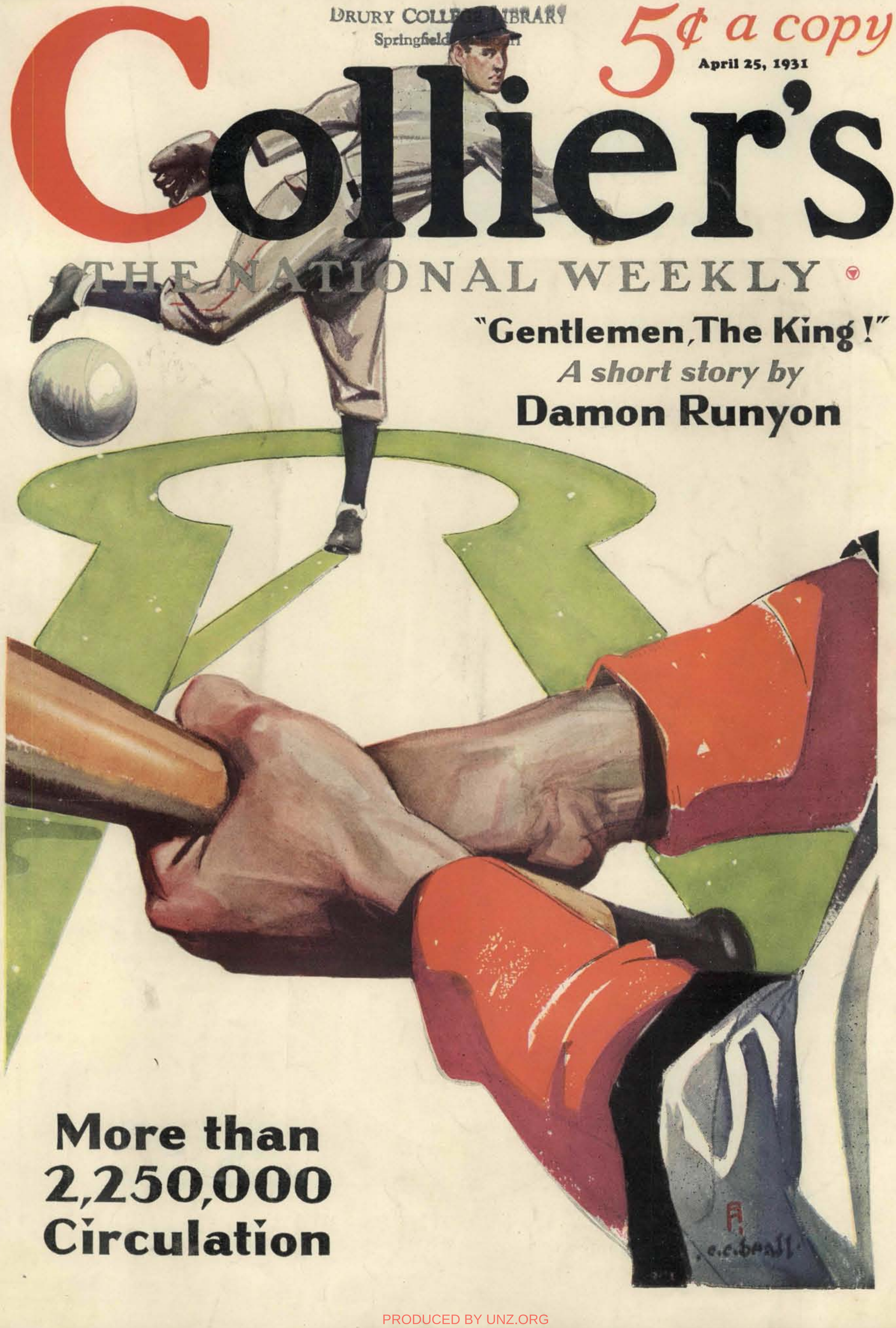
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



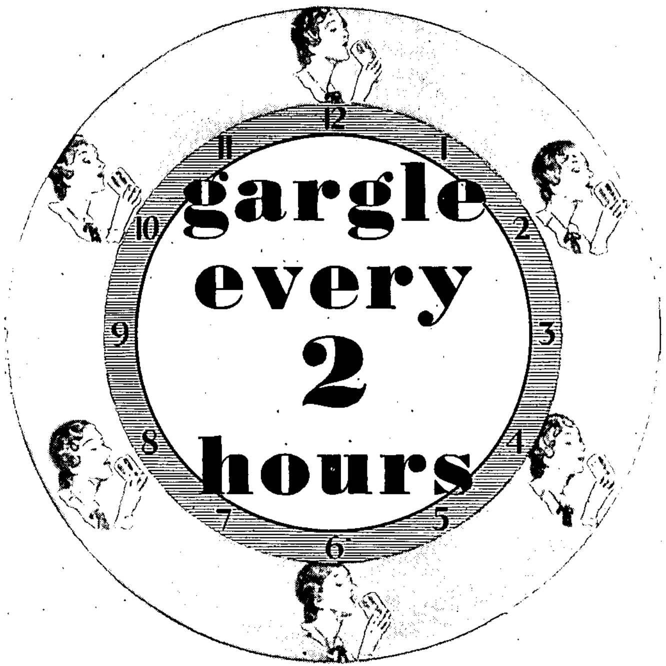
"Gentlemen, The King!"
A short story by
Damon Runyon

More than 2,250,000 Circulation

the last thing at night . . .
first thing in the morning

gargle with Listerine as a precaution against colds . . .

and as a treatment—



WHO can doubt the value of the regular morning and night gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic with its amazing power to kill germs in 15 seconds? What a remarkable precautionary measure it is!

Most of the diseases of children and adults, including the common cold, start in the mouth. They are caused by germs breeding there by the millions.

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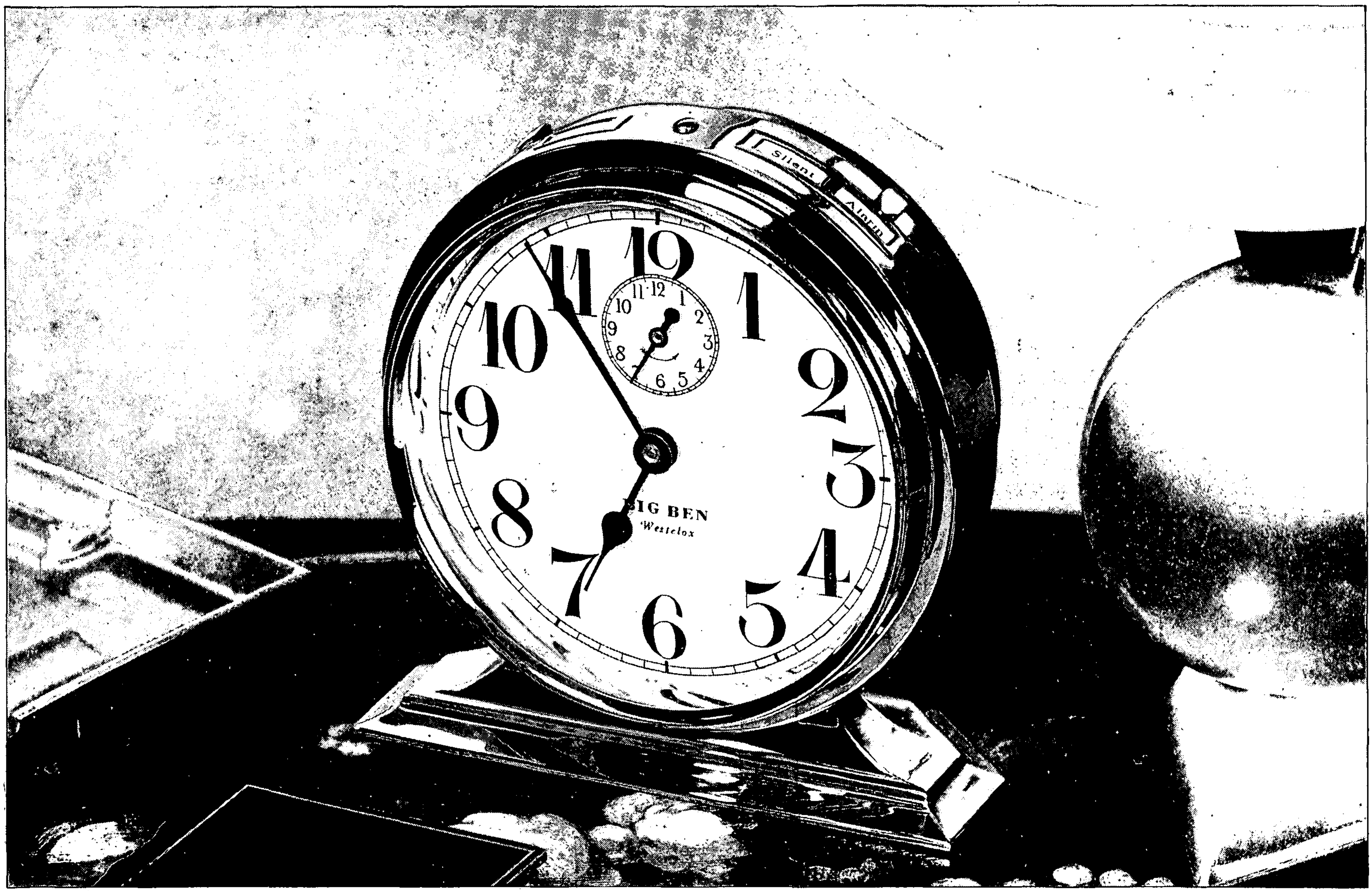
In time of normal health, gargle Listerine night and morning. It keeps the mouth healthy and clean, the breath sweet and agreeable. But when your throat is sore, or you have a cold or feel one coming on, call your physician and repeat the gargle every two hours. Millions say it is an effective treatment.

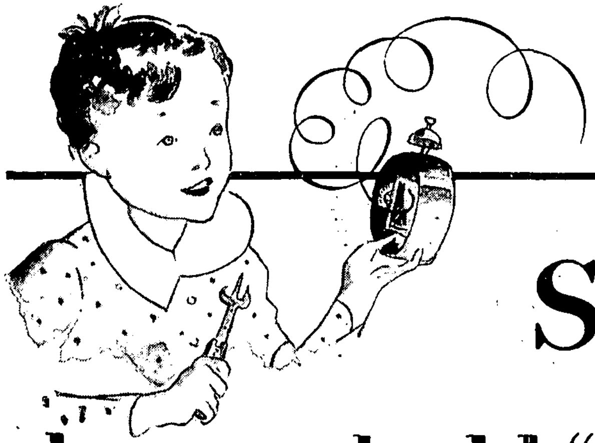
By frequent gargling you give nature an extra attacking force she needs to keep swiftly growing disease germs under control.

Don't be afraid to use Listerine full strength. Only in this way will you get full germicidal effect. *Lambert Pharmacal Co.*

the safe antiseptic . . . reduces mouth bacteria 98%

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN FIFTEEN SECONDS





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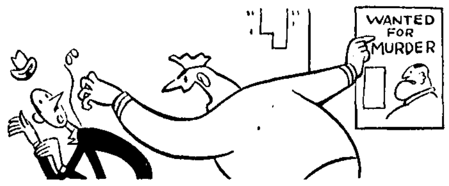
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

AS a specific against the lassitude which afflicts the unwary at this season we recommend regular weekly helpings of the excitement and suspense to be found without half trying in "Protection," the new novel by W. R. Burnett.

You may remember Mr. Burnett as the chronicler of current frailties in "Little Cæsar" and "Iron Man." His new novel is a vivid, unconventional story of the fringes of society where members of our best families meet members of our best gangs. We hope you will not approve of the hero, however much you grow to like him. His nerve, his heart and his manners may mislead you, but he is really no better than he should be. We too were warned this way by the author, but he might have saved his breath. We fell anyway.



THE chances of your being mistaken for a desperate criminal, arrested, tried and convicted for a crime you know nothing about are not as remote as you may think. Edwin M. Borchard, professor of law in Yale University and one of the country's distinguished authorities on international law, has devoted years to an investigation of miscarriages of justice in the United States through mistaken identity and circumstantial evidence. In each one of his stories the innocence of the convicted person was positively established. Professor Borchard tells what we can do about it in "Not Guilty," the first of two articles written by W. B. Courtney.

"SOME guys fall for some dames an' they get took for plenty. Why? 'Cause they ain't wise." This cynical theory, with which we hasten to disagree, is voiced by Biff McLarnin, a sailor popular in the Navy because of his pugilistic ability.

Biff's philosophy reveals a mental bias which will make success in life and love very difficult indeed to attain. Our conviction is verified in the record of his latest love affair, an amusing but inevitably disastrous string of happenings called "Sailor, Beware!" by Corey Ford.

WHILE love is defeated by a combination of boneheadedness and guile in Mr. Ford's story, it meets a reception we applaud in "A Party in the Park," by B. L. Jacot. Young Teddie Frobisher doesn't know his own mind, a condition which afflicts so many of us, and Lorna Rayleigh and Winslow Moult, the human phonograph, help him find himself. It is a jolly, humorous story and the violence in it is merely playful. Just a coat of tar and feathers and a ducking in the river.

A RESOURCEFUL old lawyer goes to work in George Brooks' story, "And Cheap Enough;" Alan LeMay concludes his Western thriller; Sax Rohmer continues with his laughing Oriental villain. We shall have to find room for Grantland Rice, Mr. Work, The Gentleman at the Keyhole, Freling Foster, The Short Short Story or explain their absence to irate customers Fortunately, we can manage it.

THIS WEEK

April 25, 1931

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD!

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HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 86—Editorial

Any Week

THE top of our desk has almost disappeared under letters asking us whether there's any significance in the fact that Mr. Hoover has been invited to spend the summer in the Black Hills of South Dakota where Mr. Coolidge decided that he did not choose to run. Such space as remains is covered by requests from lofty-lipped Republicans that we observe the Democrats at their most successful pastime: thinking with their prejudices.

"I HAVE been reading a review in a London paper of a recent dramatization of your serial 'The Prince's Darling,'" writes Miss Elizabeth Carnahan of Denver. "The article refers to the author as George Preedy, otherwise Miss Marjorie Bowen. Is that true? I have known Marjorie Bowen's books a long time. Even that is not her real name, but Gabrielle Long."

For accuracy it would be almost impossible to beat that letter.

"WHY," demands Dr. Wilson V. Stewart of Topeka, Kansas, indignantly, "do you suppose they made Senator Fess a Colonel of Marines?"

Perhaps so that he would be sure to have somebody to tell it to in 1932.

PROHIBITION
IS NOT
AN
ISSUE

THE dimensions of the response we got from our Open Letter to Mr. George W. Wickersham compel us to disagree with the Shush School of Politics which insists that prohibition is not a political issue. "The majority of us may be wet or the majority of us may be dry," writes Mrs. Mary Emma Schutt of Athens, Georgia, "but the cowardice of our present party leaders will probably prevent us from finding out."

And Mr. Arthur G. Deaver, district superintendent of the Chicago Board of Education, accuses us of "attempting to convey to the younger generation that all our ills, social and political, are born of prohibition." Doubtless Mr. Deaver is a busy man, but we would like to have him read the letter again—carefully this time:

SENATOR BORAH'S explanation of why politicians straddle likewise contributed nobly toward depleting the country's supply of two-cent stamps. "Please thank Senator Borah for me," writes Mrs. L. B. Levinson from Colorado Springs, "but he didn't do his own profession much good, did he?" And Mr. J. M. O'Shea of Los Angeles thinks that the senator would have him believe "that Republican corruption ceased with Harding." More tersely Mr. Charles Knoblack of Reading, Pennsylvania, says that the American electorate is "composed of bleaters and not voters and lame-duck government is exactly what we deserve."

WHICH leaves us just enough room to thank Miss Rosalind Madison of New York City for her discerning letter.

"I wouldn't be without Collier's one week," she assures us.

Neither, Miss Madison, would we.

Vol. 87. No. 17. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1931, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. The Publisher is not responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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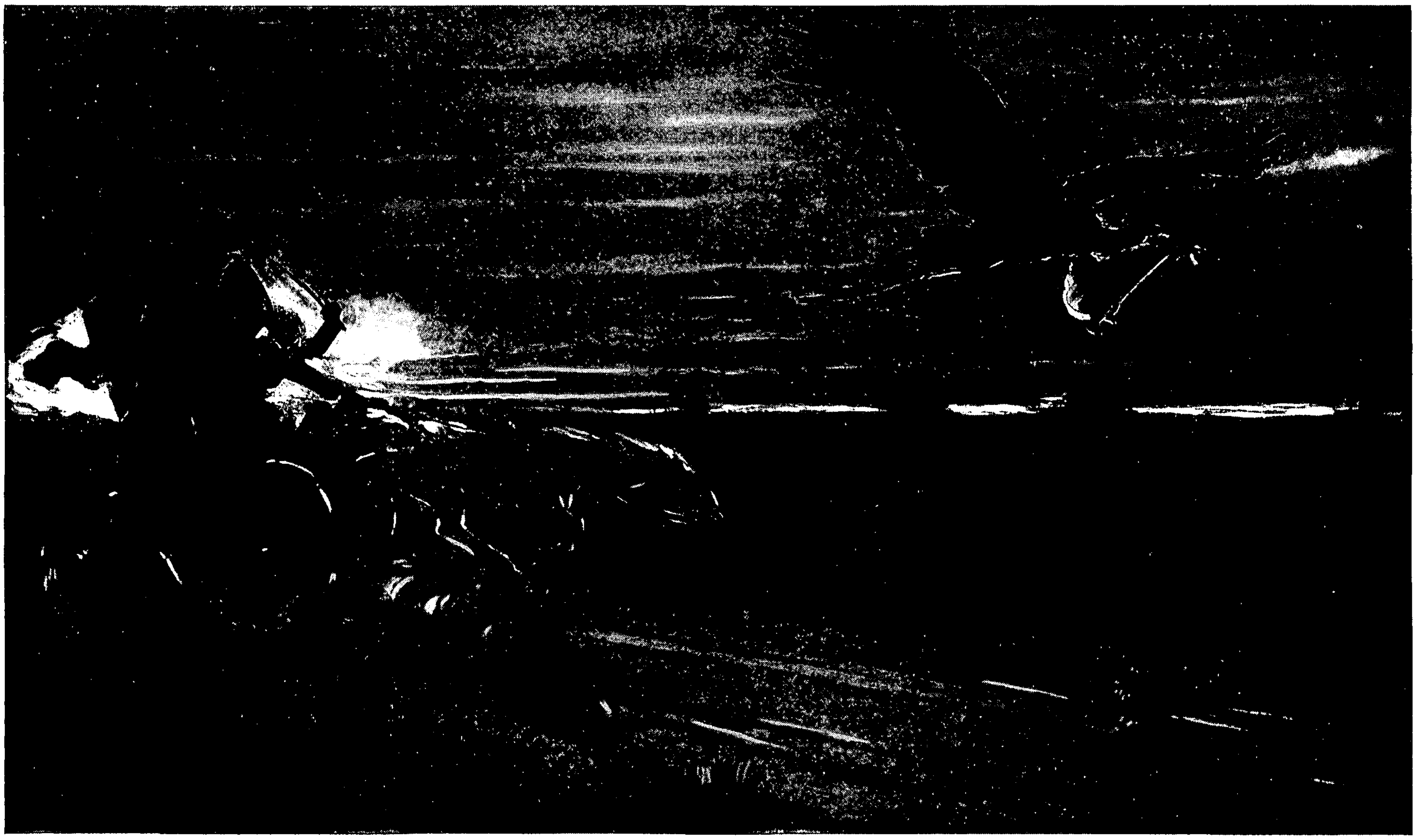
Waiting for the Stork



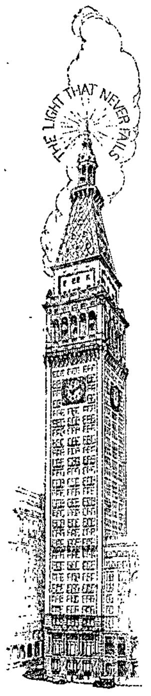
Life Publishing Company has graciously permitted this reproduction of William Balfour-Ker's "The Hurry Call", first printed in LIFE, December 3rd, 1904.

THE nation will pay a special honor to its mothers on May tenth. Presents and tokens of family love will make Mother's Day memorable.

But while more than 2,000,000 women passed safely through childbirth last year, 16,000 died. More than 10,000 of these women might have been saved if they had received proper prenatal and maternity care and skilful assistance. What was not done for them, however, can be done for prospective mothers.

The one way and the only way that a woman can escape some of the hazards of motherhood is to consult a doctor skilled in maternity cases immediately after she receives her first message from the stork, promising a most precious gift.

Or if, for financial reasons, she is unable to consult a physician, she will probably find in most progressive communities a Maternity Center where she will be given sympathetic and expert guidance. She may be told that she needs a change of diet, or more rest. She may require immediate medical or surgical care.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Her doctor or the Center will explain the laws of nature which she must obey in order to avoid needless suffering—perhaps tragedy. And she will be given necessary instructions for safeguarding her baby as well as herself.

Every woman who is to become a mother should have an early physical examination, including a blood pressure test and other tests invariably given in the great institutions which are teaching the world how to avoid dangers and anxieties formerly considered inevitable. These institutions have proved that modern scientific attention will reduce the deathrate among mothers more than two-thirds.

The mother-to-be should remain under her doctor's care, or under the guidance of the Maternity Center, until the stork has kept his promise and this happy message can be sent out — "Mother and child are doing well".

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail free, "Information for Expectant Mothers", and a booklet describing the work done at a well-conducted Maternity Center. Ask for Booklets 531-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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Naturally, only the finest tubes can be used in the big broadcasting stations. That is why more than 200 of them select RCA Radiotrons to safeguard millions of dollars worth of programs. Leading radio manufacturers have for years recommended that you use RCA Radiotrons in the fine sets they make. When you buy one of the marvelous new radios now on the market, look inside the cabinet, and make sure it contains genuine RCA Radiotrons. When you renew your old tubes, be certain of getting RCA Radiotrons, the radio tubes *guaranteed* by RCA. Look for the red and black carton.

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Tune in on the new RCA Radiotron Broadcast on N. B. C. coast-to-coast network every Wednesday and Saturday night at 8:15 p.m., E. S. time.

Beware of Worn-out Tubes!

Even a single worn-out tube in a set of new ones can cause hum, distortion and poor tone! Remember—the eye can't tell the difference between a good tube and a worn-out tube. So today . . . have your radio dealer test your tubes. Replace the old with new RCA Radiotrons. All at once is the best way.

E. A. Rolfe and his Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra have the perfect radio tempo . . . fast enough to have snap and gusto . . . slow enough for perfect reception! Don't let worn-out tubes spoil their pep and sparkle. Get new RCA Radiotrons!

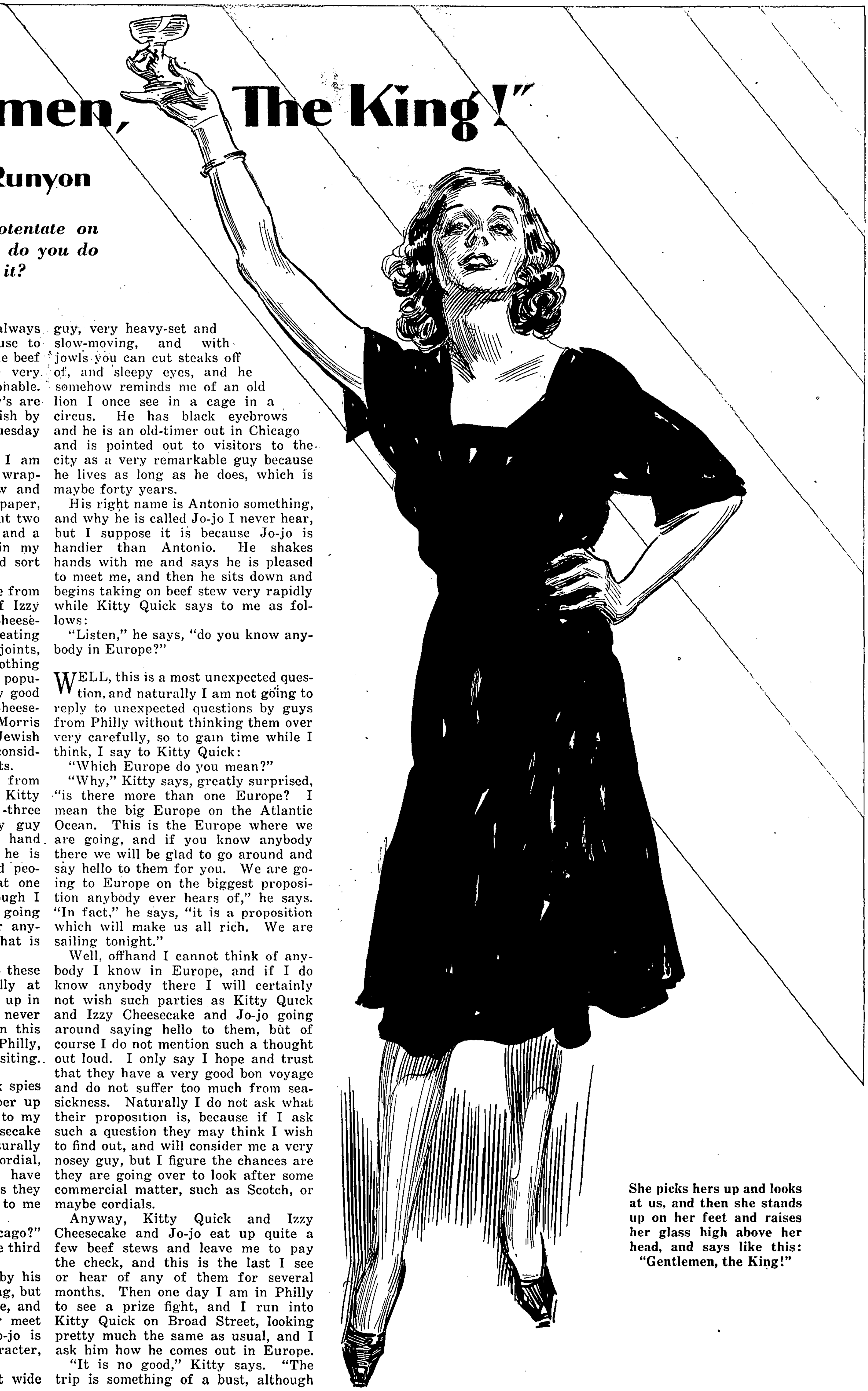
RCA RADIOTRONS

The heart of your radio

"Gentlemen, The King!"

By Damon Runyon

You can put a potentate on the spot, but what do you do if he likes it?



She picks hers up and looks at us, and then she stands up on her feet and raises her glass high above her head, and says like this: "Gentlemen, the King!"

ON TUESDAY evenings I always go to Bobby's Chop House to get myself a beef stew, the beef stews in Bobby's being very nourishing indeed and quite reasonable. In fact, the beef stews in Bobby's are considered a most fashionable dish by one and all on Broadway on Tuesday evenings.

So on this Tuesday evening I am talking about, I am in Bobby's wrapping myself around a beef stew and reading the race results in a paper, when who comes into the joint but two old friends of mine from Philly, and a third guy I never see before in my life, but who seems to be an old sort of guy and very fierce looking.

One of these old friends of mine from Philly is a guy by the name of Izzy Cheesecake, who is called Izzy Cheesecake because he is all the time eating cheesecake around delicatessen joints, although of course this is nothing against him, as cheesecake is very popular in some circles, and goes very good with java. Anyway, this Izzy Cheesecake has another name, which is Morris something, and he is slightly Jewish and has a large beezer, and is considered a handy man in many respects.

The other old friend of mine from Philly is a guy by the name of Kitty Quick, who is, maybe, thirty-two or -three years old, and who is a lively guy in every way. He is a great hand for wearing good clothes, and he is mobbed up with some very good people in Philly in his day and at one time has plenty of dough, although I hear that lately things are not going so good for Kitty Quick, or for anybody else in Philly, as far as that is concerned.

Now of course I do not rap to these old friends of mine from Philly at once, and in fact I put the paper up in front of my face, because it is never good policy to rap to visitors in this town, especially visitors from Philly, until you know why they are visiting.

BUT it seems that Kitty Quick spies me before I can get the paper up high enough, and he comes over to my table at once, bringing Izzy Cheesecake and the other guy with him, so naturally I give them a big hello, very cordial, and ask them to sit down and have a few beef stews with me, and as they pull up chairs Kitty Quick says to me like this:

"Do you know Jo-jo from Chicago?" he says, pointing his thumb at the third guy.

Well, of course I know Jo-jo by his reputation, which is very alarming, but I never meet up with him before, and if it is left to me I will never meet up with him at all, because Jo-jo is considered a very uncouth character, even in Chicago.

He is an Italian, and a short wide guy, very heavy-set and slow-moving, and with jowls you can cut steaks off of, and sleepy eyes, and he somehow reminds me of an old lion I once see in a cage in a circus. He has black eyebrows and he is an old-timer out in Chicago and is pointed out to visitors to the city as a very remarkable guy because he lives as long as he does, which is maybe forty years.

His right name is Antonio something, and why he is called Jo-jo I never hear, but I suppose it is because Jo-jo is handier than Antonio. He shakes hands with me and says he is pleased to meet me, and then he sits down and begins taking on beef stew very rapidly while Kitty Quick says to me as follows:

"Listen," he says, "do you know anybody in Europe?"

WELL, this is a most unexpected question, and naturally I am not going to reply to unexpected questions by guys from Philly without thinking them over very carefully, so to gain time while I think, I say to Kitty Quick:

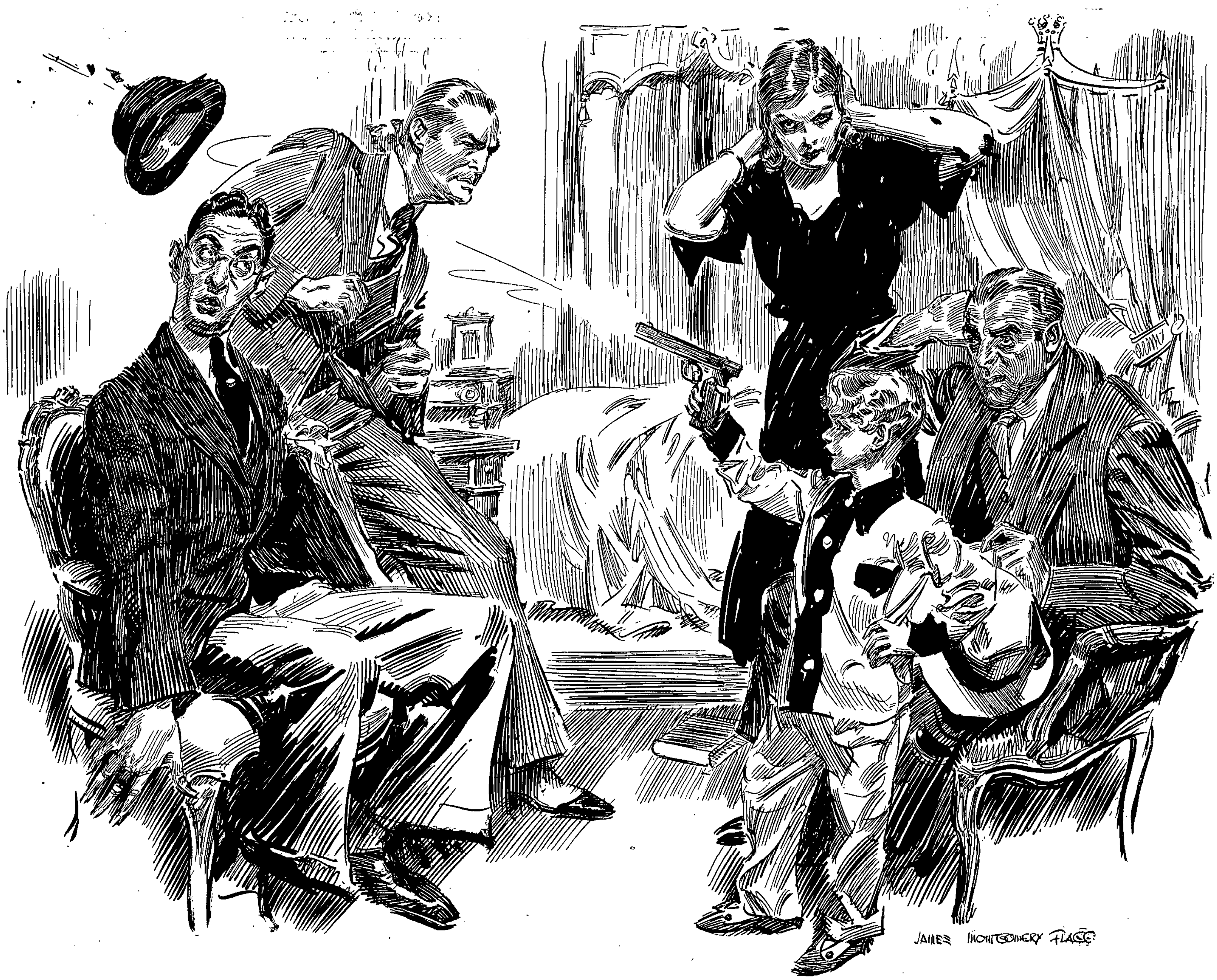
"Which Europe do you mean?"

"Why," Kitty says, greatly surprised, "is there more than one Europe? I mean the big Europe on the Atlantic Ocean. This is the Europe where we are going, and if you know anybody there we will be glad to go around and say hello to them for you. We are going to Europe on the biggest proposition anybody ever hears of," he says. "In fact," he says, "it is a proposition which will make us all rich. We are sailing tonight."

Well, offhand I cannot think of anybody I know in Europe, and if I do know anybody there I will certainly not wish such parties as Kitty Quick and Izzy Cheesecake and Jo-jo going around saying hello to them, but of course I do not mention such a thought out loud. I only say I hope and trust that they have a very good bon voyage and do not suffer too much from seasickness. Naturally I do not ask what their proposition is, because if I ask such a question they may think I wish to find out, and will consider me a very nosey guy, but I figure the chances are they are going over to look after some commercial matter, such as Scotch, or maybe cordials.

Anyway, Kitty Quick and Izzy Cheesecake and Jo-jo eat up quite a few beef stews and leave me to pay the check, and this is the last I see or hear of any of them for several months. Then one day I am in Philly to see a prize fight, and I run into Kitty Quick on Broad Street, looking pretty much the same as usual, and I ask him how he comes out in Europe.

"It is no good," Kitty says. "The trip is something of a bust, although



The slug knocks off Izzy Cheesecake's derby hat, which serves Izzy right, at that, as he is keeping his hat on in the presence of a lady

we see many interesting sights and have quite a few experiences. Maybe," Kitty says, "you will like to hear why we go to Europe? It is a very unusual story, indeed, and is by no means a lie, and I will be pleased to tell it to someone I think will believe it."

So we go into Walter's restaurant and sit down in a corner and order up a little java, and Kitty Quick tells me the story as follows:

It all begins (Kitty says) with a certain big lawyer coming to me here in Philly and wishing to know if I care to take up a proposition which will make me rich, and naturally I say I can think of nothing that will please me more, because at this time things are very bad indeed in Philly, what with investigations going on here and there, and plenty of heat around and about, and I do not have more than a few bobs in my pants pocket, and can think of no way to get any more.

SO THIS lawyer takes me to a fine hotel, and there he introduces me to a guy by the name of Count Saro, and the lawyer says he will okay anything Saro has to say to me one hundred per cent, and then he immediately takes the wind as if he does not care to hear what Saro has to say. But I know this mouthpiece is not putting any proposition away as okay unless he knows it is pretty much okay, because he is a smart guy at his own dodge and everything else, and has plenty of coconuts.

Now this Count Saro is a little guy with an eyebrow mustache, and he wears striped pants and white spats and a cutaway coat, and a monocle in one eye, and he seems to be a foreign nobleman, although he talks English first rate. I do not care much for Count Saro's looks, but I will say one thing for him: he is very businesslike and gets down to cases at once.

He tells me that he is the representative of a political party in his home country in Europe which has a King, and this country wishes to get rid of the King, because Count Saro says kings are out of style in Europe, and that no country can get anywhere with a King these days. His proposition is for me to take any assistants I figure I may need and go over and get rid of this King, and Count Saro says he will pay two hundred G's for the job in good old American scratch and will lay twenty-five G's on the line at once, leaving the balance with the lawyer to be paid to me when everything is finished.

Well, this is a most astonishing proposition, indeed, because while I often hear of propositions to get rid of other guys, I never before hear of a proposition to get rid of a King. Furthermore, it does not sound reasonable to me, as getting rid of a King is apt to attract plenty of attention and criticism, but Count Saro explains to me that his country is a small, out-of-the-way country, and that his political party will take control of the telegraph wires and everything else as soon as I get rid of the King, so nobody will give the news much of a tumble outside the country.

"EVERYTHING will be done very quietly and in good order," Count Saro says, "and there will be no danger to you whatever."

Well, naturally I wish to know from Count Saro why he does not get somebody in his own country to do such a job, especially if he can pay so well for it, and he says to me like this:

"Well," he says, "in the first place there is no one in our country with enough experience in such matters to be trusted, and in the second place we do not wish anyone in our country to be tangled up with getting rid of the King. It will cause internal complications," he says. "An outsider is more logical," he says, "because it is quite well known that in the palace of the King there are many valuable jewels, and it will seem a natural play for outsiders, especially Americans, to break into the palace to get these jewels, and if they happen to get rid of the King while getting the jewels, no one will think it is anything more than an accident, such as often occurs in your country."

Furthermore, Count Saro tells me that everything will be laid out for me in advance by his people, so I will have no great bother getting into the palace to get rid of the King, but he says of course I must not really take the valuable jewels, because his political party wishes to keep them for itself.

Well, I do not care much for the general idea at all, but Count Saro whips out a bundle of scratch, and weeds off twenty-five large coarse notes of a G apiece, and there it is in front of me, and looking at all this dough, and thinking how tough times are, what with banks busting here and there, I am very much tempted indeed, especially as I am commencing to think this Count Saro is some kind of a nut, and is only speaking through his hat about getting rid of a King.

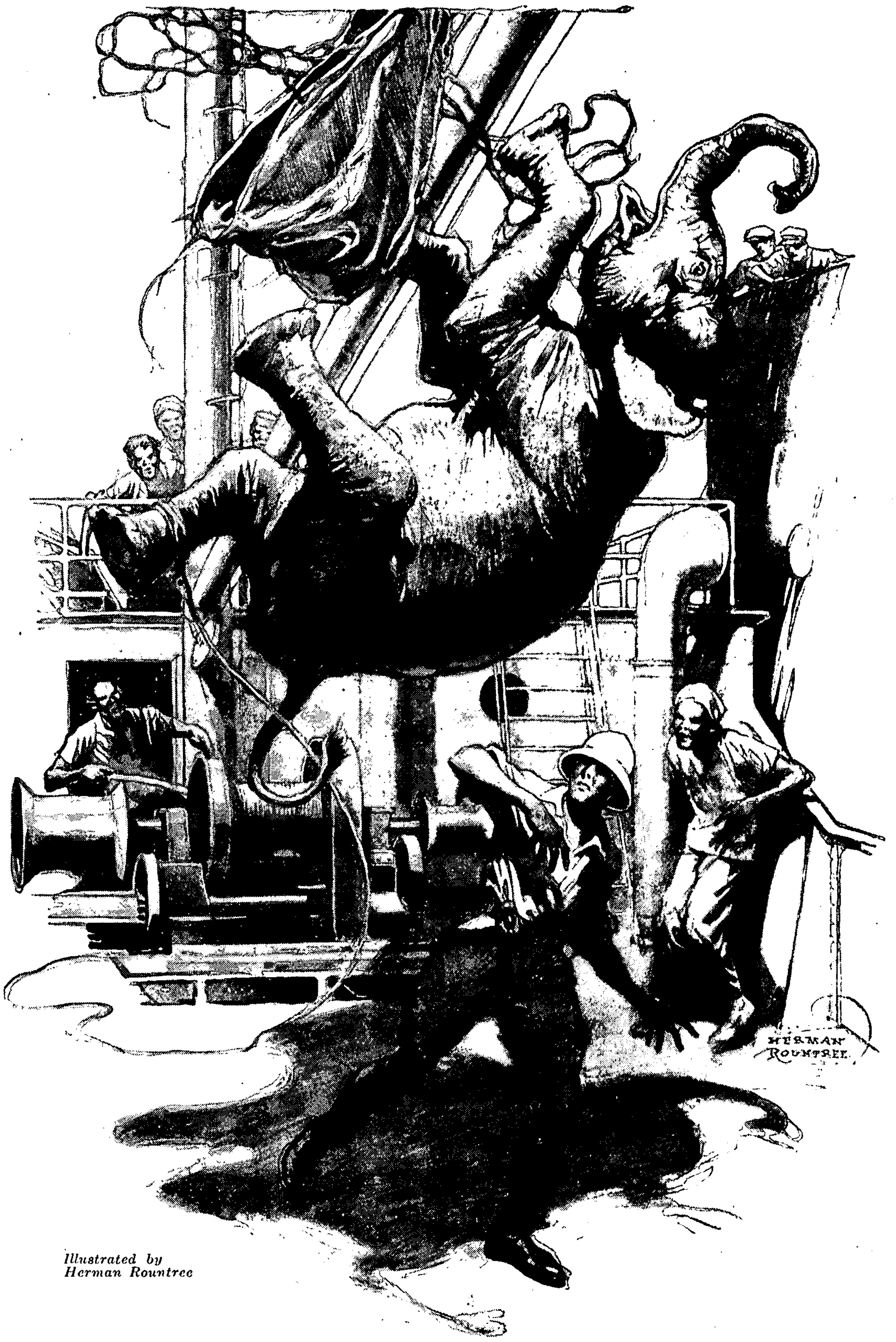
"Listen," I say to Count Saro, as he sits there watching me, "how do you know I will not take this dough off of you and then never do anything whatever for it?"

(*Continued on page 35*)

The Patsy

Luck was against her from the start and only her ponderous good humor saved her life. Here Frank Buck, noted captor of wild animals, tells of a lady who was treated very roughly but who came, finally, upon pleasant days

By Frank Buck
with
Edward Anthony



Illustrated by Herman Rountree

She slipped out of the canvas sling backwards, turned a complete somersault, and came crashing down

SOME animals are born lucky. Bad fortune never pursues them. After untroubled lives they depart this world without a wrinkle or a gray hair to show for their presence on earth.

Other animals are forever experiencing tough luck. They just never get the breaks. With luckless feet they instinctively tread on all of fate's banana peels and, without quite knowing what it's all about, go skidding into Old Man Trouble.

Such an animal was The Patsy, a young female elephant I brought out of Ceylon some years ago. (In the Far East the term "The Patsy" is still widely used to designate the one—man, woman, child or beast—who is forever getting the worst of it.) No living creature I have handled in my many years as a collector of animals, birds and reptiles for the zoos and circuses had a run of bad luck comparable to this elephant's.

The fates started plotting against The Patsy when three natives of Ceylon—Singhalese—set out one day from Kandy for the interior. Harmless-looking natives they were, too. Aside from work-knives they carried no equipment with them as they stepped into the jungle, and anyone observing them and guessing at their vocation would hardly have written them down as elephant catchers. Yet that's what they were.

It's Simple in Ceylon

In India, Burmah and Siam the capturing of live elephants is an elaborate process frequently calling for the services of hundreds of men and much equipment. The elephants are rounded up and driven into a *keddah* or corral. In Ceylon, where they are content to catch one elephant at a time, the method is much simpler, as witness the performance of the three Singhalese. Shortly after stepping into the jungle the trio started plucking *lalang*, a tall, wiry grass. They also cut down jungle creepers, stripping off and retaining the outer peeling and throwing the rest away. As they walked along they busied themselves with the task—a simple one for these experts—of weaving these tough jungle fibers into a rope. On, on they moved, plucking the raw material and, when it was ready for use, braiding and twisting it in the prescribed Ceylonese manner.

After two or three days of this, in the course of which they slept in the jungle and lived largely on wild fruits, they had a rope about seventy-five feet long and about two inches in diameter —a rope neat and pliable and of well-nigh incredible strength.

Then they entered upon the second phase of their job. This was the business of locating a small herd of wild elephants. This accomplished, they calmly proceeded with the next step, the ticklish task of getting the herd headed toward a narrow, wooded ravine (which these men had found convenient once before in their elephant-catching exploits). In carrying out this part of the assignment the trio from Kandy had to bring all their knowledge of pachyderm reactions into play. Occasionally one of them would sneak around the herd, remaining in view just long enough for the animals to see him and get it through their heads, in case they had any doubts, that they were being pursued.

In a chase such as this, the quarry frequently veers off the course and has to be worked back cautiously to the right direction. This requires a tremendous amount of patience, a quality in which the Singhalese are not lacking.

Once they had the herd definitely headed for the ravine, two of the men ran around till they stood facing the far side of the gorge toward which the animals were moving. When the beasts were inside the borders of the narrow opening the Singhalese pair dashed forward till they were directly in front of the herd, jumping up and down, frantically waving their arms and emitting ear-splitting shouts designed to halt the elephants in their tracks with a suddenness sure to result in a jam.

The man who remains behind in an operation of this kind is the one who is handiest with the rope. He also has to be the nerviest of the three, for his is no feat of long-distance roping. His rope is much too heavy and cumbersome for such work, and, besides, these natives know nothing about lassoing.

As the shouting and arm-waving pair started their crazy dance, the elephants suddenly halted in their flight, rearing up on their hind legs and emitting snorts of dismay. The ravine was now choked with milling, trumpeting elephants struggling to work their way out of the wedge. The man with the rope, the working end of which consisted of a big loop, had been waiting for this moment. His job was to slip cautiously in among the panic-stricken herd and get the loop around the upraised leg of one of the churning and jostling pack—an animal in or near the last row that wasn't too big to handle. Hastily looking over his prospective victims, he selected his elephant—a medium-sized female that was locked between two larger specimens in the rear—and waited for her to lift one of her legs.

The Patsy's First Bad Luck

The second she did this he slipped the noose around the upraised member and speedily tightened it. Then, without losing any time, he ran back with the rope and worked it several times around the nearest stout tree—one that he had picked out earlier as the likeliest for his purpose.

This done, he shouted to his jumping, gesticulating comrades to notify them that it was no longer necessary to hold the herd at bay. The pair quickly left their posts and rushed to his aid. Simultaneously the elephants in the front rank went tearing straight ahead, releasing the other animals in the ravine, and soon the herd—minus only The Patsy, who was caught—were moving along peacefully through the jungle, browsing again as before the Ceylonese three appeared.

The next move was to take a half-hitch around the tree with the rope by way of doubly securing The Patsy. Then the animal was worked back till she was flush against the tree—one of the trio jumping up and down and waving his arms as before to accomplish this, his companions readjusting the rope and taking up the slack. When their captive was lashed fast to the tree the natives proceeded with the

(Continued on page 66)

A Lady of Parts

Meet Jean Dixon of Paris, Bucharest, Seattle—and elsewhere, now starring and wise-cracking on Broadway. She's warm-hearted, she's witty, she's talented, she's pretty. And what a temper!

By Katharine Roberts

White Studios

IT HAPPENED in a Philadelphia hotel during the late summer tryout of Once in a Lifetime—between a matinée and night performance. Lying flat on a chaise longue in a state of exhaustion and a pair of blue lounging pajamas, a tall, slim young woman with startlingly blue eyes and a mop of ash-blond hair with a deep, natural wave in it was giving her dinner order to a waiter who stood with pencil poised. For weeks she had done nothing but rehearse and play, and play and rehearse. She had just finished learning the authors' eighth version of the last act. She gazed up at the waiter.

"—and some lima beans," she added.

"No," said the waiter, who had been serving her for a fortnight and felt he knew what she should eat, "not lima beans. String beans. Lima beans is tough this time of year."

She studied the menu again for a moment. "Lima beans," she murmured.

"String beans," asserted the waiter with more decision.

"But the string beans here taste of soap," she observed, merely as a statement of fact.

"Not always," said the waiter dispassionately, and thereupon departed—to get, among other things, string beans.

This conversation was not the work of Ring Lardner, though it does sound like it; and this seemingly mild and surprisingly lovely young lady was Jean Dixon, who the season before had made a hit as the tough and acid wife in Mr. Lardner's and Mr. Kaufman's comedy, June Moon. She followed the above incident this season with an even bigger success as the wise-cracking vaudeville performer who goes in for elocution in the hilarious satire on Hollywood, Once in a Lifetime, by Moss Hart and—again—George Kaufman.

Jean Dixon has rapidly become known as one of the best comédiennes on the stage. Also, according to latest statistics, she is the only natural blonde on Broadway.

In real life, she is the direct opposite of the parts that she plays. She has a mellow, pleasant voice, the sort of quiet poise that belongs to a lady of the drawing-room rather than to the wise-cracking dames that she impersonates in the theater, and a subtle, quick humor that comes perhaps from the French ancestry on her father's side, or maybe the Irish on her mother's—or probably both—and that fortunately didn't get lost in three generations in New England. That's where she was born.

She is extremely good to look at. She is tolerant. She has a clear brain and a warm and generous heart; and she has a thoroughbred, sizzling temper that—well, it's pretty well under control now. Only on special occasions do her eyes shoot blue lightning, her words come like crisp, swift little arrows, and her steps up and down a room grow quick and tense. Possibly these moments—as well as her quick control of them—are indicative of the fact that Jean Dixon, clever comédienne though she is, would, and undoubtedly sometime *will*, make a grand emotional actress.

It was this same temper that took the little New Englander to France, where Madame Sarah Bernhardt accepted her as a pupil and for two years taught her a number of things about acting.

Out of Control

"You see," explains Miss Dixon with a completely impersonal candor, "when I was little I didn't control my temper at all. Father had mistakenly insisted it was a sign of character and encouraged it, while Grandmother had thought it funny and laughed at me and so provoked it further. Consequently, when I was eleven, things came to such a pass that Mother felt it wasn't safe to send me back to my American school and thought a change to school in France might help. It did. I was so happy there that when she came over to bring me home I begged to stay, and for three years I kept finding one excuse after another for staying on.

Lovely Jean Dixon, who puts a remarkable realism into unsympathetic rôles. Above, two scenes from her latest success, Once in a Lifetime

"Then, as Mother was about to order passage home, I saw an announcement in the paper that Madame Sarah Bernhardt would take pupils.

"When I asked to be allowed to enter Madame Bernhardt's class, Mother replied that I could do it, *if* I could persuade Bernhardt to let me. While I rushed to Bernhardt, Mother went on down and ordered our tickets on the next boat for home.

Lessons from Bernhardt

"It would make a better story, of course, to say that Madame Bernhardt took me because she thought I had promise, but that wasn't it." Miss Dixon is flatly insistent on this point. "Anyone could have got in who would pay the hundred francs a month. Just think of it, three lessons a week from Bernhardt at what was then twenty dollars a month!"

Nevertheless, Madame Bernhardt seems to have taken special care of her only American pupil in that class. Among other important matters she taught her to overcome the dreadful hesitation that grips an actress just before a big trial. "You must throw yourself into the water," she would say and then the embryo actress would get a grip on herself, throw herself into the water and swim—which meant act—to the best of her young ability.

But the war came on. Jean left Madame Bernhardt's school and, since she was a tall girl and was able to pass for much older than she really was, she entered what was known as Hospital No. 1 as an auxiliary nurse.

"That," explains Miss Dixon succinctly, "is the lowest form of life in a hospital."

Her mother, still in Paris, was taken ill and Jean had to give up war work and bring her back to America, where she died.

"I wanted to go back into war service of some sort," says Miss Dixon. "I thought it would be easy because of what I had done and because I hadn't any relatives." But no one would take her.

(*Continued on page 42*)

That well-remembered Face

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Stanley Tipton

ARCHIE BANNION parked his Circle Dot taxicab at the curb and drearily mounted the stairs. As he paused on the landing the smell of frying onions assailed his nostrils. It was Tuesday and Isabel always had steak and onions on Tuesday. But tonight Archie wasn't hungry.

All through dinner he kept fingering a blue-backed legal paper in his inside coat pocket and toying with his food.

"What's the matter, Archie? Don't you feel well?" inquired his wife anxiously.

Without replying he drew the paper from his pocket and handed it to her. She read it.

"Oh, Archie! Fifty thousand dollars!" she gasped. And then reproachfully, "But you didn't tell me you had had an accident—"

"I haven't," he denied vehemently. "It's a mistake."

"But," referring to the paper, "24563 is your license number. Where did they get that?"

"Easy enough for a man to make a mistake writing down a number," he said. "It's just tough luck that he comes up with mine."

"But, Archie," brightly, "if you didn't have any accident they can't sue you."

"Can't they, though?" he snorted. "Lady, I *am* sued. Laugh that off. And I ain't got the least idea where I was at three o'clock day before yesterday, neither. All I know is I didn't have no accident. I'm just a cab driver, though. Juries don't believe us.

"And say," he went on, "did you notice who the plaintiff is?"

"Thomas Gallagher," she read. "Why, Archie, that isn't Mayor Gallagher, is it?"

"In the flesh," he replied, trying to speak lightly. "Don't you remember readin' how he was played in the side pocket by a hit-and-runner in front of the City Hall? It was in all the papers. And can ya picture what'll happen to me? My insurance is lapsed. He'll get a big damage verdict and if it ain't paid within fifteen days they'll revoke my license."

It did look serious. Isabel puckered her pretty forehead into a veritable network of wrinkles. In a few minutes, though, the wrinkles were all smoothed out.

"Archie, I know," she bubbled. "You go to see that Colonel Whiting. He hates Mayor Gallagher. I bet he'd take your case for fun."

"Robert Leslie Whiting?" asked Archie, round-eyed. "Why he's about the highest-priced lawyer in town."

"You go see him," declared Isabel with finality. "I've got a hunch."

And so Archie went. The difficulty was in getting an audience, but patience and perseverance were rewarded at last.

The great man listened to the story impassively. But, as it drew to a conclusion, a smile tugged gently at the corners of his mouth.

"I wonder," he muttered. "It's as old as jurisprudence itself. I rather imagine Daniel used it on occasion. But if it worked . . . ?" The smile broadened and the well-tailored shoulders shook with mirth.

Then, suddenly, his laughter ceased and he was all the busy lawyer again.

"Leave the papers here," he said. "I'll take care of it for you. And," he added carelessly, "there'll be no fee."

MONTHS elapsed before the case was ready for trial. But, naturally, when it reached the day calendar *Gallagher v. Bannion* suddenly found itself to be a *cause célèbre.*

"That's Gallagher on the stand," whispered a reporter to a colleague during a lull. "That's Whiting at the table—the bird in the wind-breaker beside him is the defendant. Yes?"

"Sh!" cautioned the other, for Gallagher's lawyer had resumed his direct examination.

"And were you able to get the cab's number?" he asked of the corpulent plaintiff.

"Yes. It was 24563."

"Did you make a memorandum of it in writing at the time?"

"I did," replied the mayor, producing a small square of cardboard. "I grabbed the first thing I found in my pocket and wrote the number on it."

"Did you get a look at the driver?"

"I certainly did. He leaned out of the cab while I was lying in the gutter and said 'That'll learn you something.' Then he drove on and I rolled over on my side and wrote the number down."

"Would you know him if you saw him again?"

"I certainly would."

"Do you see him in court?"

"Sure. That's him there at the table."

The lawyer bent a triumphant look at Colonel Whiting. "Cross-examine," he said.

The famous lawyer arose.

"Are you sure," he asked, twirling his glasses, "that you noted the correct number on this card?"

"Absolutely," replied Gallagher.

"And you are also sure that this man was the driver of the cab?"

"Certainly."

"You are just as sure of one as you are of the other?"

"Positively."

"And you are no surer of one than you are of the other?"

"Why, no."

"I guess that's all," concluded Whiting, rather lamely it seemed.

"Plaintiff's case," said Gallagher's attorney. He almost sang it—so gleeful was the tone of his voice.

Whiting's manner quickly changed.

"Take the stand," he snapped to the short, wind-breaker-clad figure.

"What's your name?"

"John Parola," was the reply.

The atmosphere suddenly became tense.

"Are you defendant in this case?"

"No, sir."

"Cross-examine!" barked Whiting.

Plaintiff's counsel arose groggily.

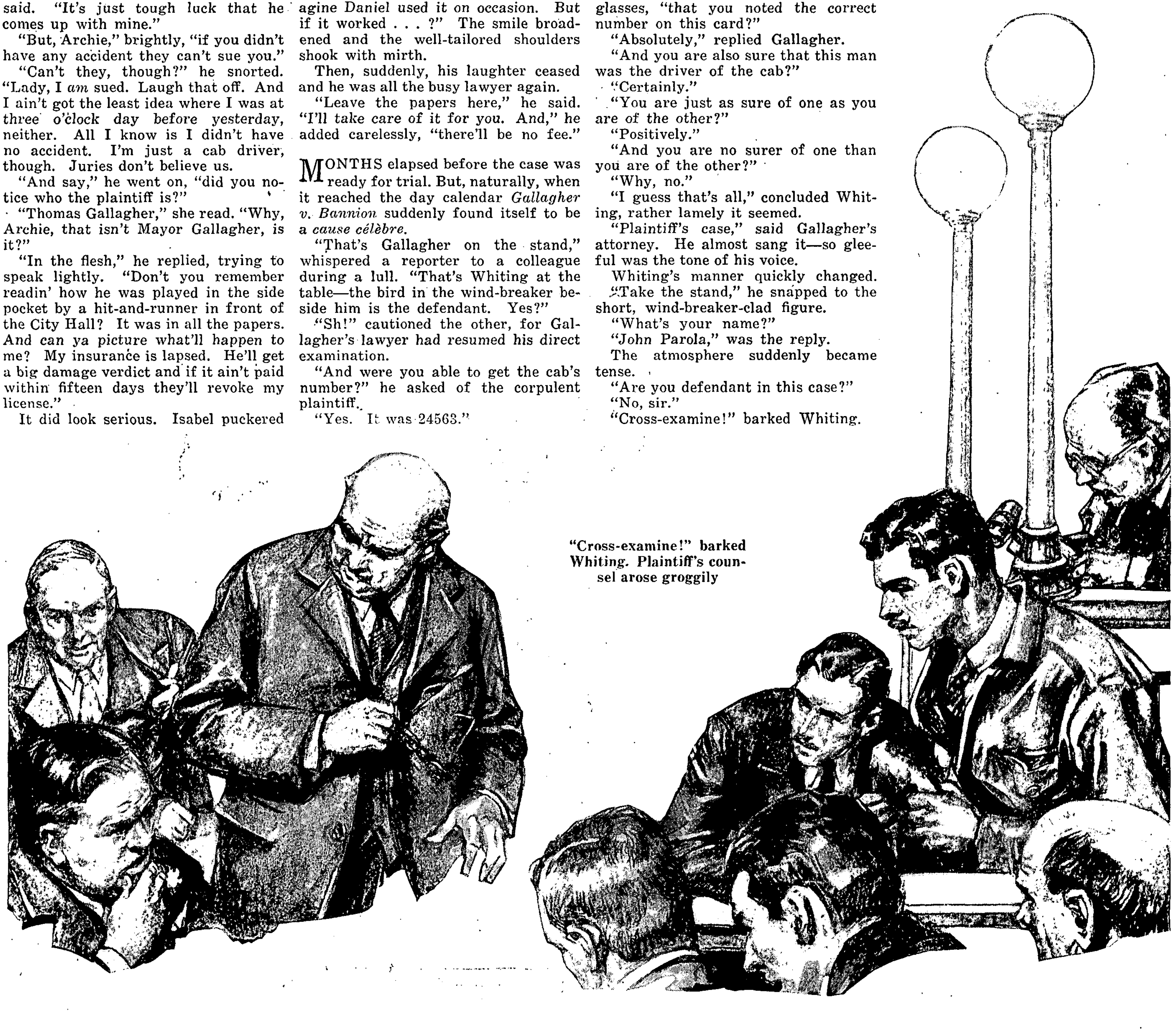
"Well—er—what are you doing here? How do you come to be here?" he asked.

"I'm the janitor of the building," replied the witness. "All I know is that this gentleman," indicating Whiting, "offered me ten dollars to come upstairs and sit at a table with him while he tried a lawsuit, and here I am."

The jury was smiling broadly now—smiling at the purple-faced Gallagher, as soon the whole city would smile.

"OFFICER," called Whiting, "will you please go down to the clerk's office. Around behind the first row of file cabinets you will find a tall, red-headed young man sitting in a chair. That will be Bannion—the defendant. Tell him I said to come to the courtroom. It's time for him to testify."

And when Archie mounted the stairs that night he took the steps three at a time. For, among other things, it was Tuesday and Isabel always had steak and onions on Tuesday.



"Cross-examine!" barked Whiting. Plaintiff's counsel arose groggily

Double Trouble

The truly surprising adventures of an honest jailbird who was lucky enough to lose his heart (but not his head) 'way down in the good old state of Georgia

By Alexander Williams

Illustrated by Russell Patterson

SATURDAY morning sun did all of the things that make Saturday morning sunshine so justly famous. The blue water dimpled and preened itself under its soft caress in the native and coquettish manner of other Georgia beauties. Everything was lovely except the sad-eyed gentleman with the mournful features who perched on the rail above the landing stage of the Landlocked Bay Yacht Club. He shifted his shotgun as it balanced on his gangling knee until it pointed exactly into the small of the back of the man in the approaching dinghy.

The dinghy bumped gently. The black boy in the stern leaped nimbly ashore and secured it by its painter. The oarsman stood up and yawned a luxurious yawn that was interrupted by the lugubrious gentleman on the rail.

"You folks from the yacht Patricia out there?" he drawled.

"Yes," said the young man climbing out of the boat.

"You Mr. Henderson Van Vleck of Noo Yawk?" said he of the shotgun.

"I am," the young man acknowledged.

"Then," said the gangling gentleman, unfolding himself and standing up, "you are under arrest."

"Damn," observed the young man wearily. "Again."

"Better be kinda keerful how you move aroun', 'cause I got this here shotgun trained where it'll do right smart damage," advised the mournful one.

"I shall be very careful," promised the young man.

HE WALKED slowly up the gangway, leaving the small black boy grinning on the float.

"How long yuh gonna be gone, Cap'n?" called the boy.

"Well, Snowball," said the young man, pausing, "I don't expect to be gone very long, but a great deal depends on the steadiness of this gentleman's trigger finger."

Snowball continued to grin as the young man and the sad one paced slowly in single file along the pier, mounted the steps of the club's broad veranda and passed through the double screen doors.

The Patricia at her anchorage seemed to smile, too, as she rocked in the gentle swell. She lifted her sleek black sides now and then to reveal her emerald-green boot-topping. There was something disastrously feminine about the Patricia. The flash of green suggested a garter above a dimpled knee.

Inside the clubhouse the lugubrious one, his shotgun ready in the crook of his arm, spoke to the clerk at the desk.

"You better telephone the Commodore an' tell him I got this fella."

"O. K., Mr. Duke," said the clerk. Mr. Duke and his prisoner filed through the lounge and out at the front door.

They proceeded in silence along Jackson Street, Mr. Van Vleck cheery, Mr. Duke glum. At the intersection of Palmetto Street the younger man paused.

"What a beautiful dog," he said.

Mr. Duke looked at the dog, looked at the young woman who held it on leash and looked at Mr. Van Vleck.

"Yessuh," said Mr. Duke, "Susan Ann's the prettiest gal in town. Some say the prettiest in the whole state of Gawgia."

Mr. Van Vleck beamed.

"Mr. Duke," he announced, "you please me. Few people have sense enough to respond to the thought rather than the word."

Mr. Duke rubbed his ear. A cat appeared, as cats do. The dog, which was just a dog and not in any sense of the word beautiful, tugged suddenly at the leash, tore loose and was gone. The girl screamed.

The shotgun nudged the Van Vleck spine.

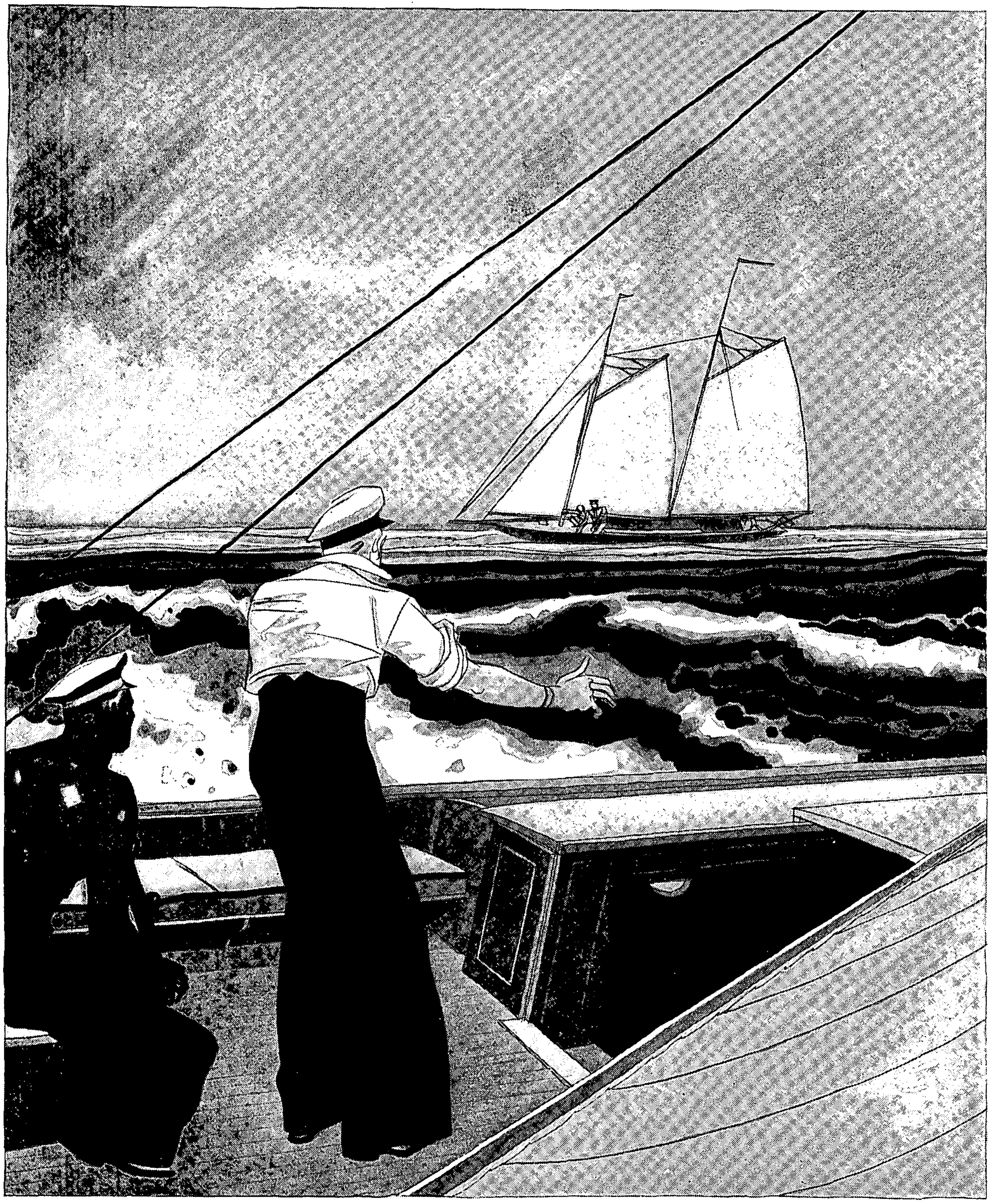
"KEERFUL!" warned Mr. Duke. Van relaxed.

"Sorry," he said. "Just the normal reaction to help a pretty girl in distress."

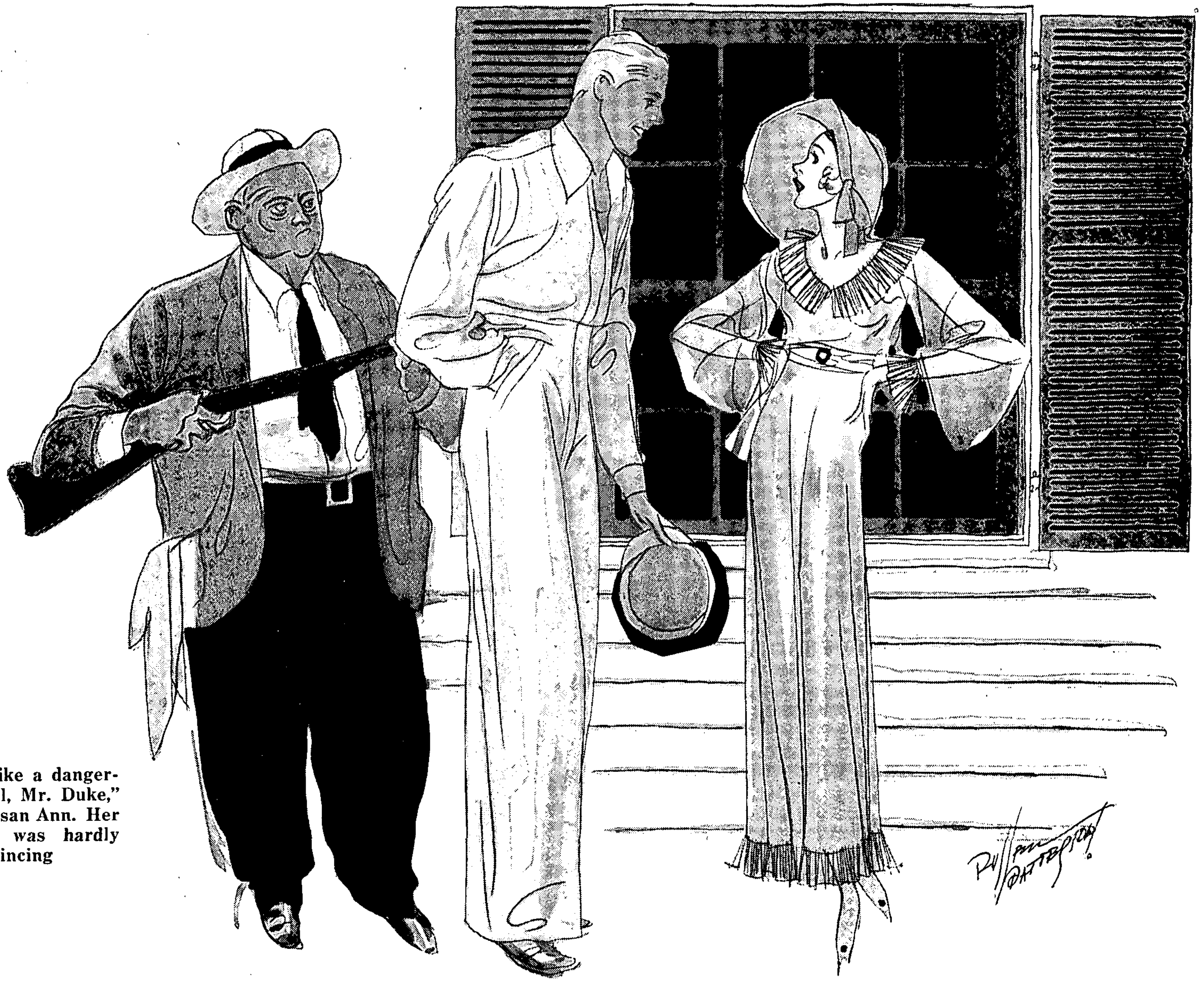
Susan Ann turned green eyes on Van. Under her milan straw hat were curling tendrils of red hair. Her skin was the creamy tone of a gardenia and if the freckles on her short straight nose were a blemish then sweet country butter disfigures hot biscuits and fine carving defaces soft and smoothly brown old ivory.

Van grinned at her.

"He looks like a dangerous criminal, Mr. Duke," observed Susan Ann. In spite of the severity of her tone her disapproval of this six feet or so of dangerous criminal was hardly convincing.



In the false Patricia a tall man struggled with a girl



"He looks like a dangerous criminal, Mr. Duke," observed Susan Ann. Her disapproval was hardly convincing

Perhaps the tanned freshness of his face, the wave in his hair and the twinkle in his deep brown eyes had something to do with her estimate. Susan was partial to tall young men with wavy hair.

Van regarded Susan gravely.

"Mr. Duke, I don't think this young lady should stand out here in the sun, do you?" he remarked. "She might get more freckled."

It was touch and go for a moment. Mr. Duke clutched the shotgun lest she snatch it and shoot. Her green eyes blazed.

"My complexion is my own business," she snapped.

"I'm sorry," said Van, meticulously confining his remarks to Mr. Duke, "I can't agree with Miss Susan Ann. A complexion like hers is a matter of public concern. Don't you think she should step into the shade of that drug store across the street while she's waiting for them to catch her dog?"

Mr. Duke surveyed the progress of the dusty chase far up the street. He mopped his brow.

"Sure is hot," he agreed. "Bad weather for freckles."

"I would propose," said Van, "that we all have a root beer."

It is difficult to determine just when a girl will consider a young man impertinent. Perhaps when she likes his looks he is not. Susan Ann didn't seem to consider this proposition fresh. She didn't seem to consider it at all. She, too, watched the chase.

"Really, it is hot," pleaded Van, abandoning the indirect attack, "and I'm frightfully thirsty."

"Come on," said Susan, making up her mind as the dog took a fresh spurt in the distance. "We might as well." One of the quickest ways to engage Susan's interest was to exasperate her. Authorities say lots of women are like that.

"Look here," said Van, as Mr. Duke emerged from his first long cooling and soothing draught, "I'll need a lawyer. Who is the best?"

"We're goin'," said Mr. Duke, "to his office."

"Mr. Carver, the Commodore, is my father," observed Susan.

"Well, well," said Van. "He seems to be quite a figure in your charming city. 'The Captain and the Mate so bold and the Cook of the Nancy brig,' " he quoted loosely.

"You're very forward for a criminal," said Susan Ann.

"I'm very new at it," Van assured her. "I'll learn."

She sniffed.

"Maybe we'd better be gittin' along," said Mr. Duke. A boy pushed through the door dragging the reluctant puppy by the leash. Susan took possession.

"I hope I see you again," Van said optimistically. Susan Ann said nothing and the puppy dragged her away, her nose tilted to the sky and the sunshine.

COMMODORE CARVER'S office was cool and dim, furnished in battered oak. It looked as if it might have been his grandfather's office and so it had. A good combination of law office and yacht club. Counselor-Commodore Carver himself was about as nice as you would expect Susan Ann's father to be. Van liked him.

The liking did not extend to the young man who lounged in a chair beside Mr. Carver's desk. Yet he was of Van's type. He, too, was tall, cool-looking and immaculate. He was turning over the pages of a three-months-old issue of Power and Sail which lay on the desk.

Van looked venomously at this periodical beloved of small-boat men.

"That rag," he said, "is what caused all the trouble."

"Do you mean the article about the Patricia and the cruising plans of Mr. Van Vleck?" asked Mr. Carver.

"I mean that stupid story about me and my boat, with pictures," agreed Van. "I'm going to kill Larkin, my secretary, for giving out that stuff, especially the pictures, when I get back to New York. I'm tired of being arrested."

"So you've been arrested before?" said Mr. Carver.

"I've been arrested three times in the past two weeks." Van's tone was aggrieved. "Every time I poke Pat's nose into a harbor there is a sheriff or a constable or something waiting for me."

"Then why do you insist upon impersonating Mr. Van Vleck and passing bad checks?" said Mr. Carver.

"I'm not impersonating me. I *am* me," explained Van. "And I haven't passed any checks good or bad since I've been on this trip. I have a letter of credit and plenty of traveler's checks with me."

"Then why—" began Mr. Carver.

"It's the other fellow." Van was very patient. "He looks like me, I hear. He got all the dope out of this article and he has been putting on a show all the way down the coast. He has rigged up a boat that is painted and rigged like Patricia, but I hear she hasn't got such sweet lines. He has a black boy for crew and he calls him Snowball, just as I call my boy. All black boys look alike in a sailor suit.

"He must be clever and very convincing, that fellow. I rather admire him in the abstract. I'd be amused if it were not so annoying to be arrested constantly. This fellow comes into a nice place like this flying the New York Yacht Club burgee. He meets the Commodore, the Fleet Captain and the other yachtsmen, afloat and in rocking chairs. He shows them this article and the beastly pictures are so dim he gets away with it. He soaps up everybody in sight, buys a drink all around and they present him with the key to the city. Then he cashes a bundle of checks and sails away. It's a good racket. He's been about a week ahead of me all along and he's done very well."

"HAVEN'T you attempted to put a stop to this abuse?" demanded Mr. Carver.

"I have. It has caused even more trouble. I've had a general warning sent to all the authorities and to yacht clubs and hotels along the coast. The result is that the boy friend, my double, has laid off. Now *I* get arrested every place I go. There is the notice on your desk there. Isn't that why you had me brought in? Believe me, Mr. Carver, I'm certainly having double trouble."

Mr. Carver turned to the young man seated at his desk.

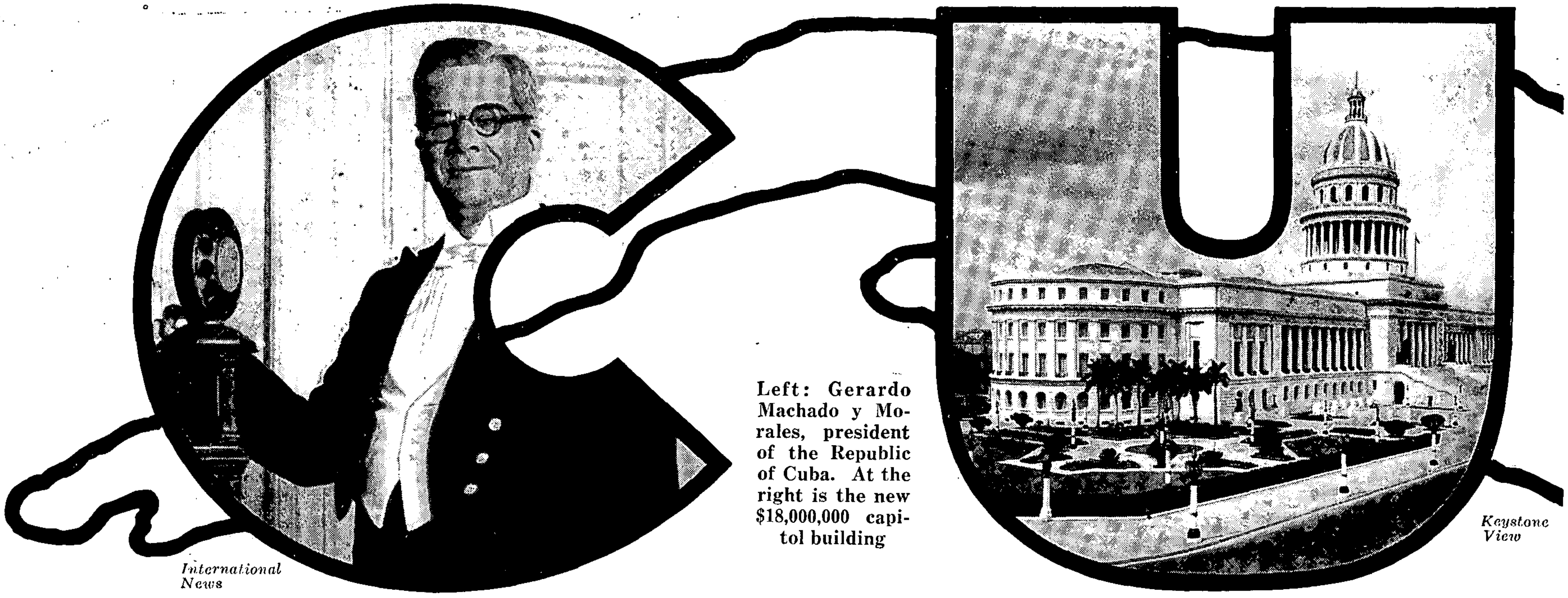
"It seems a straightforward story to me, doesn't it to you, Mr. Watson?" (He explained to Van: "Mr. Watson is a visitor from Birmingham. He is interested in real estate.")

"It would seem so," Mr. Watson said. "But one must be careful. Doubtless this gentleman has these letters of credit, traveler's checks and other documents that would prove him to be Mr. Van Vleck?"

Van sighed wearily.

"That's a sane and practical idea," he agreed. "The only trouble is that I have left my wallet and my papers on the boat. It will take me a short time to go out there and back and get them for you."

(Continued on page 74)



Left: Gerardo Machado y Morales, president of the Republic of Cuba. At the right is the new $18,000,000 capitol building

International News

Keystone View

ON EDGE

The United States is responsible by law for the constitutional liberties of the Cuban people. Therefore, if those liberties are being denied, as recent reports have intimated, Cuba has a story every American should read. Collier's sent William G. Shepherd, who was in Mexico in the violent days when Huerta was toppling from the dictatorship, to Cuba. There he found the same tension, the same feeling that anything might happen. This is his report

By William G. Shepherd

NO WONDER President Machado of Cuba was nervous that day, several weeks ago, as he stood before a throng of over 100,000 people to speak. The nerves of the crowd in the Plaza and on the Paseo were also stretched. A few moments before his arrival a piece of heavy artillery was fired. Panic broke out. Thousands dashed forward toward a massive flight of white marble steps and swarmed up them toward the capitol doors. The crowd seemed to think that government guns would not be turned against the glorious new piece of white beauty, and that it could find shelter behind its very loveliness. Another great gun spoke. And then another. The crowd abruptly realized that the guns were killing no one. They were only firing a salute to the president. Sheepishly the crowd flowed down the great stairway, back to its place on the street level, and from side streets, where other thousands had fled at full speed at the sound of the guns, runaways returned to the edges of the black mass of humanity.

As for the president, not many hours before someone had blown in the wall of a bathroom in his palace, by lowering a dynamite bomb from the roof through a ventilating shaft. Of many recent efforts at bombing in Havana, including an attempt on the city's waterworks, this palace bomb had come too close to home to be comfortable; his grandchildren, so the story in Havana went, sleeping in a near-by room, had wakened shrieking with fright.

Machado Takes No Chances

But there was no way out of that speech for Machado that day. He had to make it. The great, white capitol building, costing $18,000,000, had been completed. The great national highway, of concrete, 700 miles long, costing $100,000,000, had also been finished. These great pieces of work were to be dedicated on this February day; and the president must dedicate them, even if he were forced to put the people under military law to keep them quiet.

We saw him whirl, in a car, very quickly, through the Paseo, down around the Malecón, and back to the capitol. His route was guarded, every inch of the way, by soldiers. This writer has never seen any finer cavalry in any army. The soldiers were spick and span, dressed in uniforms of a type which the Cubans copied from the American army when the Rough Riders, with some other American troops and a fleet of battleships, drove the Spaniards out of the island.

The president's car moved too rapidly to give you a full glimpse of his face; a white head, under a silk hat; the wrinkles of a man of sixty; horn-rimmed glasses; no smile, no salute; no cheers—there wasn't more than two or three seconds' time in which to receive impressions as he flashed by.

To the "Capitolio" he went. And there in the Paseo and in the great Plaza behind, 100,000 Cubans gathered to hear him speak. More than one hundred white marble steps led up from the crowd to where he finally stood, under the marble portico, a tiny, dark figure amid the huge pillars.

Before him was a microphone; it was used for carrying his voice to the vast crowd. Except for that microphone the crowd wouldn't have known how nervous that old man was that day.

He forgot the microphone! Even while one hand grasped the iron pipe which supported the voice-piece, he forgot the microphone and its magic.

There was a stir far out in the crowd. Someone was shouting.

The president turned to a grim-looking general—chief of the Cuban army. The president thought he was whispering, in an aside. What he said was half a question, half an order:

"*Qué pasa? Qué pasa? Qué pasa?*—What's the matter? What's the matter? Why don't your men keep order out there?" The general gave orders to a young officer, who seemed to pass them along so that they finally reached soldiers in the crowd; the stir died down.

That harsh whisper went out over the crowd as clearly as any other thing the worried president said that day.

At least half a dozen times Machado interrupted his speech, praising Cuba and magnifying her future, by that nervous, rasping whisper, half query, half command, "*Qué pasa?* Why don't your men keep order out there?"

The oration was ended, at last. The president turned and went into the building. But he had left his question with the crowd: "What's the matter?"

Individuals in the crowd had shouted that they wanted bread, not a white marble building; that they wanted jobs, not motor-car highways. It all sounded like a heckling crowd of Communists, trying to bait the mayor in front of some city hall.

"It was the Reds," explained the friends of the president. "It was that wild woman of Moscow, La Curra, and her men friends, whom she makes mad."

A Surprising Move

But, before many hours had passed, word went out from the palace that Major Manuel Espinosa, military aide to the president, had been thrown into Cabaña prison, on suspicion of having incited the palace explosion. Cuba was amazed.

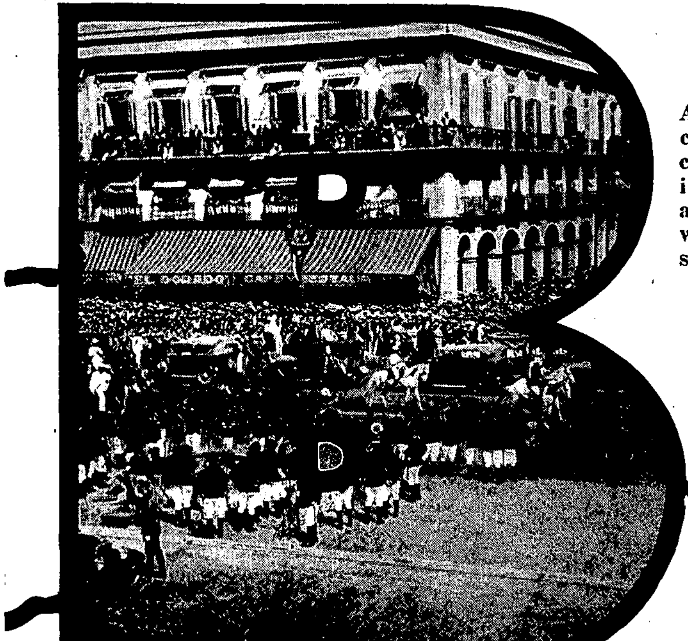
All Havana and all Cuba know that Major Espinosa, forty-seven years old, society man, polo player, son-in-law of old General José Miguel Gomez, who was once president of Cuba and one of the leaders of the Cuban army when it fought side by side with the Americans in 1898 to drive out the Spaniards—everyone knows in Cuba that Manuel Espinosa is no more a Communist than President Machado himself.

They caught a soldier who was a sentry on the roof the night of the explosion and who, it was announced by

THE PLATT AMENDMENT

Following is Section 3 of the Platt Amendment incorporated into the Cuban constitution in 1901, at the behest of the American government:

That the government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the government of Cuba.



A scene at the dedication of the new capitol, conducted in nervous haste and under the watchful eyes of a strong guard of soldiers

Underwood & Underwood

Major Manuel Espinosa (right, in uniform), military aide to Machado (bareheaded), riding with the president shortly before his arrest on a charge of conspiring against Machado's life

Keystone View

the president's secret service, had declared that he had been paid $4,000 to lower the bomb down a ventilator. A higher officer, the secret service men said, had made the offer. And, to top it all, their announcement ran, Major Manuel Espinosa, almost daily companion of the president, had offered the soldier an additional $6,000 if the explosion proved thoroughly successful; that is, if the bomb went off at the time that the president was taking his bedtime bath!

The only mistake made by the soldier, so the secret service men announced, was that the bomb, as he lowered it, caught in a bend in the ventilator pipe, lodged there and went off, at the proper time, but in the wrong place.

No wonder in the midst of such goings-on that President Machado asks, "*Qué pasa?*" And no wonder correspondents who go to Cuba keep asking that question of one another while they're there and continue to ask it after they have returned home.

The next morning President Machado lost another aide. Into the palace, early the day after Espinosa's arrest, hurried a trim-looking Cuban naval commander. His name is Julio Morales Coello. He was the president's naval aide. Polite, suave, cosmopolitan, he graced the president's staff just as Espinosa had done. He, too, is a son-in-law of old General Gomez, the George Washington of Cuba. He and Espinosa, years ago, each asked General Gomez for one of his daughters, and the grim old fellow accepted them both as sons-in-law.

Coello told Machado that he desired to resign; it would be embarrassing for him to remain so close to the president's person while his own brother-in-law was under military arrest on suspicion of plotting to dynamite the president.

"I told him," President Machado announced, "that I had the utmost confidence in him and did not question his loyalty to me; but that perhaps, under the circumstances, it might be best for him to leave the palace service and go back to the navy."

The daughter of the great Gomez, Señora Espinosa, went to the palace to plead for her husband's release. Machado wouldn't see her.

When I left Havana, Espinosa was still in prison, kept incomunicado. He was to be tried by a court-martial, palace announcements said. Guilt possibly means death.

Just a Frame-up!

This all sounds very bloody and dastardly, with murder and assassination afoot in the army. But not all the public version of this palace bomb explosion may be true. At least—and I bring this side of the question up just to show how difficult it is to answer President Machado's own question, "*Qué pasa?*"—at least Machado's enemies tell me it is not so. And there seem to be plenty of them in Cuba, after you get within whispering distance of them.

There *was* an explosion in the palace, in a ventilator shaft. That much is true.

"But that explosion in the palace was arranged by Machado himself," such individuals as are enemies of the president whisper to you. "Don't go back to the United States taking that attempted assassination seriously. Machado is simply trying to get the whole Gomez family into trouble."

"But why?"

"A frame-up! A frame-up against the Gomez family and all its relatives. Why, Espinosa was with Machado every day. He could have killed him with his revolver and seized the palace any time he wanted to. Espinosa always had a revolver as part of his uniform. He could have shot Machado any time he wished. Why should Espinosa try to play tricks through a dumb soldier, with a dynamite bomb?"

Back to the Machadistas I went, asking, "*Qué pasa?* Why should Espinosa run the risk of using a soldier to try to blow up the palace?"

"Why, that's easy" was the answer I got. "The private soldier's name is Garcia. He's very well known to Espinosa. You see, his father is superintendent of the Gomez country estate, and Espinosa, as a son-in-law in the Gomez family, has known the soldier since he was a small child. Espinosa didn't select the first soldier that he found doing sentry duty on that roof. Maybe Espinosa himself put the boy on duty up there."

Well, the only answer to all this puzzle is President Machado's now famous microphone query, "*Qué pasa?*"

What's going on in Cuba? What's the matter?

There's no denying that Cuba's on the edge of some sort of change. And the danger cannot be laid, as it so commonly is, at the door of "Communism" and the "Reds."

Machado, arresting Espinosa, challenged not the "Reds" but the family of ex-President Gomez. More recently, he has thrown down the gauntlet to another rich and powerful family which is certainly not in the "pay of Moscow." He caused the arrest of Guatimón Menocal, brother of ex-President Menocal and a famous fighter against the Spaniards, on the alleged grounds that Guatimón Menocal, over sixty years of age, was conspiring with troops in one of the provinces to march against Machado in Havana.

"We'd have had a revolution here just like many of the other Latin-American republics," one distinguished Cuban told me, "except for the fact that the United States, under the Platt amendment, always intervenes in Cuba against the revolutionists. Machado knows that. He's hiding behind the Stars and Stripes.

"But," he added, "I think that if the change can be made in a hurry, before the United States can step in to help Machado, President Hoover would find it necessary to recognize any new government just as he has the new governments in other Latin-American republics."

It Pays to Be Careful

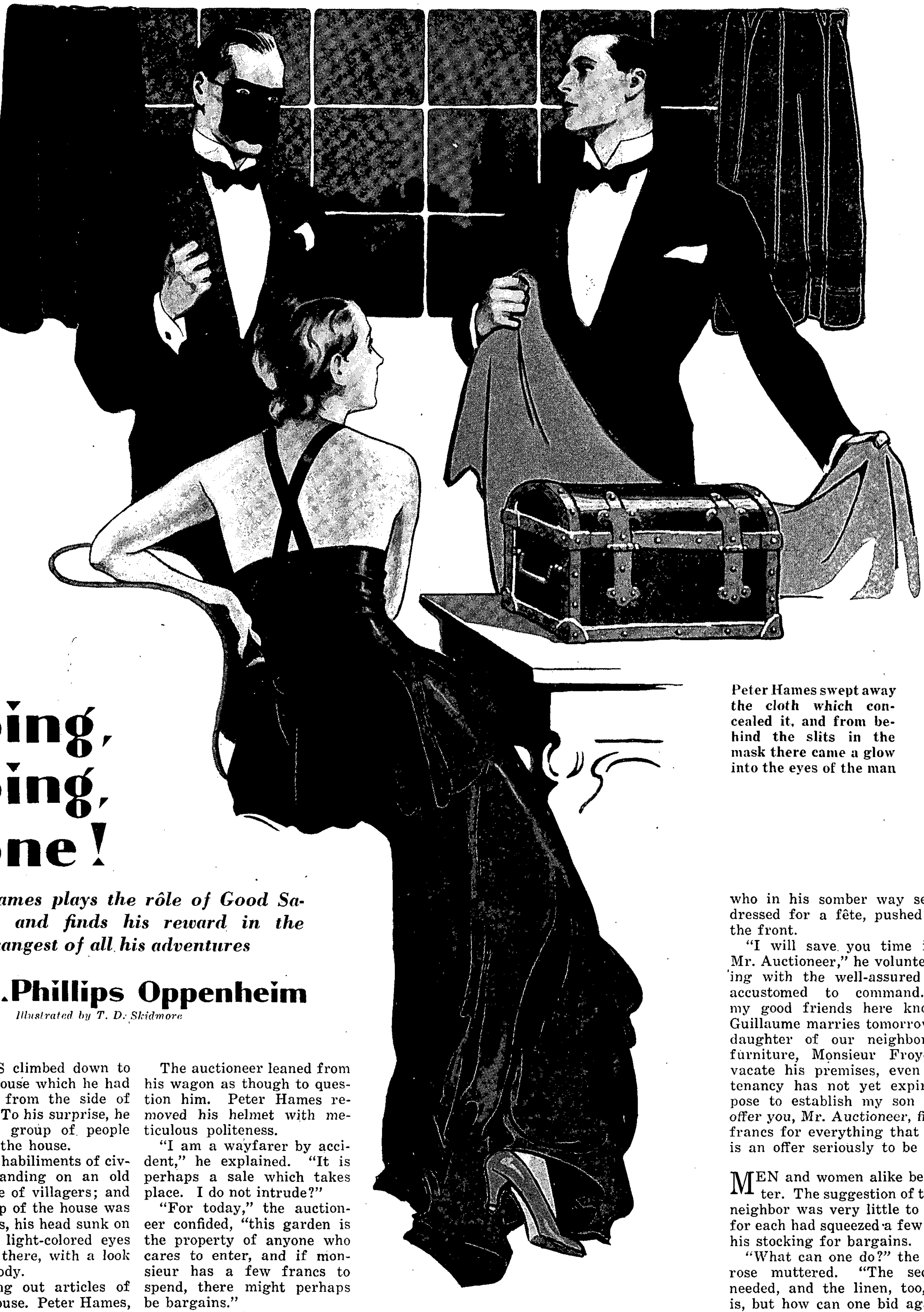
Recent days that I spent in Cuba reminded me of months which American correspondents spent in Mexico waiting for Huerta to come to the end of his rope. In Mexico we heard ghastly stories of killings; of men being taken to the graveside and shot. In Cuba they tell you of hangings in the woods; "suicides," the government calls them. There is a joke in Cuba, especially in the province of Oriente, about such hangings. They grimly call a tree-suspended corpse a "canary."

"Are you a Machadista?" one Cuban asks another.

"Surely, I am," is the answer. "Do you think I'm from the Canary Islands?"

There are grim stories of enemies of the president being thrown to the sharks. They may not be true but the people believe them. The same story was told of the Spaniards back in the nineties. And it was a story that was proved true, in that case, for a Negro attaché of the American consulate in Havana, disguised as a fisherman, took photographs from a fisherman's boat of manacled bodies thrown into "Shark's Hole" from Morro Castle. These photographs were used by the United States government to prove to the Spanish

(*Continued on page 70*)



Peter Hames swept away the cloth which concealed it, and from behind the slits in the mask there came a glow into the eyes of the man

Going, Going, Gone!

Peter Hames plays the rôle of Good Samaritan, and finds his reward in the strangest of all his adventures

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

PETER HAMES climbed down to the little farmhouse which he had been sketching from the side of a near-by hill. To his surprise, he found quite a large group of people gathered in front of the house.

A man in the alien habiliments of civilized places was standing on an old wagon, facing a score of villagers; and seated on the doorstep of the house was a man in blue overalls, his head sunk on his chest, his fierce, light-colored eyes wandering here and there, with a look of hatred for everybody.

Men were dragging out articles of furniture from the house. Peter Hames, gazing over the dilapidated gate, realized that he had stumbled upon a sale of household effects, that the man upon the wagon was the auctioneer and the man upon the doorstep the probable victim of the law. He pushed the gate to one side, and approached the outskirts of the gathering—a strange figure to the wondering villagers, for he was dressed in very shabby brown Holland shorts, a blue shirt open at the neck, a pair of brogue shoes, a sun helmet, and very little else.

The auctioneer leaned from his wagon as though to question him. Peter Hames removed his helmet with meticulous politeness.

"I am a wayfarer by accident," he explained. "It is perhaps a sale which takes place. I do not intrude?"

"For today," the auctioneer confided, "this garden is the property of anyone who cares to enter, and if monsieur has a few francs to spend, there might perhaps be bargains."

The man with the queer-colored eyes and yellow beard scowled across at Peter Hames.

"Is everything out of the house?" the auctioneer asked, a few minutes later.

"Everything except the bed upon which my poor wife lies," the man upon the step replied, "and the person who lays a hand on that will get his neck broken for his trouble."

They looked at him strangely, all that crowd of people, and it was easy to see that, although he might have lived amongst them for a year or more, he was not one of them, either in class or race. The auctioneer shook his head at the belligerent speech.

"It is never a pleasure to us who follow my profession," he declared, wielding the little cane in his hand, "to dispose of the household goods of any man—least of all of one with whom one has some acquaintance. The law is the law, however."

A strongly built but fat man in dark clothes, and with weather-tanned skin, who in his somber way seemed to be dressed for a fête, pushed his way to the front.

"I will save you time if you will, Mr. Auctioneer," he volunteered, speaking with the well-assured air of one accustomed to command. "As all my good friends here know, my son Guillaume marries tomorrow Anna, the daughter of our neighbor. Without furniture, Monsieur Froydshen must vacate his premises, even though his tenancy has not yet expired. I propose to establish my son here, and I offer you, Mr. Auctioneer, five thousand francs for everything that you see. It is an offer seriously to be considered."

MEN and women alike began to chatter. The suggestion of their wealthy neighbor was very little to their liking, for each had squeezed a few francs from his stocking for bargains.

"What can one do?" the Widow Marose muttered. "The second bed I needed, and the linen, too, such as it is, but how can one bid against a man of wealth like Jean Bourdaut, the merchant of timber?"

The auctioneer cleared his throat.

"My instructions would not allow me to sell in such a manner, much though I should prefer it," he regretted.

Peter Hames crossed the narrow space of weedy gravel, encumbered now with a medley of domestic articles, and approached the man who was seated on the doorstep.

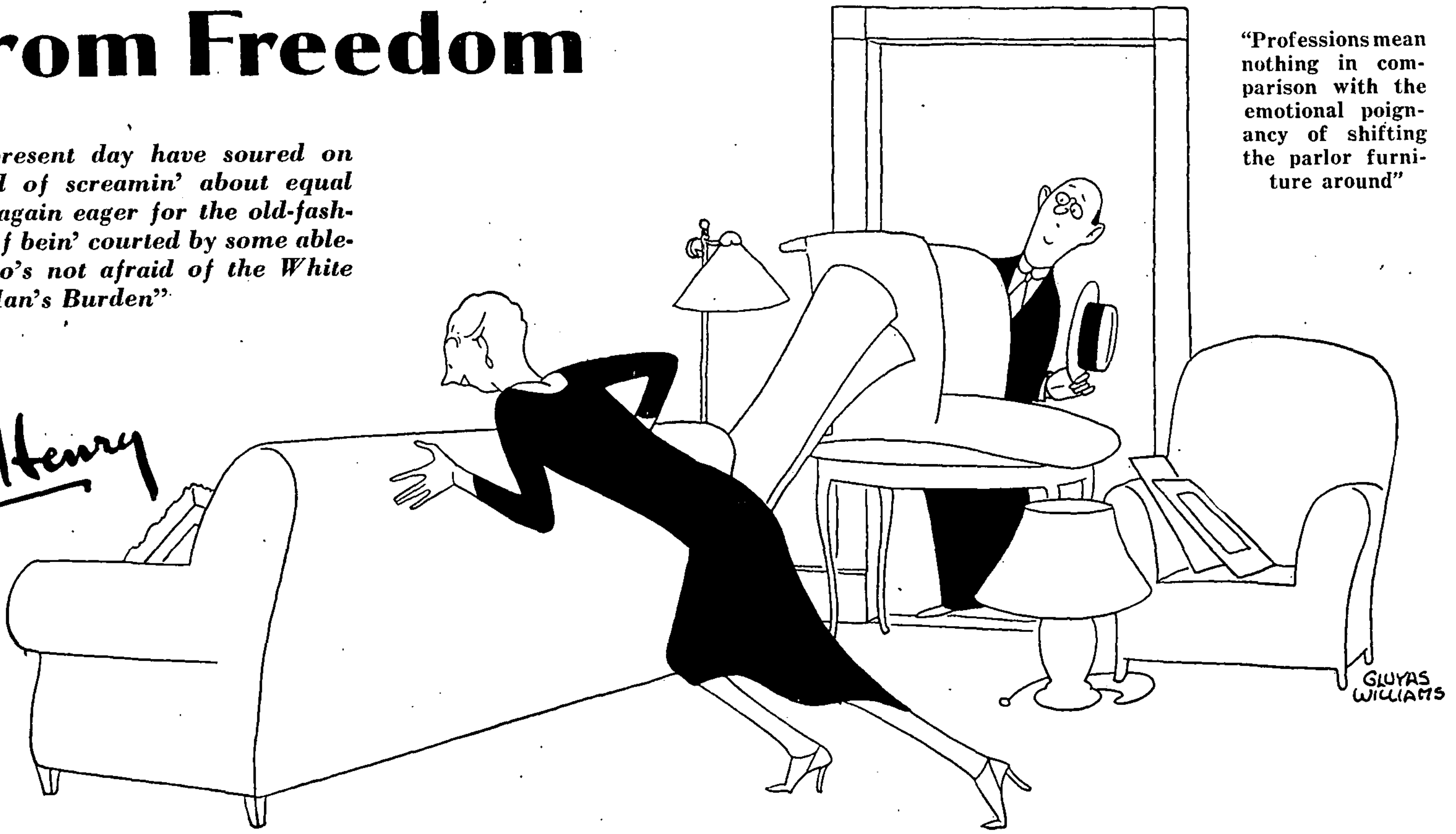
"Aren't you Froydshen?" he asked.

(Continued on page 47)

Free from Freedom

"Girls of the present day have soured on liberty. Instead of screamin' about equal rights, they are again eager for the old-fashioned privilege of bein' courted by some able-bodied male who's not afraid of the White Man's Burden"

Uncle Henry


"Professions mean nothing in comparison with the emotional poignancy of shifting the parlor furniture around"

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

WELL, sir, I wouldn't be at all surprised to see Victorianism play a return engagement," chuckled Uncle Henry. "Every day witnesses a steady increase in the number of women who are slowly beatin' back from freedom. Home Preferred may not have any sudden jump, 'Lonzo, but it certainly looks like a mighty good stock for the long pull.

"Only recently I read an article by one who was a leader in the great movement to rescue her sex from their shameful an' degradin' slaveries to man, an' she reports that the girls of the present day have soured on liberty. Instead of screamin' about equal rights, they are again eager for the old-fashioned privilege of bein' courted an' coddled by some able-bodied male who's not afraid of the White Man's Burden.

"The Junior Leagues of the country have taken a definite stand against pettin', an' where it was practically impossible to locate a vacant neck or face a year ago, now it's quite the common thing to find 'em unoccupied. Public drinkin' is also frowned upon, an' even the most modest male can listen to the talk of a group of women without havin' a painful flush mantle his mug from chin to brow.

The Rebel's Refrain

"Only yesterday I was chattin' with a travelin' salesman from New York, an' he tells me that conditions have improved to a point where it's perfectly safe for a man to enter a Pullman smokin' car without an escort. It's been all of a month since one of us was shot down for wantin' to keep 'obey' in the marriage service.

"On every side are signs that show the changed attitude of women. Haven't you yourself noticed the gradual return of stockin's, an' the decent, charitable way in which dresses are bein' lengthened? What is that but an abandonment of the policy of frightfulness that has given the sex struggle such a savage character?

"They can't do without us, 'Lonzo. Deep down in the heart of every woman, no matter how emancipated an' advanced, there is the longin' for a home. Golf, tennis, even a career in the arts or the professions, mean nothin' to her in comparison with the emotional poignancy of switchin' the parlor furniture around in search of new effects, or talkin' with her neighbors about the involved mysteries of the servant problem.

"A husband is no less of a necessity. Of course, we may irritate 'em by our refusal to hang things up, by our consistent failure to wipe our feet when we come in, but only a husband, bound hand an' foot by the ties of wedlock, lends himself properly to those constant changes an' improvements that are a woman's deepest passion.

"For another thing, 'Lonzo, rebellion is a pretty hard taskmaster, especially when the novelty has worn off. It's a pick-an'-shovel job. Throwin' off inhibitions an' diggin' up complexes an' suppressions, all without any success, means drudgin' labor, every minute of it.

"An' there's the soul-grindin' monotony of it. A Victorian can like or dislike, jes' as the spirit moves, but a rebel must be against *everything*. Day after day, year after year, with never a break in the dreary round of attack.

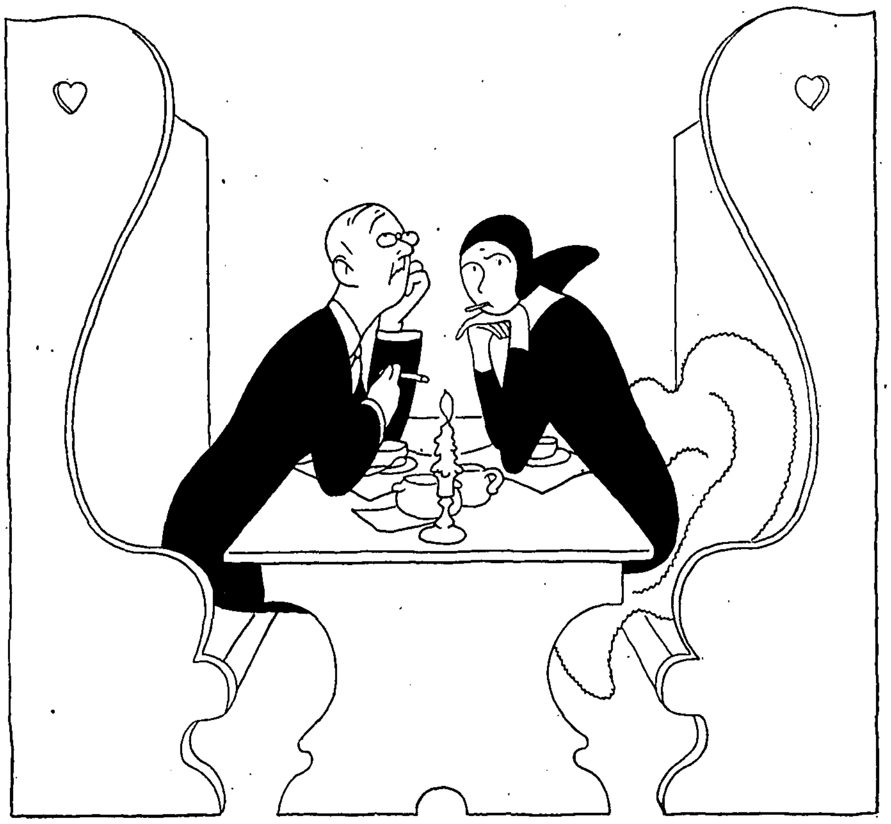
"Take maternity, for instance. Pickin' the father of her children is really a pleasure for the Victorian. All on earth she's got to do is to fall in love. On the other hand, emancipated women, who've thrown off the chains of conventionality, are called upon to make a daily round of the employment agencies, armed with nothin' more inspirin' than a complete set of eugenical requirements.

"Not for them the exquisite joys of moonlight nights, heavy with the fragrance of lilac an' honeysuckle, an' the hammock's compulsive angle. It is a fundamental tenet of their faith to spurn romance as 'hooey,' an', when spring comes they lock themselves in to guard against the primitive urge.

"An' when once children are an established fact, consider the happy lot of bourgeois fathers an' mothers, who are free to love their little ones openly an' unashamedly. But can the Free an' Unfettered revel in these natural instincts? Indeed not! They're compelled to look on their offspring as biological incidents, an' if the impulse comes to hug an' kiss 'em, they've got to wait until the dark of the moon.

"A Victorian is under no compulsion to avoid her husband, an' can even like him without loss of social standin'. It's a privilege that's sternly denied to her radical sister. Holdin', as she does, to the theory that marriage is an abnormal relation, she's simply got to run around with some other man, no matter how it hurts. I was talkin' to a modern the other day, an' I'm still damp from the spray of her tears.

"'I love my husband,' she cried. 'I'd rather be with him than anybody I know. But I *can't* be bourgeois. I simply *can't*. You see my position, don't you?' An' off she went, haggard an' miserable, to keep a luncheon appointment with an unhappy man who wanted nothin' half so much as to be with his own wife, but lacked the moral courage for such extreme unconventionality.


"She's simply got to run around with some other man, no matter how it hurts"

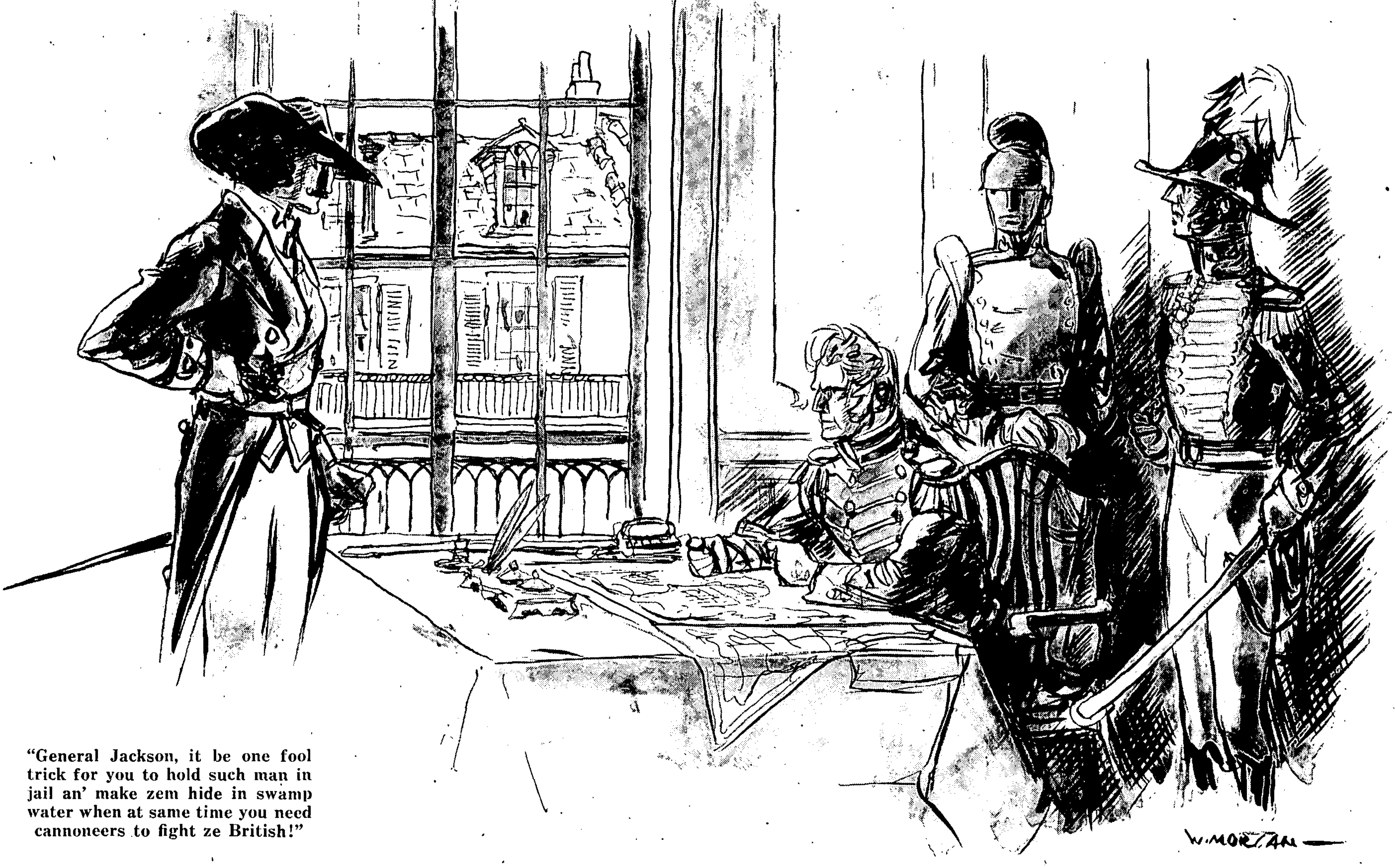
All Over But the Pouting

"An' let us not forget the readin' matter of the emancipated. There, 'Lonzo, is one of the principal horrors of rebellion. Not for Bold Souls an' Advanced Thinkers the gay romances of Kathleen Norris an' the delicious whimsicalities of Booth Tarkington. No matter how their tormented souls cry out, they've got to eat the raw meat of the Russian realists, an' swallow Freud an' Behaviorism in the natural state.

"Yes, indeed, 'Lonzo. Women have had their fling an' are willin' to call it a day. On every side, as one splendid female has expressed it, there's a rebellion against rebellion, an' a passionate desire to be free from freedom. But it behooves every man to walk warily. What we've got to remember is that they've tasted blood, an' changin' back to a milk diet isn't goin' to be easy."

"The whole trouble," insisted Mr. Stubbs with much heat, "is that women don't know their place."

"They know it all right," said Uncl Henry. "Man's task is gettin' 'em like it."



"General Jackson, it be one fool trick for you to hold such man in jail an' make zem hide in swamp water when at same time you need cannoneers to fight ze British!"

Pirate or Patriot?

The port of Queer Cargoes in the days when Lafitte helped Jackson beat the British

By Harris Dickson

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

THE Louisiana coast lies flat, a crouching monotone of marshes that are as flat as the sea itself. On a hazy day the eye can distinguish no line of demarcation, nothing to suggest a boundary where the land comes to its bay-indented edge, and where the open sea begins.

From the opalescent Gulf of Mexico a tortuous thread of water goes wriggling amongst the bayous and still lagoons, the sand islands and tall rank grasses that tremble where they grow upon a trembling bog. That thread of water is called Grand Pass; and soon it broadens out into the Bay of Barataria.

Almost blocking the mouth of Grand Pass is the sandy island of Grand Terre, whose white mounds, the burial cairns of extinct tribes, mark it as a spot of ancient death.

Grand Terre protects this cove of Barataria, in which there is just sufficient water for corsair cruisers to ride in safety, while the shallows prevent intrusion by pursuing men-of-war. So piracy—or its demimondaine sister, privateering—had developed into a methodical fine art in the sheltered coves at Barataria, which provided a depot within easy reach of New Orleans. Through a network of bayous their contraband cargoes could be transported to that city and sold over the counters of reputable merchants. The Baratarians, however, were a reckless lot and, until Jean Lafitte took charge, had not systematized their channels of distribution.

Because every man was his own law a day of tense excitement came to Grand Terre. Even such swarthy cutthroats as possessed no brain realized that an inevitable something was about to happen. Three naked-masted schooners rode easily at anchor within the bay but their crews had gone ashore, where they had a warehouse, several rude villas and a few cannon planted along the beach.

Pirates or Privateers?

Hundreds of fierce-looking fellows, their belts bristling with pistols and cutlasses, were ready for all emergencies, yet didn't know exactly what to do. More or less consciously they gathered on the beach in three distinct if not hostile groups, one of which stood sullenly beside Vincent Gambie, a grim Italian of unsavory repute, the notorious "Nez Coupé," or Crooked Nose. The saber slash that ran redly across his face made Nez Coupé unpleasant to look upon, and he was also in a most unpleasant mood.

A second and somewhat larger group ranged themselves around their newly elected chief, Jean Lafitte.

The third group held apart as neutrals, their glances shifting back and forth, wondering which was the stronger faction, Jean Lafitte's or that of Broken Nose.

"I am a *pirate*, Monsieur Lafitte; understand me well, a *pirate*," Nez Coupé asserted, while his followers yelled in approval.

Smilingly brave Jean confronted them, wearing a green uniform, and for cap the skin of an otter. "Our Jean," as many a legend has come to call him, was a handsome man of six feet two, with a neat mustache and hazel eyes that calmly regarded the wrath of those rebellious miscreants.

"I am a *pirate*," Nez Coupé said again, louder, more aggressively.

"No, Gambie," Jean corrected. "Privateer is the better word."

"Aye," the sea dog snarled. "It is a softer word, for dawdlers of softer hands. But hounds of hell like me must hang by the honest name of pirate."

"Pirate is *good*," a great voice bellowed at Gambie's side as Olaf, the red Norwegian, stepped forward.

The election of Jean Lafitte had divided the Baratarians. "Why," argued Olaf and Gambie, "why should fighters obey a fellow who plays the fine gentleman in New Orleans, keeping his hands clean and his boots polished?"

Like Olaf, the old-time freebooters of the Spanish Main raged at taking orders from such a man, but the domination of Jean Lafitte did not depend upon the cutlass or the pistol. Without lifting his voice, and through a hush of silence all around him, he repeated:

A Nice Distinction

"*I* say that we are privateers. Now heed me, comrades. Why did you elect me as your chief, when I cannot navigate a vessel? I see before me fifty mariners, well skilled upon the seas, men who delight to swarm across some fat merchant's deck. Myself, I have never done these things, and yet you choose me for your leader. Why? Because I put gold in your pockets. Because I get high prices for your captured slaves. Because I provide a market for your cargoes, which otherwise lie rotting on this beach. Henceforth, comrades, you are *not* pirates. Our cruisers sail under lawful letters of marque from the Republic of Cartagena, and remember, remember well, *we attack none but Spanish ships*."

"Be damned to that," the red Norwegian contradicted and swaggered from behind Gambie into an open space much nearer to Lafitte.

"Monsieur Olaf will be so kind as to halt," Jean warned him in a quiet tone that deceived the Norwegian. "Olaf, for the safety of all we *must* have obedience."

"I obey no jackanapes. My cruiser attacks any ship, Spanish, French or what."

"Then, Monsieur Olaf, I shall be compelled to place another in command of the Hawk."

"Take *my* ship? From *me?*"

Olaf rushed forward with head down like a raving berserk, when suddenly a pistol flashed, and the blond colossus tumbled upon the sand. Thin smoke curled about Lafitte as he pointed with his empty weapon and said:

"Rodolpho, I make you captain of the Hawk."

For two hundred years of turmoil, pirates had infested the Caribbean. Now a new century began with England, France, Spain at war, and soon our young republic of the United States was drawn into the cosmic turmoil. Being at war with another, no single power could properly punish the buccaneers, and all used them against their enemies. A restive South America was throwing off its shackles. Cartagena declared itself independent of Spain and summoned the corsairs, giving them credentials to harass the Spanish ships.

Piratical cruisers disposed of their loot in Guadeloupe and Martinique, until the British occupied these islands and closed their markets. Immediately they flocked to Barataria at a time when Spain was loosening her feeble grip on Louisiana. Swaggering pirates with rings in their ears and colored kerchiefs strolled nonchalantly along the *banquettes* of New Orleans, and Spanish officials seemed powerless. Their insolence went on but little abated by the Stars and Stripes that in December, 1803, were hoisted above the Place d' Armes.

During those turbulent times, two brothers, Pierre and Jean Lafitte, arrived at New Orleans from Bordeaux and set up a blacksmith shop in St. Philip Street, where slaves and sledges and anvils made a mighty racket, which camouflaged their real activities.

Pierre, the elder, had served with honor in the French navy and was said to be its most accomplished swordsman. After coming to Louisiana, however, he cut only a commonplace figure, apparently subordinating himself to his more attractive younger brother. Jean, as he told the pirates, had not been trained to the sea; he bore himself with such distinguished manners as to give color to the gossip that he and Pierre were not blood brothers, but that Jean was the natural son, if not legitimate heir, to a mighty personage in France.

At first this handsome Jean became one of many agents for sale of Baratarian goods; he handled the business with such success that they elected him their leader.

Chasing "Ze Wild Goose"

The marshes southwest of New Orleans afforded a sanctuary as well as safe access to the Gulf and proved an irresistible attraction to the gentle trade of privateering. Through a labyrinthine tangle of bayous and secluded lakes unseen crafts went gliding with their cargoes. Along concealed water routes they delivered their silks, their wines and slaves, as far north as the head of Bayou Lafourche, whence strings of pack mules under armed guards convoyed them overland. By another tortuous channel, Baratarian boats might approach within two leagues of the city itself. Godly citizens became millionaires so quickly that conscience had no time to hurt. Everybody winked at the contraband trade; even the Federal authorities when they needed cloth would send government wagons to receive it from the Baratarians.

Creoles claim that "our Jean" was the most popular man in Louisiana. Merchants grew richer on the profits of his goods, and the poor secured their necessities more cheaply. Planters stuck by him because he furnished them with labor, and betrayed excessive annoyance at any hindrance to the clandestine slave trade that Lafitte carried on. His ships overhauled many a Spanish slaver and smuggled the captured Negroes to what became a great commercial emporium at Barataria.

The American governor, Claiborne, was sincere in his desire to break up "the pirates' nest," but whenever he planned an expedition some friend of Lafitte tipped him off, and before a raid could reach Grand Terre every privateer had vanished. "Zey chase again ze wild goose," Creoles chuckled, and refused to believe that anybody would really interfere with "our brave Jean."

The governor's proclamation amused both the populace and the Baratarians, until the affair became such a notorious jest that Claiborne offered five hundred dollars reward for Jean's handsome head, whereupon the witty Baratarian retorted by raising the reward to five thousand dollars for the apprehension of Governor Claiborne.

Serenely unruffled by executive fulminations, Jean Lafitte went sauntering through that city which sparkled like a kaleidoscope, a glowing capital, brilliant with fragments of shattered empires that were cast upon her banquettes. None of these European exiles made a more spectacular appearance than the celebrated General Humbert. This staunch old hero was of herculean frame, and French to the very marrow. Although he had been the lover of Pauline Bonaparte and trusted comrade of Napoleon himself, Humbert chose a foreign banishment rather than rise to exalted station when his beloved first consul forsook republican principles to become imperialist and emperor. Humbert had long been a notable figure about the public places and cafés, particularly on quarter days, when he attired himself in full-dress uniform, cockade, sash and three-cornered hat, with saber across his arm, as he marched to the French consulate for his meager pension. Erect and massive, the veteran of a hundred battles strode along the narrow banquettes, often arm in arm with Jean Lafitte, to purchase a bottle of Burgundy, which gave to Humbert's nose its rubicund hue. Jean and the general together spent many a doubloon to maintain the color of Humbert's justly famous nose.

The governor posted his offers of reward and Federal authorities laid their cunning schemes, yet night after night brave Jean, with his convivial freebooters, assembled round the board in Turpin's cabaret. On one gala occasion, an anniversary dinner in honor of General Humbert, the list of guests is handed down to us: Pierre and Jean Lafitte; Beluche, his famous lieutenant; Dominique You, whose pompous epitaph the tourist may now read in the old St. Louis cemetery; Sauvinet, banker for the Baratarians; Huet, prominent planter and man of affairs; Vincent Gambie, the same who insisted upon being called a pirate, but who had now become the devoted adherent of our Jean; Paturzo, the Genoese; Constantini, the Greek; Marc, the notary; St. Geme, a heroic soldier at Chalmette—and many others, leaders in social and commercial life, and all were more or less connected with Baratarian enterprises.

It was a famous dinner; Turpin's cabaret, a long, rough, ramshackle wooden tenement, stood directly across the street from the Marigny mansion in which the exiled Orleans princes had once been so lavishly entertained. Turpin's was a combination of grocery, groggery and resort for rollicking blades. That night at the banquet Humbert, as guest of honor, was called upon for a speech and introduced with a eulogy of his achievements in Europe. It must be remembered that Humbert might have become the brother-in-law of Napoleon and himself a reigning monarch, like Bernadotte and Murat. Yet here sat Major General Humbert, a drunken derelict in Turpin's cabaret.

Head down, half stupefied with wine, he listened to the speaker's introduction, which roused within him memories that scorched and stung. Once more he saw himself leading the legions of France, "*Charge, mes enfants!* Landau or Death!"

Outlaws and Destiny

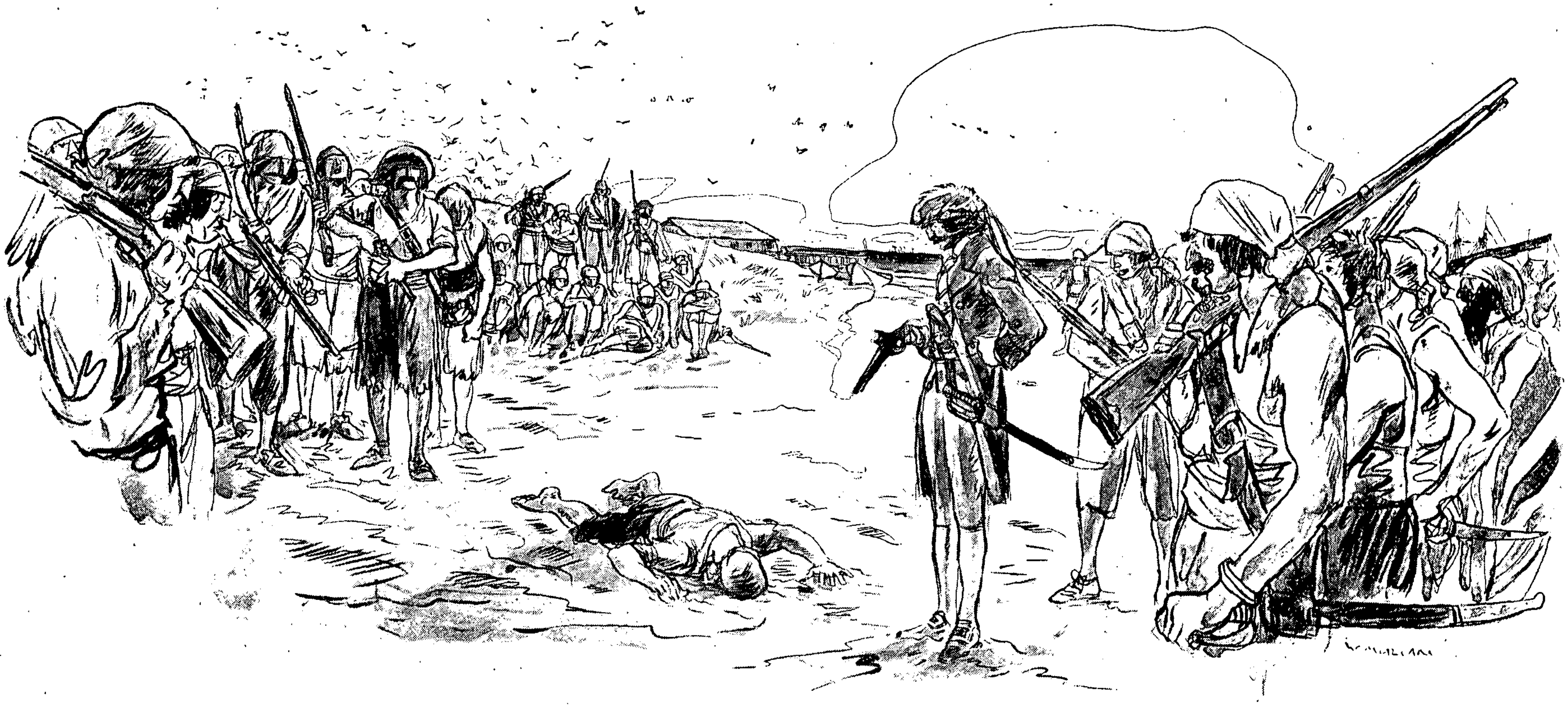
Slowly the veteran rose, and his strong voice quivered as he spoke. "Sir, your words remind me of what I was and what I am. I must not remain here as the associate of outlaws and *forbans.*" Then Humbert deluged the company with a torrent of contemptuous invective and strode from the room.

Astounded buccaneers leaped up. Knives flashed and swarthy hands were lifted. But Jean Lafitte silenced them and said, "Let him go, he is drunk."

The God of Destiny had ordained that Jean Lafitte should have good friends in New Orleans. It was the same God that takes care of children, of blind cripples, and of young nations. Ordinarily the loves or hatreds of a long-dead privateer have no influence upon posterity. But from Jean Lafitte's attachment for these people there flowed an event which saved to our nation more than half of its present territory.

The calamitous war of 1812 had nearly reached an end. No din of battle yet

(*Continued on page 54*)

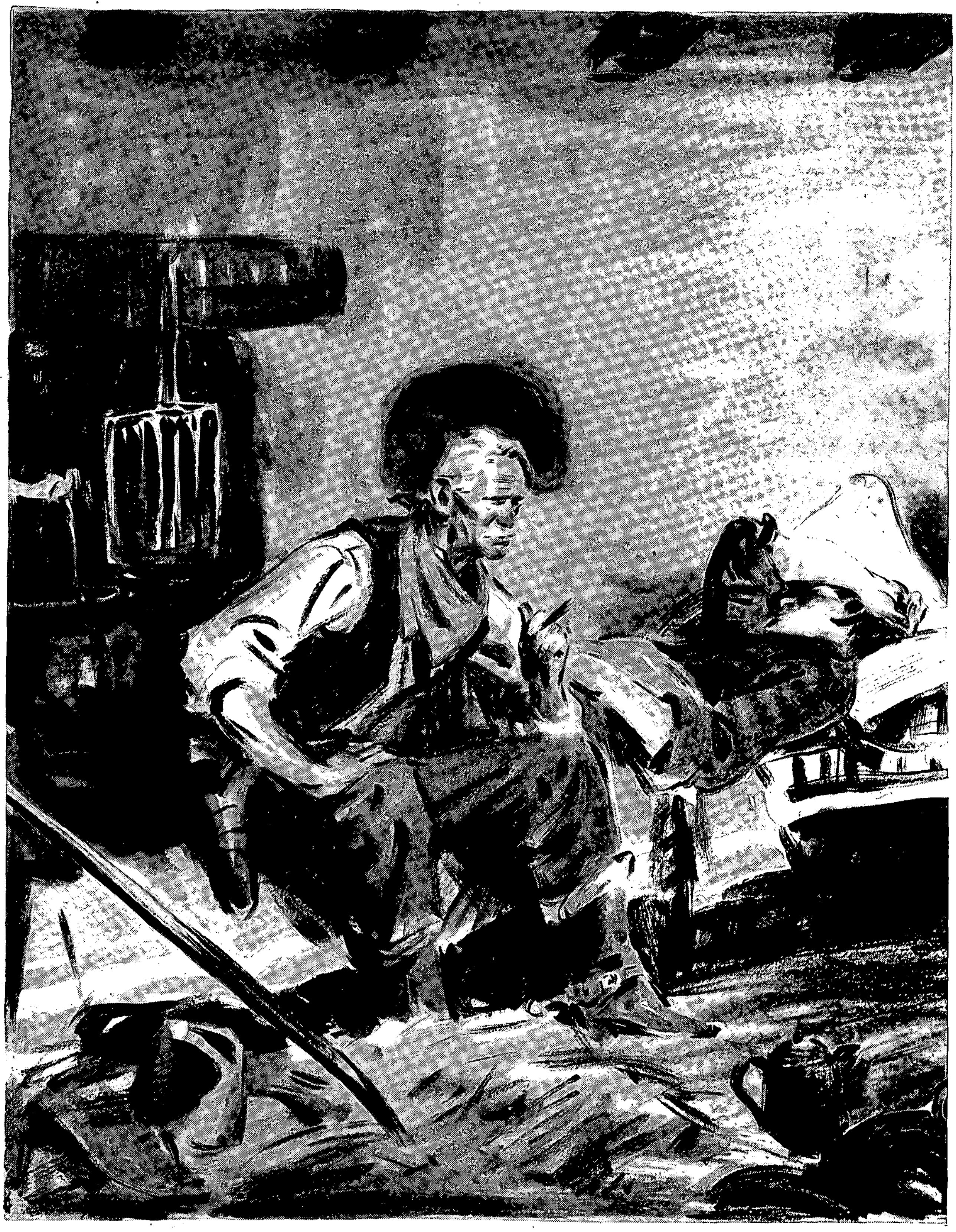


Suddenly a pistol flashed, and the blond colossus tumbled upon the sand

Gunsight Trail

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Matt Clark



The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Sheriff Donnan is murdered, it seems obvious that Dick Major, son of old Oliver Major, owner of the Lazy M ranch, is guilty. So when Clay Hughes, who saw Donnan die, reports the tragedy at the Lazy M, he receives a hostile reception. Whereupon, perplexed and angry, he announces that he, and he alone, knows the identity of the killer—which he refuses to divulge.

Dick proves his innocence. But Hughes does not relent. He has a secret (so he stoutly maintains); he will keep it. Then comes a series of thrilling experiences: (1) someone attempts to assassinate him; (2) he falls in love with Sally Major, one of Oliver Major's two lovely daughters; (3) he becomes involved in a war—a bitter struggle between the Lazy M and the Bar S, a neighboring ranch. . . . The Bar S is owned by two brothers, Earl and Alex Shaw. . . . They hate Major, and, with the aid of a gang of crooked politicians, are plotting to ruin him.

Major is convinced that the Shaws instigated the murder of Donnan. Jim Crawford, acting sheriff, arrests Earl Shaw. But Governor Replogle names Alex Shaw sheriff, and the prisoner is released. Sheriff Shaw arrests "Grasshopper" Tanner, who (so his spies have informed him) *knows* who killed Donnan.

Major sends for Stephen Sessions. Sessions is an old friend, a powerful politician. He, Major believes, can save the day. . . . Sessions arrives. He announces that "Grasshopper" has been killed—while trying to break jail! Major discovers that Sessions is in league with the enemy! . . . Sheriff Shaw, with a swarm of deputies, approaches the Lazy M. A battle is imminent. Sending his daughters away (with an escort headed by Bob Macumber), he prepares the pump house for defense. . . . Art French, a trusted employee, vanishes. Macumber dashes up on his pony. "Where's Sally?" he gasps. "Not here," says Major. "She *must* be here!" shouts Macumber.

VIII

THE pony whirled in a crazy plunge, and for a moment Hughes was lifted clear of the ground as it reared. Then abruptly, with the odd, sudden acceptance common to cow horses, it quieted and stood motionless, quivering slightly, on braced legs.

"Let him go!" Macumber begged. "Let him go—I've got to go back!"

"All right," said Hughes, "but I'm going with you, damn it! Now quick—what happened?"

"We got through the Gunsight all right—nobody tried to stop us. Sally kept changing her place up and down the train, all night. Then, for a while, I thought she was up with Tom, and Tom thought she was with me. She must have turned out and held her horse quiet in the timber until we'd all gone by.

"Just beyond the peak of the Pass, Tom come riding back along the train, saying he hadn't seen her for an hour. . . . I made all the rest go on with Mona. I couldn't believe but what Sally must be only a little way back. I follered back along the trail at a high lope. But Sally ain't on the trail!"

"You missed her! You *must* have missed her! Lead them horses out!" snapped Oliver Major. "Bring my saddle, Dick. We're going back with Bob!"

"What about Sessions?"

"To hell with Sessions! Bob, I promise you, I'll kill you if you've lost that girl!"

"I hope to God you will," said Macumber dimly.

Hughes, the first saddled, already had his foot in the stirrup when a faint, far suggestion of sound brought him to a frozen stop. He listened. "Keep still a minute! Stop everything, will you? Make that cayuse stand!"

The drone of the approaching cars, within two miles now, gave the darkness a deep, humming undertone that seemed to come from the ground itself; yet he thought he made out the sound of hoofs, coming in at a running walk.

"STAND where you are!" he ordered the others savagely. "If I'm wrong I'll sing out, and you can come on."

He had not believed that they would acknowledge his usurpation of authority; yet they obeyed, waiting, finishing their saddling as he eased his pony into the dark.

At three hundred yards he drew up and listened again, then booted his horse into a run. Bending low he made out a mounted figure against the stars of the high horizon. It shied as he drove down upon it, and broke into a lope to circle him.

"Sally," he shouted, "is it you?"

The other rider pulled up. "I guess so, Clay," Sally's voice came to him, small across the dark.

He turned his horse and brought it stirrup to stirrup with hers. The iron had gone out of him, leaving him limp in the saddle. The roar of guns and the death of men, the destruction of a range—all that was only a little stir in the desert dust, of no significance compared with the reappearance of Sally Major.

She swayed against his shoulder, as if very weary. The pressure of that slight, leaning weight was electric. As if by reflex he flung an arm about her shoulders, very strong and steady, but gentle too; for the one thing he was utterly sure of in a world of uncertainty was that here beside him, stirrup to stirrup, knee to knee, was one reality infinitely precious, wholly irreplaceable. For a moment her high-strung vitality seemed to sag, and she leaned her head against his shoulder like a tired child.

"I had to come back, Clay. I want to stay here!" she said, after a moment.

"I know."

She straightened up and lifted her horse ahead to meet the others, coming out now on the run.

"FOOL kid," Major growled at Sally. "Get them ponies back in the 'dobe. They're near on us."

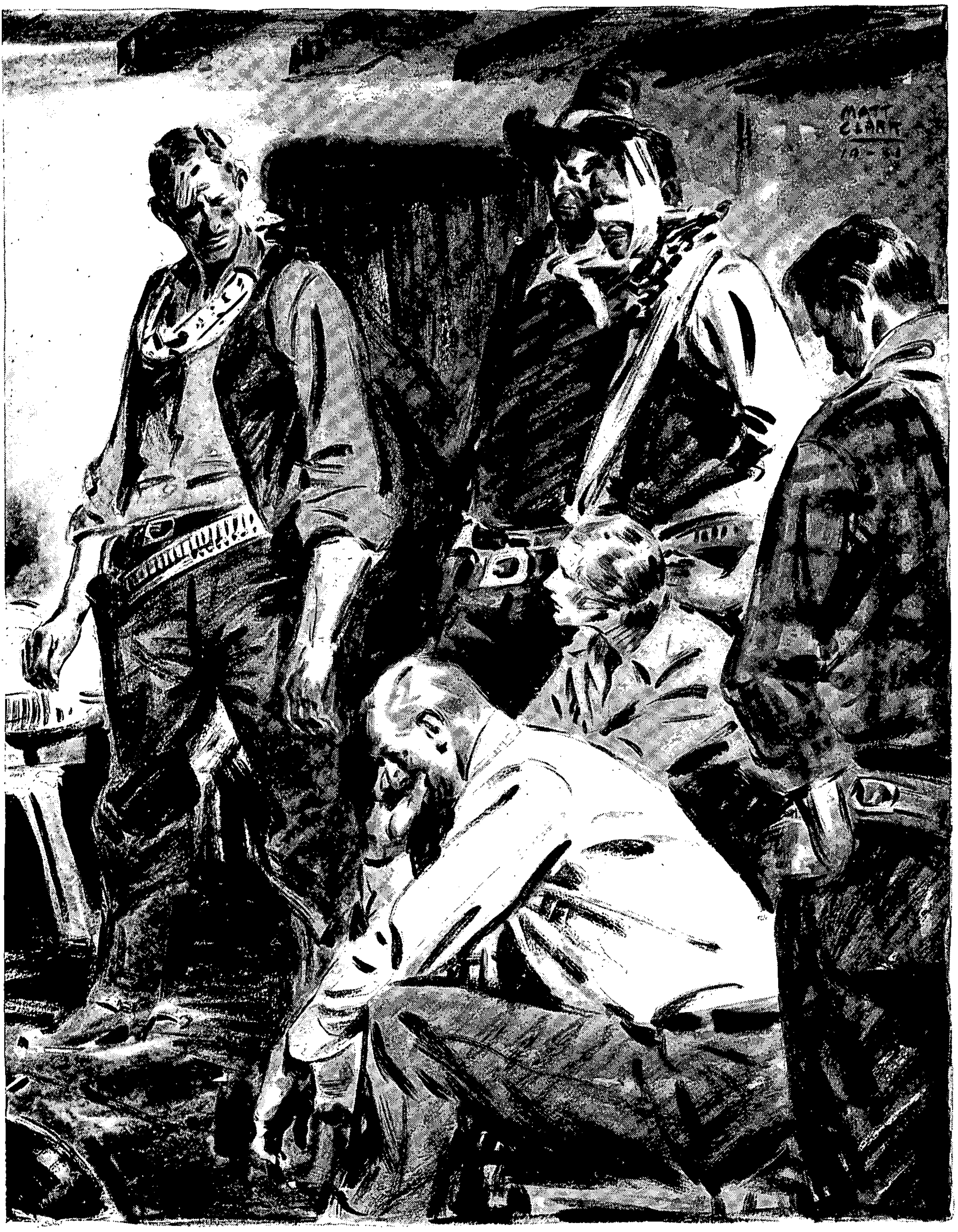
It was typical of that family that that was all that was said. Now that she was here it was as if they had half expected her to break away and ride back, all along! Hughes sought out Bob Macumber.

"Don't take it so hard, Bob."

"There's no chance of getting her away from here now." Macumber's face was the gray-green of seasoning grass. "They've cut off the Gunsight Trail."

"She'll be all right here, Bob."

Macumber looked at him sharply. "Why, Clay—one chance shot—good God, Clay, don't you realize she'll be under fire here?" Bob jerked upright,



Hughes turned to Sessions, his voice even. "Your race is run," he said. "I'm going to let you go. I want you to live and take the gaff"

and the cigarette he was rolling fluttered from his fingers, a shapeless rag. "I tell you, Clay," he said, lifting his hands in front of him in an awkward, rigid gesture, "I tell you, I'd have gone to the end of hell for her, and two miles beyond! I tell you—"

"Get inside!" Major ordered them. "Where's Sessions?"

"I got him in here."

Up by the house the first of the Adobe Wells cars passed the main doorway without hesitating, and came on directly toward the pump house. Art French, of course, had tipped them off about that. The following cars seemed to draw up as they disappeared behind the house, for none of them reappeared. The one car came on slowly, to roll to a stop within twenty yards.

It was Alex Shaw himself who stepped out from behind the wheel with curious, slow movements, as if his nerves were drawn taut against his will. He spoke out of the corner of his mouth to the other man on the seat—it was Dutch Pete. Dutch Pete remained in the car, a great, sprawling, relaxed figure, with one leg hung over the door.

Alex Shaw stepped forward three or four paces, his hands over his head. His sheriff's badge showed ostentatiously on his vest, an unaccustomed ornament.

"CAN you hear me, Major?"

"I hear you, all right."

Shaw dropped his hands. "Is Stephen Sessions in there?"

"Do you think we're fools?"

"Well, his car's out here!"

"I supposed you'd find out by this time," Major called, "that we sent a party over the Gunsight during the night!"

Alex Shaw hesitated. "Mr. Sessions," he shouted, "if you're in there, sing out!"

They saw Sessions fill his lungs to answer, but Bart Holt's gun prodded the prisoner's stomach.

"Well, that's all right," said the Adobe Wells leader after a few moments. "The men we want are in there just the same. I'm asking for the turnover of Dick Major and Clay Hughes!"

"Go to hell!" said Major.

Shaw picked up a blade of grass and bit it. "Right now you're in the best position you'll ever be in: you got a chance to give yourselves up in peace. If we have to rout you out of there, it's going to cost us some men. What will that get you? You'll be liable for the murder of every man we lose!"

"To hell with you!" answered Major again.

They could make out Shaw's twisty grin as he turned away.

Bob Macumber clapped Hughes' shoulder. "Well, so long, Clay. Take care of yourself." Bob flung open the door; he was walking out toward the car of Alex Shaw.

"Bob—you damn' fool—" Hughes sprang forward, but Bart Holt, seizing Clay's gun belt, jerked him backward. Holt snapped, "Help me, Chris!" and Gustafson's enormous arms closed about Hughes. He heard Bob growl, "Just a minute, Shaw!" Then he was dragged back into the adobe.

"WHAT'S the matter with *you?*" demanded Major, glaring into Clay's face. "If you go out there the shooting starts. They've got nothing against Bob." The heavy door banged shut, and the bar fell.

"You can at least give him gun cover," Hughes raved.

"Well, we're doing it, ain't we?" growled Dick Major. He had taken a station at one of the high, small windows.

"If you'll sit tight, we'll let go of you," Bart offered.

"All right."

Gustafson released his terrific bear-like grip, and Hughes took his place at the shoe-box-sized window.

Alex Shaw waited; and Macumber advanced upon him slowly, head forward like a bear. Sally Major called out once, "Bob, come back!" Macumber appeared to falter, but he did not obey.

Up at the main house a shutter banged; the shadowless early light struck no gleam from steel, but Hughes thought he saw a movement at a window, then at a second, and a third. Shaw's deputies were swarming in from the far side, taking positions from which they could rake the pump house from cover.

Ten feet apart Shaw and Macumber stood facing each other, thumbs hooked in their belts. Those in the pump house could not make out what they said. Alex Shaw's mouth twisted in his ugly one-sided smile. Then they saw Macumber's right hand move away from his side, fingers stiff and extended, as he spoke an indistinguishable command.

Bob Macumber, the man who forever blamed himself, was paying off his imaginary debt to Sally Major.

What happened then was over in the flash of a second. Alex Shaw's hand traveled only a few inches as it brought the gun from the holster at the front of his thigh; it seemed that the weapon spoke almost as it came out of its leather. Macumber jerked violently, then caved forward to his knees. Shaw whirled and leaped for the cover of his car as Dick Major fired twice, both shots going wild. Then Macumber's gun spoke from the ground; Alex Shaw's hands flew up, and he pitched full length forward upon his face.

From the house burst a ragged fire, and little spouts of dust began to jump around the motionless body of Bob Macumber.

And now Dutch Pete fired. At the first whip of action Dutch Pete had taken cover behind the machine. They could not see his position, but, as his gun spoke three times, Macumber's body jerked, and they knew that Dutch Pete must have fired between the wheels.

A WHIMPERED imprecation burst from Clay Hughes, and he sprang to the door. Chris Gustafson jumped to intercept him, and, though he fought savagely, Bart Holt and Dick Major helped Chris bear him down.

Outside the firing had ceased abruptly. From the little high window Oliver Major said, "Old Doc Hodges is coming out. He'll do anything that's to be done."

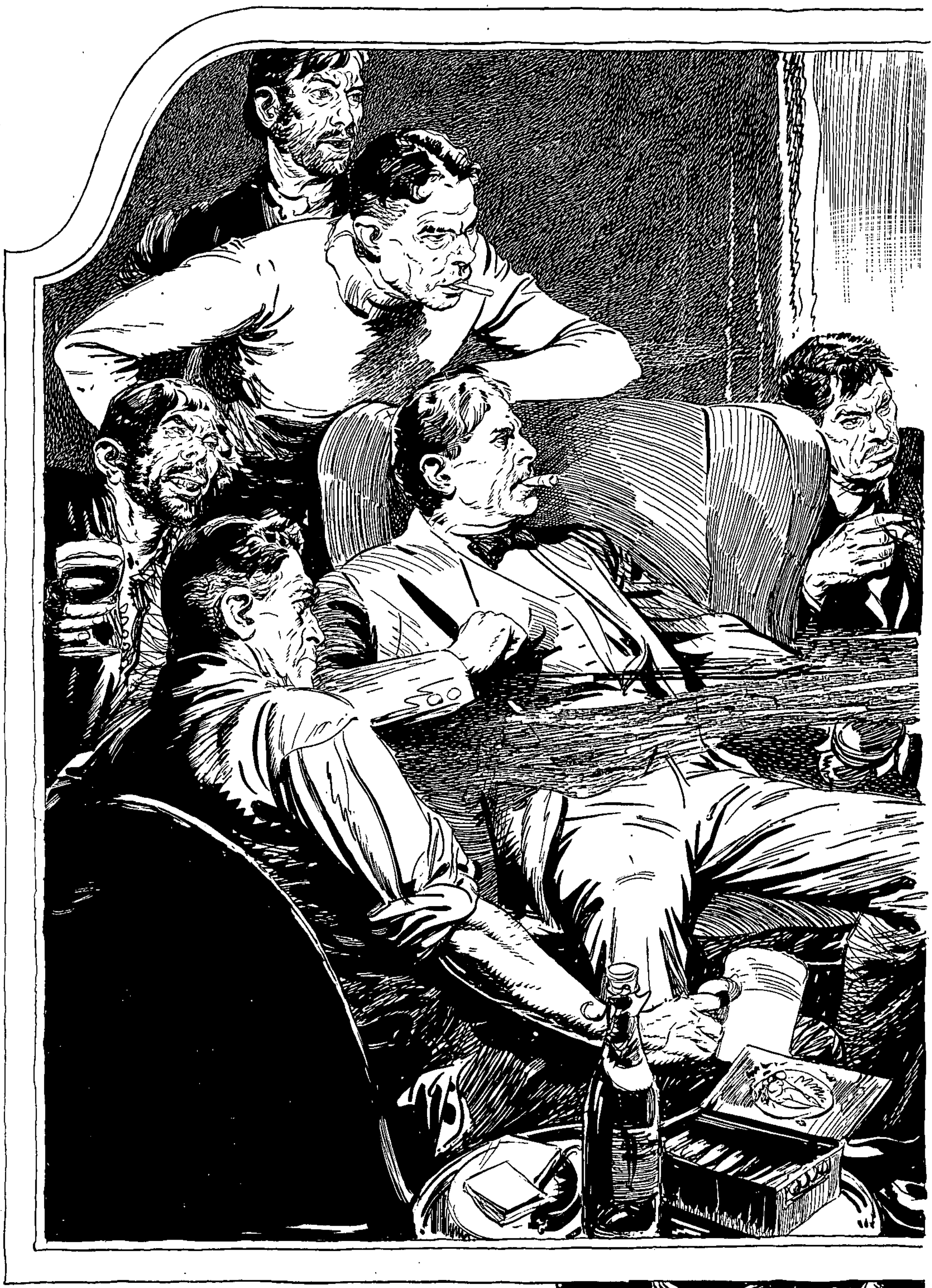
"Let me see if he is," demanded Hughes. "If there's a doctor going to

(*Continued on page 78*)

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan



"Tomorrow is the day for which we have been called from all over the world!"

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE shadowing a gang of international criminals, Dawson Haig (aboard the steamship Wallaroo, bound for Australia via Port Said) makes an amazing discovery: The gang, which has several spies on board, is planning to capture the vessel, rob it, and—possibly—murder the passengers and crew!

Five of the conspirators are on board—and Eileen Kearney, the girl Haig loves. Going ashore at Port Said, Eileen is drugged and spirited away. Haig, making frantic efforts to find her, narrowly avoids being murdered; after which, with letters of introduction of one Joseph (whom he has killed, in self-defense), he dashes to Keneh, Egypt. He believes Eileen is there. And he now knows the truth: like thousands of other lovely women, she is to be sold into slavery by her captors. He hopes to rescue her.

Haig is correct. Eileen has been taken to Keneh. There, under the watchful eyes of a weird Oriental—the mysterious Yu'an Hee See, master mind of the gang—and his companion, "Orange Blossom," a beautiful Chinese woman, she tremblingly awaits her fate. . . .

When the Wallaroo leaves Port Said, two of the conspirators are aboard: "Dr. Oestler" and "Valerie Ednam." Haig has arranged to have them arrested, at the first port of call. At Port Tewfik, in the Gulf of Suez, an officer comes aboard. The suspects have disappeared!

The explanation is simple. Dr. Oestler has intercepted a radio message regarding Scotland Yard's plans. Having notified Yu'an Hee See, by a cryptic wireless message, of his predicament, he has slipped off the vessel, with his accomplice, and sped away in a motor boat, sent by his resourceful chief. . . . The Wallaroo may yet escape! Those on board now know of the plot. One wireless message would doom the attackers. His well-laid plans miscarrying, Yu'an Hee See is furious. But Aswâmi Pasha, a brilliant aide, has a suggestion. "We can shoot down the Wallaroo's mainmast," he says. "With the mainmast destroyed, no wireless can ever go out!"

Meanwhile, Dawson Haig (disguised as a Turk, and posing as "Joseph") is playing a perilous game. Seated in a café, in Keneh, he makes contact with a most extraordinary Arab. An Arab who sits in a dark corner, smoking *a meerschaum pipe!*

IX

"HASSAN ES-SUK," said Haig sharply.

The Negro nodded and retired into darkness.

Haig lighted a cigarette, staring up and down the narrow thoroughfare, and wondering what alternative move he could make if Hassan es-Sûk should prove to be acquainted with Turkish. The tall "Arab" sat leaning against a wall just along the street.

A tap on the shoulder aroused him, and looking up he saw that the Negro had returned. He indicated that Haig should follow; and it suddenly dawned upon the latter that the man was a *mute!*

Standing up, he crossed the reeking little room, almost brushing the garments of the meerschaum smoker, who was so seated that it was difficult to avoid stumbling over him as one went into the place beyond.

This proved to be an uncarpeted passage, the entrance to which was partly concealed by a piece of dirty matting. A door on the right was open, four steps descending to a sunken chamber. Upon the floor were several cheap rugs, a cushioned divan stood at one end, and a rather fine, perforated brass lamp hung from the wooden-beamed ceiling.

A latticed window set high in a wall admitted light from what Haig supposed to be a narrow side street. The place had a decaying smell—the air in it was quite stagnant. As the Negro withdrew, Haig watched the curtained doorway. The first test was about to come.

However, it was another door at the farther end of the room which opened, and a venerable Arab entered, his peering face a wrinkled mass of cunning; but his first words lifted a great load from the inspector's mind.

"It surely can be none other than Joseph who delights my eyes!" he said in excellent Biblical English. "You are late, Joseph—but welcome. Give me the letter, my son."

He reflected now that his fears had been unnecessary. Since the "letter of travel" was in English, it might have been clear that the man to whom it was addressed would speak that language.

Haig silently placed the letter in the claw-like hand of the old Arab. Hassan es-Sûk barely glanced at it, but, plunging his fingers beneath his robe, produced another, identical in appearance.

"It is well, Joseph," he said. "The wise man cultivates paucity of speech but abundance of observation. For when the tongue is wagging the brain is still, and our lord Mohammed (may God be good to him!) enjoined the faithful often to pray in silence."

He watched with his little cunning eyes, as Haig—noting that the second envelope bore the same typewritten superscription—"For Joseph"—opened it and took out the slip of paper which it contained. This was what he read:

"You will leave immediately by car for Koseîr. Report at the house of Dr. Julian Hess.—Chief."

Dawson Haig nodded, placed letter and envelope in his pocket; and:

"I am ready, Hassan," he said, "to obey my orders, when I have cooled my body and moistened my throat."

RECALLING that fateful conversation overheard in Port Said, he thought, "That speech was quite in the style of the real Joseph." He walked toward the door leading to the café, but:

"Here, Joseph, my son! Here—rest here!" the Arab cried.

Haig half turned, shaking his head.

"I prefer to sit in the cool of the street, O Father Hassan."

"It is unwise, my son—but on your own head. . . ."

Haig mounted the steps and walked along the uncarpeted passage, pulling the curtain aside; he stumbled over the man who sat there. . . . and a meerschaum pipe fell to the floor and smashed.

"*Inshalla!*" groaned the owner.

Haig stooped swiftly, and:

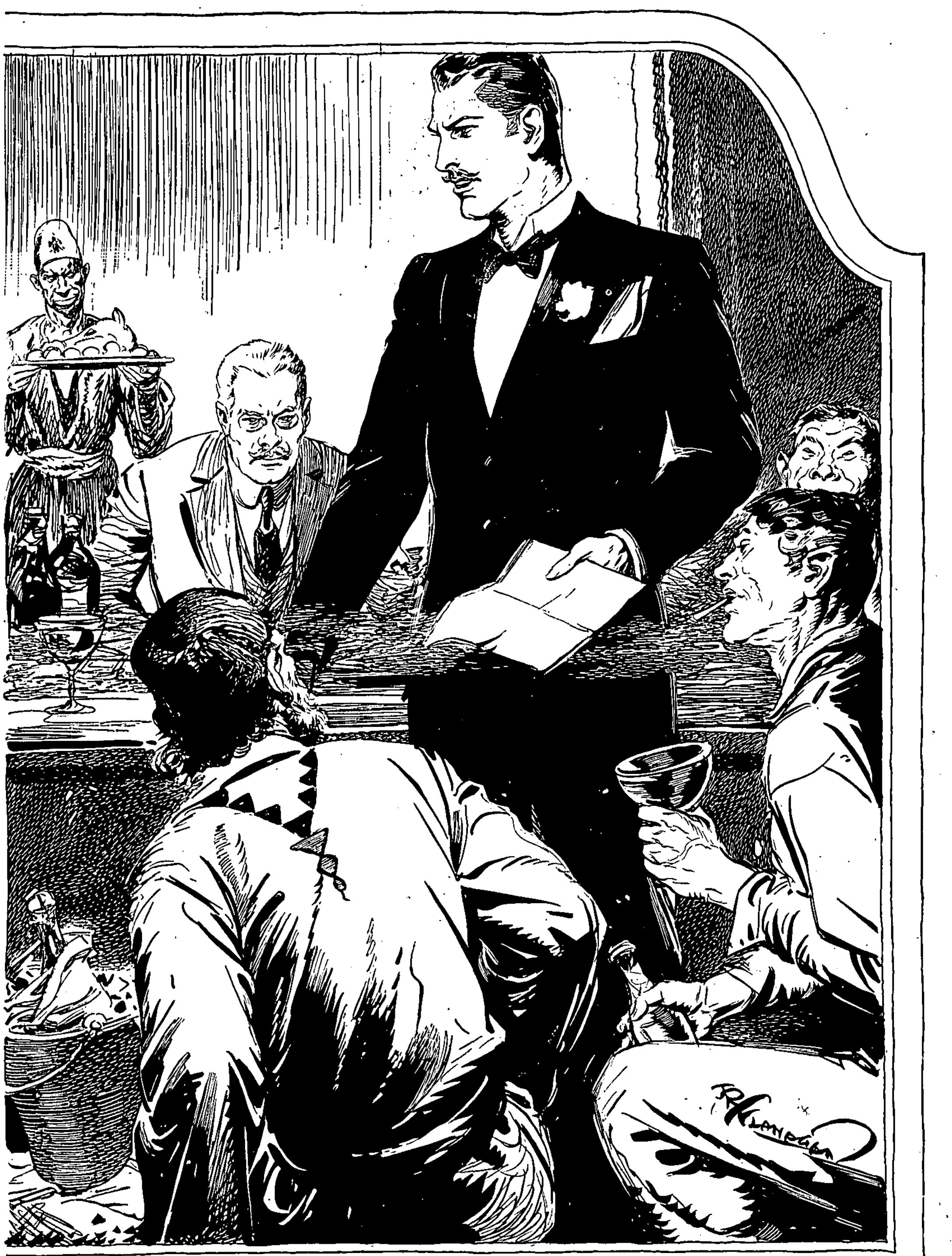
"Koseîr by car in five minutes," he whispered. "House of Dr. Julian Hess. . . ."

"Offer me money!" came a muffled whisper out of the rags enveloping the Arab.

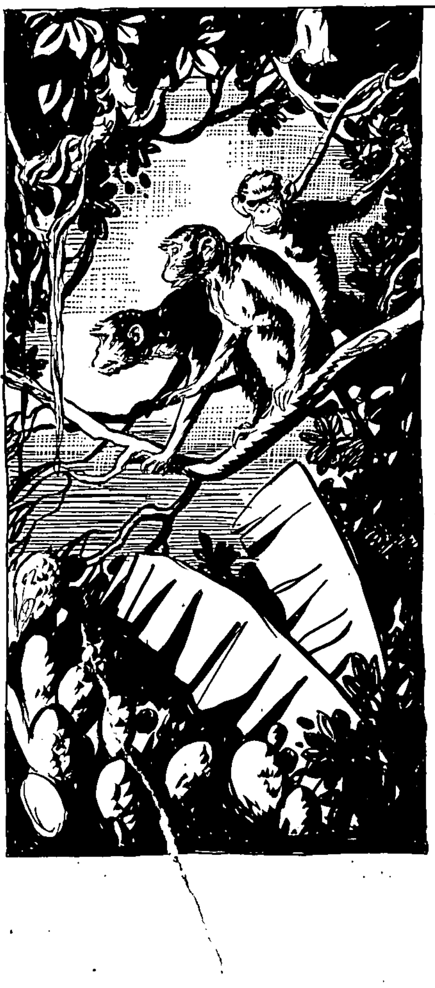
Haig put his hand into his pocket, when:

"Give him no money!" came an angry shriek from just behind him. He turned. Hassan es-Sûk was at his elbow! "He is a lump of mud, a son of filth, an unutterable liar! It was a trick!"

Cursing, opening and closing his talon-like hands, old Hassan es-Sûk bent over the seated Arab and poured forth a torrent of what Haig divined to be brilliant invective. The seated man shrugged resignedly and began to collect the fragments of the broken pipe. Hassan es-Sûk pushed Haig forward.



"If any one of you ever need take another risk in his life, that man is a fool"



"A spy," he whispered in his ear, "a dirty police pig! Begone—quickly!"

EILEEN sat on the edge of the disordered lacquered bed, her teeth tightly clenched and her fingers clutching the coverlet. She had completed an exploration of her prison.

There was a large wardrobe in which were carefully hung the clothes she had worn in Port Said. There was an extravagantly appointed bathroom. She had succeeded in recalling everything of that dim past out of which she had awakened in this preposterous place, up to the very moment of entering the shop of Mohammed.

She recalled seeing Dawson Haig outside. It was then she had ventured to accept the invitation of the aged Arab to explore the treasure-house beyond. Here, her memory terminated with the recollection of a sharp pain in her shoulder, a sickly sweet smell and a sense of sudden weakness. . . .

How much time had elapsed since then?

Her position was desperate. The flower-covered balcony overlooked a beautiful garden. Orange trees and lemon trees there were in profusion; bougainvillæa blazed on white walls; graceful palms upreared their heads amidst banks of flowers, golden dates clustered under the crescent-shaped fronds.

There were tiled paths, with floral arbors; monkeys sported in the branches of the trees; and gayly colored parrakeets flew from place to place. The prospect was terminated by that high white wall, like the wall of an ancient fortress. And, a sharp-cut edge above it, the blue sky began.

Something told her that the ground fell away beyond that wall and that farther beyond was the sea. This was obvious, because although the balcony of the room seemed to be three floors above the garden, beyond the wall she could see nothing but sky.

Where was she? And where was Dawson Haig? Had they . . . ?

She clenched her teeth so tightly that she could hear them grind together. Then she started to her feet and stood watching one of the rose-lacquered doors.

Faintly, she had detected the sound of a key in a lock. The door opened, and a stout and kindly-looking French maid came in, closing and locking the door behind her.

Eileen was breathing very rapidly.

"Mam'selle is frightened," said the woman. "No, no—" meeting that fixed, angry stare. "It is no good, *chérie*. I have felt like this and looked just so, but now—" she shrugged—"you see how I look."

Eileen's teeth remained clenched. But there was an understanding gleam, a message, in the dark eyes which gave her strength—unaccountably restored confidence.

"I am Céleste," the woman went on, opening the wardrobe and taking out Eileen's suit in the most natural manner in the world. "You have been sick—I know that sickness—I have had it. When you have had a bath and you are dressed, you will feel ready for luncheon; and the cooking is good."

Céleste laid the suit over the back of a chair, swiftly glancing up to where, high in one wall, a little wooden trap might be seen. It was closed; and:

"*Chérie*," she said, "trust me. I am your friend. You understand. Perhaps I can help. Don't answer."

She bustled busily into the bathroom and turned on the hot-water tap.

"Come, mam'selle," she called. "You will be yourself again after your bath."

EILEEN, comprehending, or hoping she comprehended, that this was a friend, walked across to the bathroom. The Frenchwoman closed the door as she entered.

"I know how it has happened to you, *chérie*," came her voluble whisper. "It happened so to me, also. Where were you when last you remember?"

"In Port Said," said Eileen miserably.

"Ah!" The Frenchwoman nodded comprehendingly. "I was at Cairo when he saw *me*. But that was ever so many years ago!"

"But tell me, please, where am I now?"

"In Yemen, *chérie*." A large, strong arm was slipped maternally about the girl's shoulders. She was pressed to an ample breast. "You have courage, great courage—I see it in your face. And now is the time for courage—courage *not* to fight."

Eileen began to feel that she had known this singular woman all her life.

"What do you mean, Céleste?" she asked. "What is this place?—where am I?"

"YOU are in Arabia, poor baby. Down there—" she pointed vaguely—"is a little town that no one ever heard of. Beyond, is the Red Sea. Here behind us is desert—desert—desert—and then . . . Mecca."

"But this house? Whom does it belong to?"

"Do not raise your voice, *chérie*," Céleste warned. "Even here we are not safe. It is the house of Aswâmi Pasha. But in the years that I have lived here I have learned that it does not belong really to him, but to someone else."

"But I don't know Aswâmi Pasha!"

Céleste stooped and adjusted the flow of hot water; then:

"Once, it is nearly ten years ago, *I* did not know him, *chérie*. But he is rich—very rich!"

"His riches won't save him!" said Eileen furiously. "The United States is richer than he can ever be—as he'll find out to his cost. . . ."

"Keep cool, *chérie!* Keep cool! You are in a great difficulty, and fighting is no good. I fought with my first two husbands—but not with my third! A woman's best weapon is her brain, not her nails!"

She emptied bath salts into the hot water; and:

"Come, *chérie*," she said. "Slip your robe off. This is the time for cunning. But be thankful that I am with you."

EILEEN dropped an exquisite robe of Chinese silk from her smooth shoulders, caught it at her waist and threw one white arm round the Frenchwoman's neck. She had courage, yes, but nevertheless she was very near to despair. And she knew it. This strange character, with her bright, kindly eyes, was a rock of refuge.

"Oh, Céleste! Although I never saw you in my life before, I do truly thank God that you are with me! What have I done! What have I done to deserve this?"

"Nothing, my dear! Nothing!" The Frenchwoman hugged her tightly. "It is a great mystery what women do to deserve their sufferings! My baby, be brave!"

"You are not going to leave me?"

"I shall be in the bedroom, and when you are dressed I will bring your luncheon."

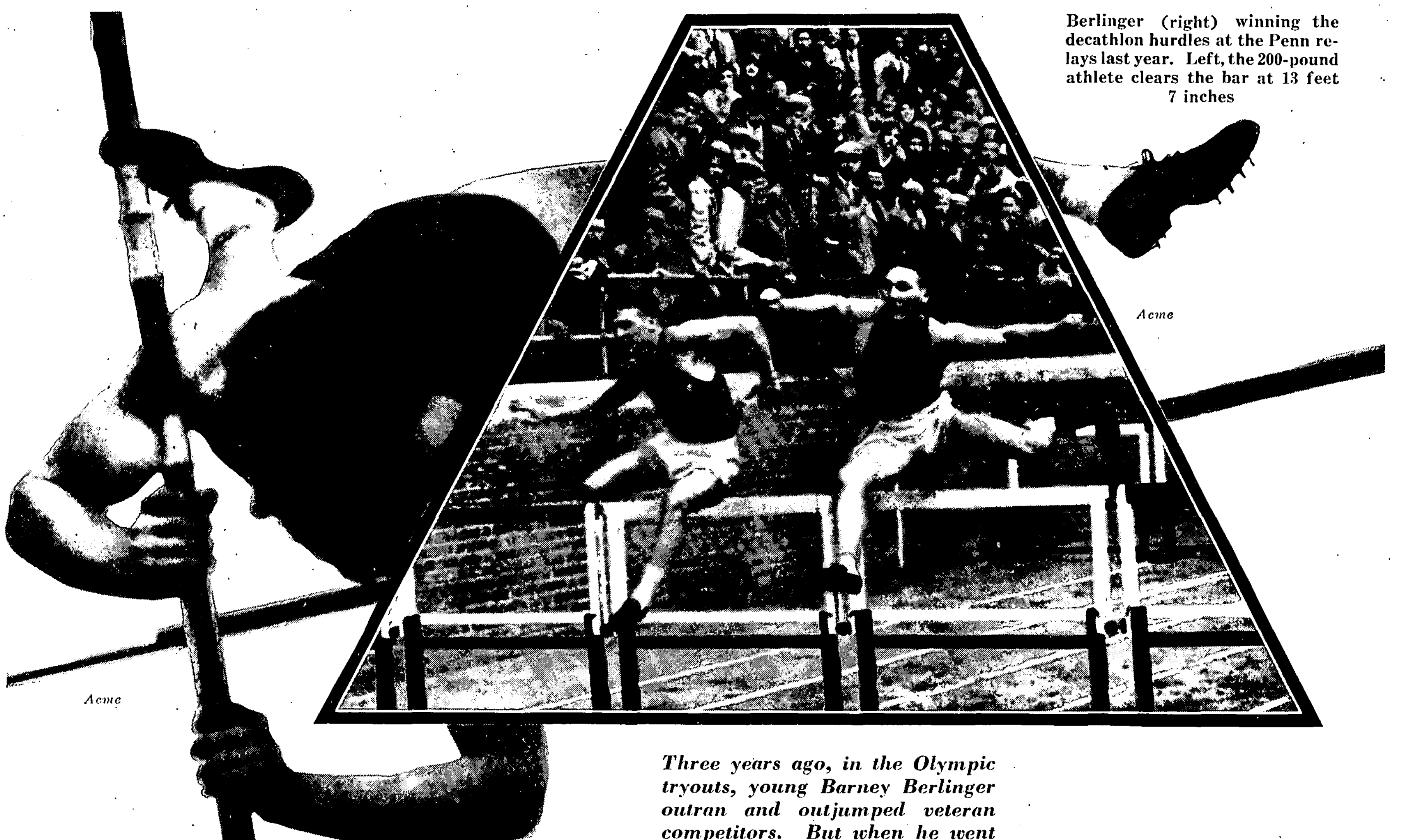
One final hug Céleste gave the frightened captive, and went out, closing the bathroom door.

Shuddering, Eileen dropped the strange robe which had enveloped her when she had awakened and stepped into the bath.

Behind what looked like the grating of a ventilator, high in the bathroom wall, two points of light glittered and disappeared.

Yu'an Hee See walked slowly out of the cupboard room above onto the mahogany floor of the salon which adjoined

(*Continued on page 81*)



Acme

Acme

Berlinger (right) winning the decathlon hurdles at the Penn relays last year. Left, the 200-pound athlete clears the bar at 13 feet 7 inches

Olympic Heights

Three years ago, in the Olympic tryouts, young Barney Berlinger outran and outjumped veteran competitors. But when he went to Amsterdam several months later he learned a lesson in competition which Mr. Rice recommends to all Olympic aspirants

By Grantland Rice

A TEN-YEAR-OLD boy sat with his dad at the Pennsylvania Relay Carnival in 1917. He was keenly interested in the runners, hurdlers and jumpers but when he saw the first pole vaulter soar some twelve feet into the air, the boy leaped to his feet, his eyes shining with excitement.

No later than the next day, in his own back yard, he made two uprights out of poles driven into the earth. Then he went to work, morning, noon and night. Halted at a certain height because of the heavy pole he had to use, the kid began to climb trees and houses to build up the muscles in his arms and back. He jumped and ran to develop his legs.

Just twelve years later at the same Penn Relays this boy stepped out upon the field to break decathlon records which famous all-around athletes had battled to set up. His name is Bernard Berlinger, Pennsylvania's all-around star, who many experts believe will set a new Olympic record at Los Angeles next year.

The approach of another Olympic competition has revived interest in all track and field sports and particularly in that all-around test, the decathlon, which brought Jim Thorpe international fame nineteen years ago.

For the decathlon, which covers almost the entire range of track and field athletics, or even in the septathlon or pentathlon, no winner can specialize. He must be able to jump and run, to hurdle, pole vault and handle the weights, the javelin and the discus.

Ambition is the best of all ladders and young Berlinger has plenty. He entered Penn Charter School at the age of eleven and in a short time was known as "the one-man track team," a title he still carries. Early in his career he entered six track and field events in the interacademic championships and won all six. Berlinger also starred on the football and baseball teams. At eighteen he entered Mercersburg Academy where in the Princeton interscholastics he won the high hurdles and the pole vault. Finishing second in the shot put, discus, javelin and high jump gave him a total of twenty-two points, quite enough to win for his school.

In the 1928 Olympic games young Berlinger learned a lesson that many promising young stars should study before going to Los Angeles next year. It is a hard lesson to learn in advance, a lesson that only experience, as a rule, can teach.

In the winter of 1928 he entered the septathlon event in New York, competing with such veterans as Elkins, American record holder; Harold Osborne, world's record holder, and Emerson Norton, another favorite. Young Berlinger was barely given a chance but he astonished the experts by outrunning and outjumping the best field of all-around performers ever gathered indoors. The nineteen-year-old freshman scored a total of 5,719 points. Naturally he felt that he now had a great chance in the big Olympic test. There was just one fact the wearer of the Red and Blue lacked and overlooked—experience under Olympic fire.

Berlinger has always been modest. He has been one of the best students at the university with a two-year average of 92. He already had shown his ability in almost every track and field event and he had proved to be a star competitor in a pinch. But the Olympic test against the best in the world was another matter, because in his overzealous effort to win he made the mistake of pressing and so wrecked his old timing. He had too much keenness with too little control. It was the old, old story of nervousness and the mental depression that follows the first failure.

He Won't Stay Beaten

But the Pennsylvania star has come back with a big rush after this Olympic disappointment. He has won pentathlons and decathlons all over the map. Last fall he won the National A. A. U. pentathlon championship with a total of 3,462 points.

It is surprising how the approach of Olympic games stirs up interest in track and field sports all over the world. This is especially true of the United States, where the competition to make the next team will be the keenest ever known. Already letters are pouring in from unknown but ambitious youths, asking where they can train, how they can train and where they can go for instruction.

Unfortunately these unknowns have few places at which they may train. For example, Berlinger has been on his way up for over ten years and he is still young. He will not graduate from Pennsylvania until June, where his classroom average for the four years will be between 86 and 90. No wonder Pennsylvania supporters want him entered against Barry Wood of Harvard for the combined athletic and scholarship medal.

Berlinger's best marks up to this spring are: Shot put: 49 feet 3⅝ inches; pole vault: 13 feet 7 inches; running high jump: 6 feet 2 inches; javelin throw: 185 feet; discus throw: 138 feet; running broad jump: 22 feet 11¾ inches; 100-yard dash: 10⅖ seconds; 120-yard high hurdles: 15⅘ seconds; 400 meter run: 54⅖ seconds.

Here is high proficiency in nine separate events. But Berlinger still favors his first love, the pole vault. His best vault is short of the present record, but it is an amazing performance when you consider the fact that Berlinger weighs two hundred pounds. This is an extraordinary amount of weight to lift more than thirteen feet into the air, for most of the star pole vaulters range from 160 to 175 pounds.

In the last twenty years the Olympic games have developed a long list of notable names in sport—Jim Thorpe, Paavo Nurmi, Kolehmainen, Mel Sheppard, Ted Meredith, Douglas Lowe, Harold Osborne, Matt McGrath, Jim Duncan, Charley Paddock, Harold Abrahams, Willie Ritola and many others.

There is a belief that in 1932 more records will be broken than in any previous Olympic games. The competition will be keener and Los Angeles has the climate an athlete needs.

Berlinger will get a world of hard competition in the final eliminations at Chicago, but it will take a new all-around record to head him off in the most grueling of all the tests.

McClelland Barclay

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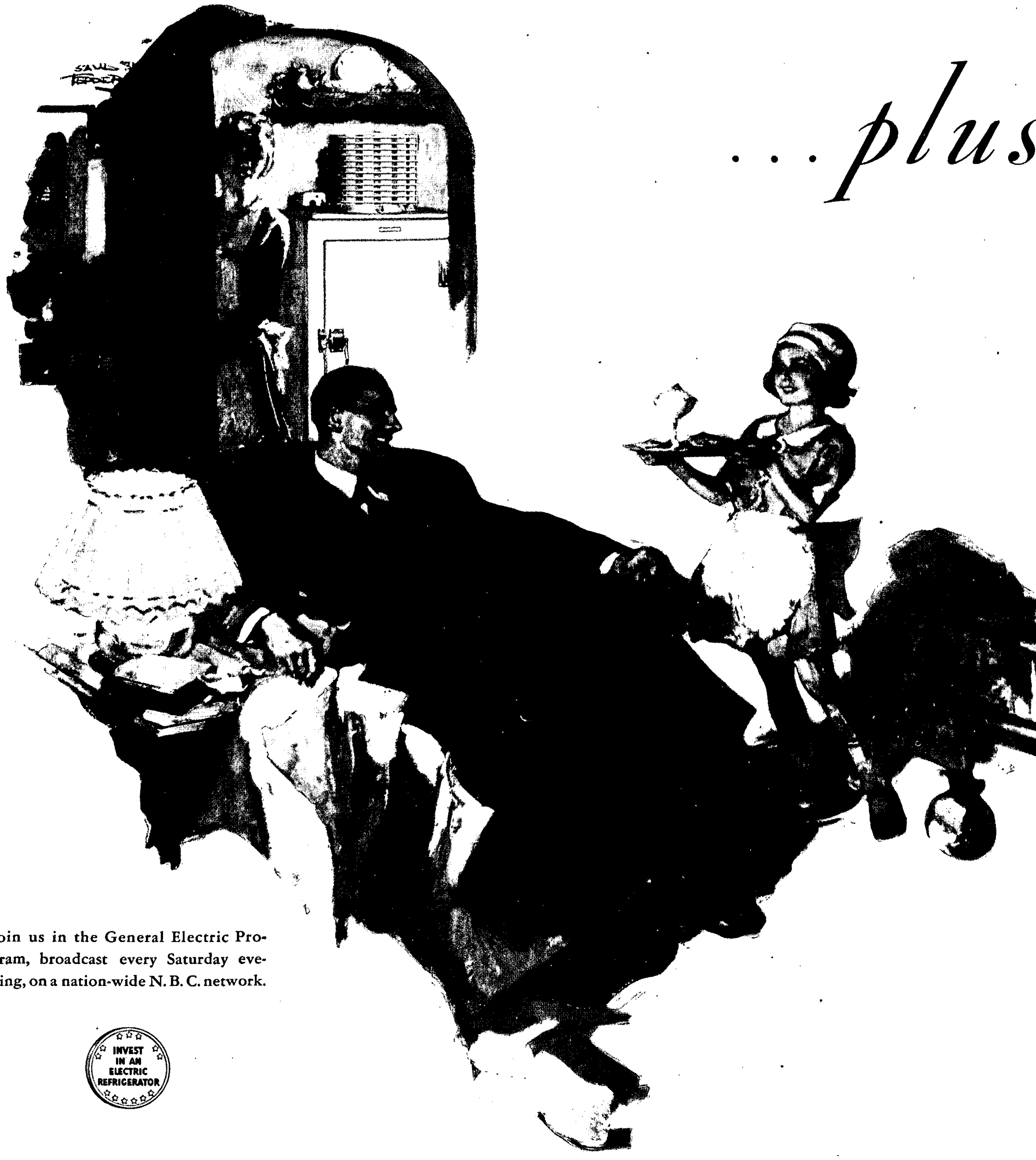

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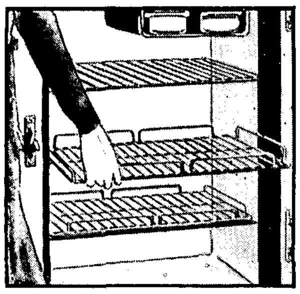

Exclusively General Electric are the new sliding shelves that bring food within easy reach

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ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

DOMESTIC, APARTMENT HOUSE AND COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS, ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS

THE MODERN REFRIGERATOR IS ELECTRICAL

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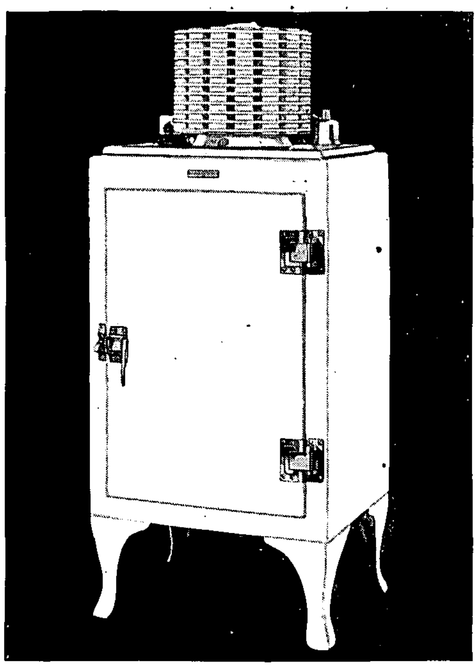


THREE YEARS of unparalleled service in the homes of users—3 years of indisputable proof that General Electric design IS right—3 years without a basic change in design—and now a 3-Year Guarantee!

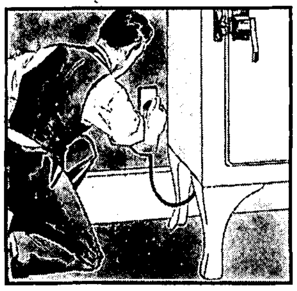
This written guarantee with its positive assurance of freedom from service costs for three long years, is only one of the many reasons for choosing a General Electric refrigerator. At the lowest price in General Electric history, it offers you new features, new advantages, new refinements.

You will be delighted with the new sliding shelves that glide easily—making food more accessible. You will appreciate the convenience of the new door latches that open at the touch of a finger-tip. You will be thankful many times for the vitreous enamel-lined cabinet, which cannot be discolored by fruit acids. Your new General Electric Refrigerator will present no installation problem—just plug into any convenience outlet. The sturdy Monitor Top mechanism is hermetically sealed against dirt and moisture, self-oiled and lastingly quiet.

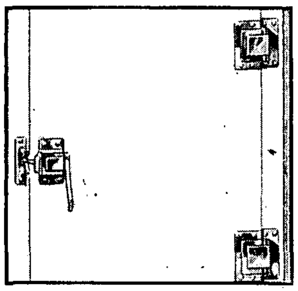
The beautiful modern cabinet is all-steel—built like a safe—with rounded corners—easy to clean. Massive new chromium hardware matches the dynamic modern lines of the General Electric. High, graceful steel legs make sweeping easy—promote true kitchen cleanliness. An accessible temperature control speeds freezing when you want more ice cubes or frozen desserts. There are three distinct zones of cold and a Vegetable Pan accessory for moist storage of perishables. The compact freezing unit permits the maximum food storage space in every General Electric cabinet and your neighbors can tell you about General Electric's extremely low operating cost.

Let the nearby General Electric dealer show you how easily you may own a General Electric Refrigerator out of income—with no increase in household costs.

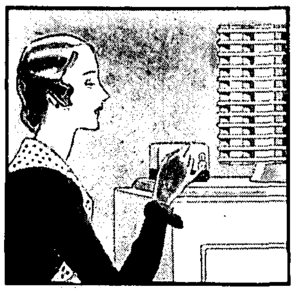
Write us for the latest issue of our magazine, "The Silent Hostess". It contains valuable information regarding proper food preservation. Address Section C-42, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Bldg., 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.



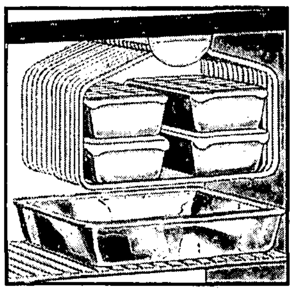
There is no installation problem with the General Electric. Simply plug into any convenience outlet



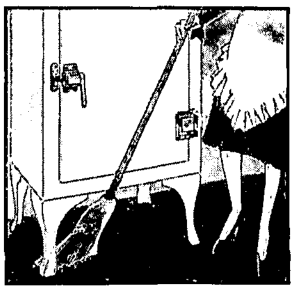
Beautiful new chromium plated modern hardware and a finger-tip latch that opens at a touch



Within easy reach—a responsive temperature control speeds the freezing of ice cubes and desserts



The compact chilling unit permits maximum food storage space, is porcelain lined, easy to clean



Graceful, broom-high legs permit sweeping beneath the refrigerator—promote true kitchen cleanliness

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

DOMESTIC, APARTMENT HOUSE AND COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS, ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS

Perkins takes the Case

The singular adventure of a small, pale man, who longed for excitement —and got plenty

By Philip Wylie

AT EIGHTEEN Willis Perkins had been apprenticed to an accountant at two dollars per week. At twenty he had entered a bank. At thirty he was hidden in the dim interior of a downtown New York counting house. A pale, slight, undersized man whose most ambitious adventure in life had been a series of experiments with a mustache. At forty he was chief clerk. His salary at that time was three thousand dollars a year.

Perkins was as much a fixture in the bank as the corroded copper weather vane on the roof. So great was the astonishment when, on his forty-sixth birthday, he resigned his office. He gave no reason. No one dreamed the truth: that he had resigned to go into a life of terror and danger!

For twenty-eight years Perkins had pursued his hobby. Now, at forty-six, he was ready to make it his vocation. His hobby was crime detection. Prone on the floor under the flickering light of a gas lamp he had read Nick Carter. He was eighteen then. Far away he saw the future when he, too, would smile that strange and unreadable smile and say with a soft insistence, "You are going to your doom, Jed Halloway."

Sherlock Holmes came into his life. Jimmie Dale. The Lone Wolf. Cheri Bibi. Philo Vance. Scotland Yard. The Paris Prefecture. The Cheka. The United States Intelligence Department. Slowly, and without his consciousness of it, Willis Perkins became perhaps the greatest authority on literary crime in the world. It was not his relaxation but his life.

He happened to be forty-six when other circumstances conspired to bring about his resignation. His cautious and farsighted investments assured him of three thousand dollars a year for the rest of his life. His equipment was complete.

His apartment consisted of two rooms on the top floor of an old brownstone house in Chelsea. They were large rooms. In one was a skylight. Through it he had access to the roof. In 1911 he had stolen the key to the cellar door. Surreptitiously he had furnished the back fence with two cleats so that it could be scaled instantly. When the new gutters and drains had been put on the old house, he had managed to influence the owner to make them of copper, strongly installed, so that any reasonably agile man could use them as an unconventional exit from the premises.

AT ONE time in his career, during a labor strike, Perkins had been pressed into service on pay rolls and had been given a permit to carry a pistol. Thereafter he had had it renewed annually.

He had attended night school for three winters. He had studied chemistry during that time. He also took a course in biology, and after some consideration he bought a microscope. The front room in his apartment contained a day bed, chairs, a desk, an enormous wardrobe, and the walls were lined to the ceiling with home-made bookcases which were crammed with books. In the rear room Perkins had his laboratory.

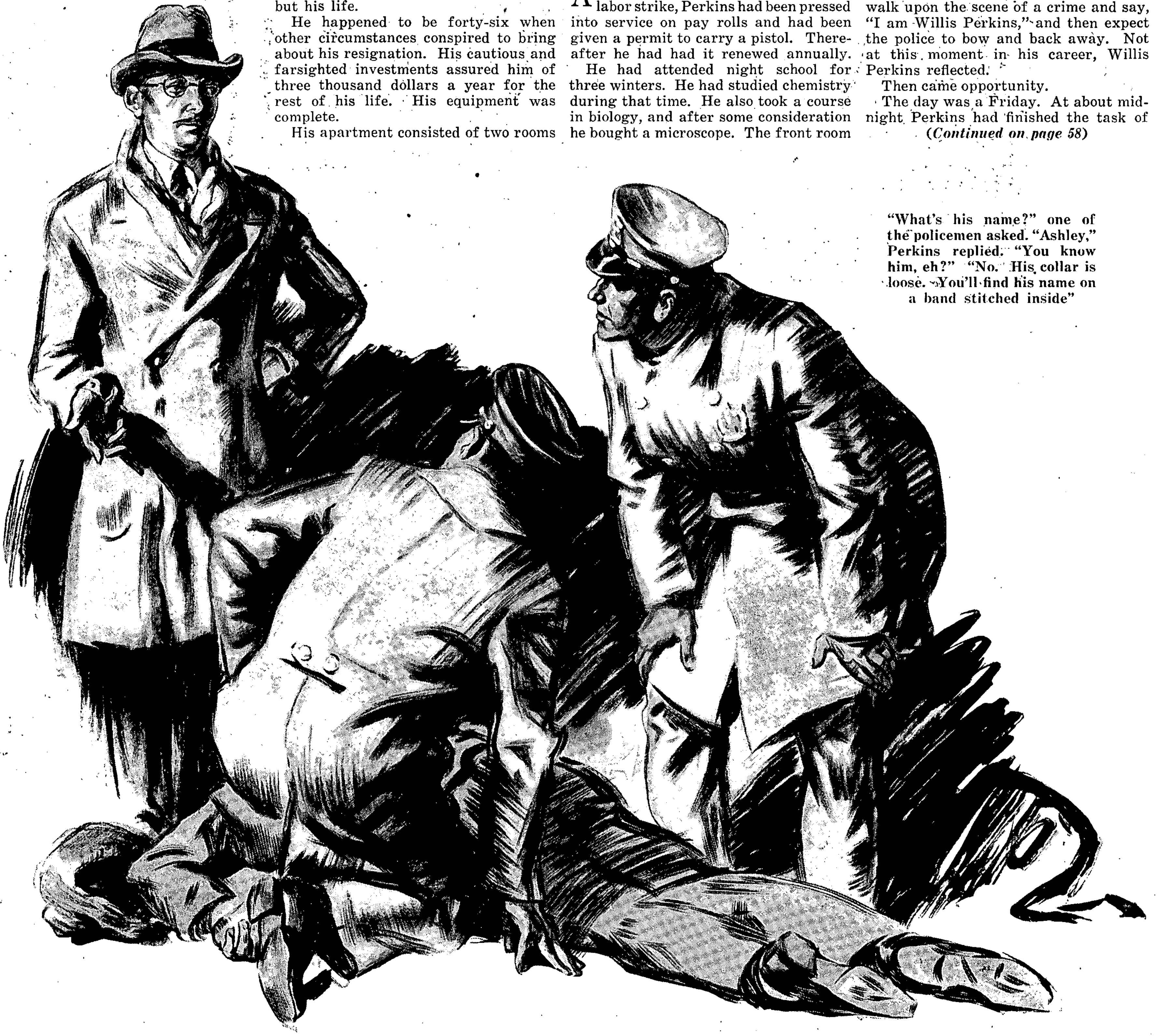
In his wardrobe, and in a locked trunk, were his disguises. Often he had stepped from his brownstone house as another individual. Always his masquerade had been successful.

At forty-six he was ready. He had resigned his job. He had eaten his first breakfast and then his second with the knowledge that the day and all days thereafter were wholly at his disposal. One fly alone buzzed in the ointment of his beatitude. He was ready, waiting, a hound in leash—but there was no crime. For days that impossible situation had existed. It is true, he had read in the daily papers of numerous murders, burglaries and arsons which he wistfully longed to investigate, but he lacked the entrée. One could not merely walk upon the scene of a crime and say, "I am Willis Perkins," and then expect the police to bow and back away. Not at this moment in his career, Willis Perkins reflected.

Then came opportunity.

The day was a Friday. At about midnight Perkins had finished the task of

(*Continued on page 58*)



"What's his name?" one of the policemen asked. "Ashley," Perkins replied. "You know him, eh?" "No. His collar is loose. You'll find his name on a band stitched inside"

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Inch along in second through traffic in any city of the world. Mobiloil **stands up.** Shoot along a highway in any country or any climate. You'll find Mobiloil **stands up.**

Drive as slow as you like. Mobiloil **stands up.** That's why it doesn't gum. That's why it doesn't form hard carbon.

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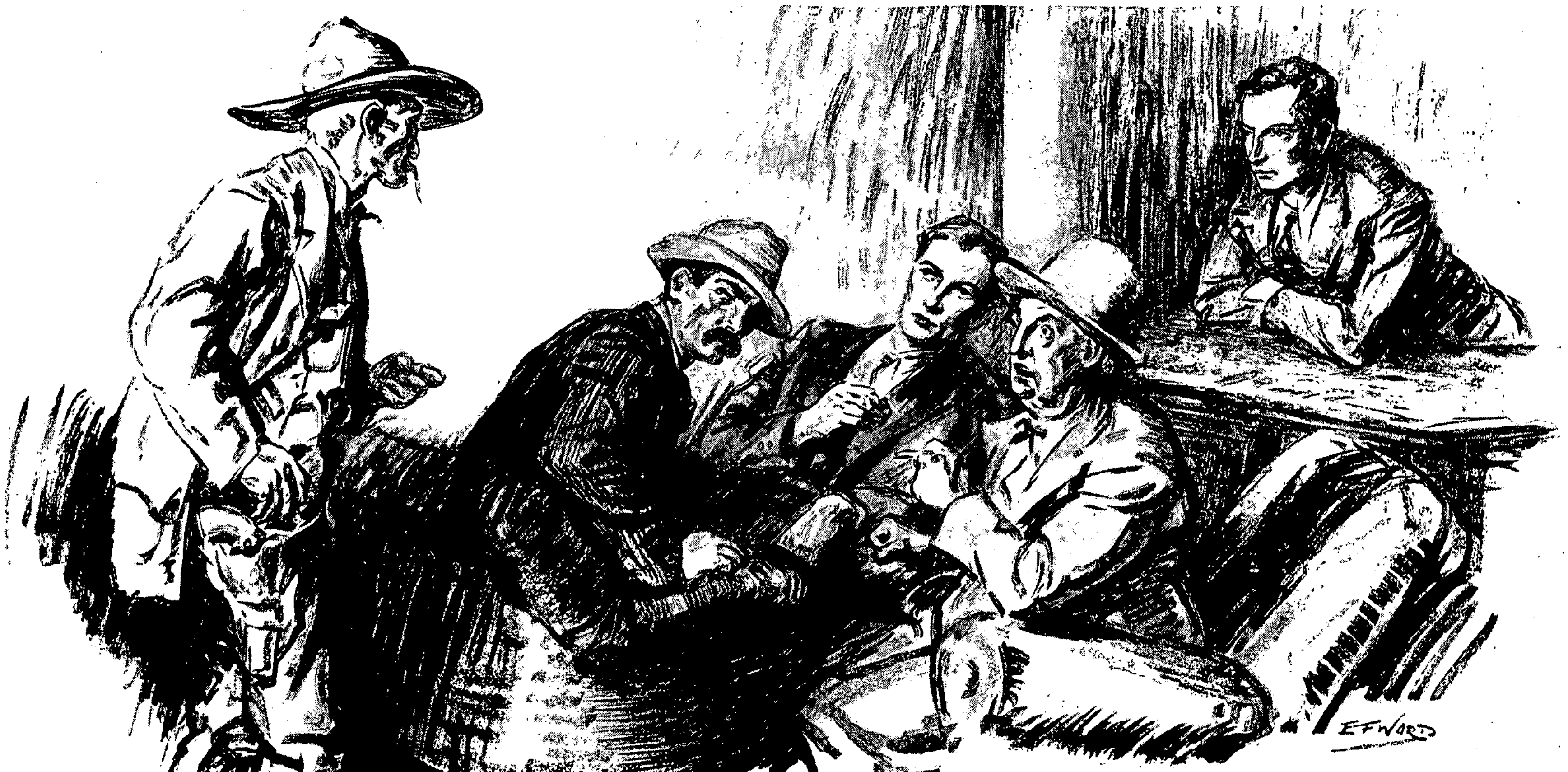


"Well—" began the veterinarian, and stopped in embarrassed silence. Lan Rawlins had come through the door

Bright-Faced Danger

A story that recalls the gallant spirit of the days when the West was young and men were like Lan Rawlins

By Thomas Boyd

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

THE constant sun, slanting down the glittering sides of the high Sierras, fell warm and mellow into the bare patio. But old Lan Rawlins sat inside the ill-kept house, his bony shoulders against the cold adobe wall and his ancient eyes on the door as he grimly ate his breakfast. The day was special. He had awaited it for years—ever since Pete Carmody's boy had begun to grow up. Now young Pete had come home and Lan Rawlins, who had killed the elder Carmody in a quarrel over an unbranded calf, was determined by his way of life to take the first step toward the predestined meeting.

Under the unbuttoned collar of his gray flannel shirt showed Rawlins' creased and corded throat. The hand in which he held the hot tin cup of black coffee was skinny, the back blotched with liverish-looking spots. There was no flesh between his flat cheekbones and protruding jaw, only thin, dry leather that faintly masked the skeleton beneath. He hadn't the appearance of the man who had been sheriff of Piute county from '89 to '91 when drunken cowpunchers, hot-tempered gamblers and renegades from the less lawless communities of the East had made Bert Masterson's Silver Dollar Bar a dangerous place for bystanders and had converted Piute's placid Front Street into a smoky target range each Saturday afternoon.

Lan Rawlins had earned many enemies from those days, not only because he wore the sheriff's star, but also because his long-barreled revolver had too often coughed out leaden bullets as a final answer to some private quarrel. Out of consideration for his own life he never sat down with his back to a door or a window, never slept through a night or ate a meal but what his six-chambered gun lay close to his grasp. Jesse, the brother of dead Isaac Earp, had sworn an oath of vengeance against him. So had Charlie Dolan. There were many deadly threats which had been provoked by Lan Rawlins' slaying temper.

But his vigilance had prevented the fulfillment of those many oaths. Twenty years had passed since the last time that long-barreled weapon of his had leaped from its worn holster to his hand, yet he was still alive—alert as he had been on that day when, during their quarrel, Pete Carmody's ability to be first on the draw had not interfered with Lan Rawlins' plain, straight shooting. Pete had been kicked back on the ground with a drilled left lung. Young Pete, a boy of five, had been sent east with the widow to relations somewhere in Kansas.

THAT had been twenty years ago. Old friends, old enemies and acquaintances had been taken with infirmities, had died in their beds and been buried from a hearse. Jesse Earp was dead, smashed up in an automobile wreck with his nephew at the wheel. Charlie Dolan had died of dropsy. Lan Rawlins, against whose life so many an oath had been sworn, was slowly and watchfully outliving them all. Those added years had scoured the flesh from his bones and had made his shoulders thin and brittle, but his eyes were the same as of earlier times—they blazed with a cold and steady fire.

And now young Pete, as Lan Rawlins had always expected, was back home. He had slept the previous night at the Golden West hotel and, unless he intended to pay off his father's score at once, could be found there that morning. Rawlins, with his revolver in its holster at his side, forked over his plate of fried meat and potatoes while he watched the door.

Young Pete might come directly there. If he took after his father it was likely he would come that morning. Pete Carmody had never been a man to put things off, especially when his temper was involved. But Lan Rawlins knew nothing of the character of the boy. Young Pete had been to France in the war, he had heard; fighting Germans should have taught him something of the use of guns, however little he had learned in Kansas. Old Lan felt grim satisfaction thinking of the dead Carmody's young avenger having been embroiled in blood on the battlefields of France, for it gave the boy something akin to gun-play distinction. When he walked in the door and made himself and his purpose known—or if their meeting was delayed a few hours, until Lan Rawlins went to town and called him out in front of the Golden West hotel—the old man would feel no guilt in whipping out his famed revolver.

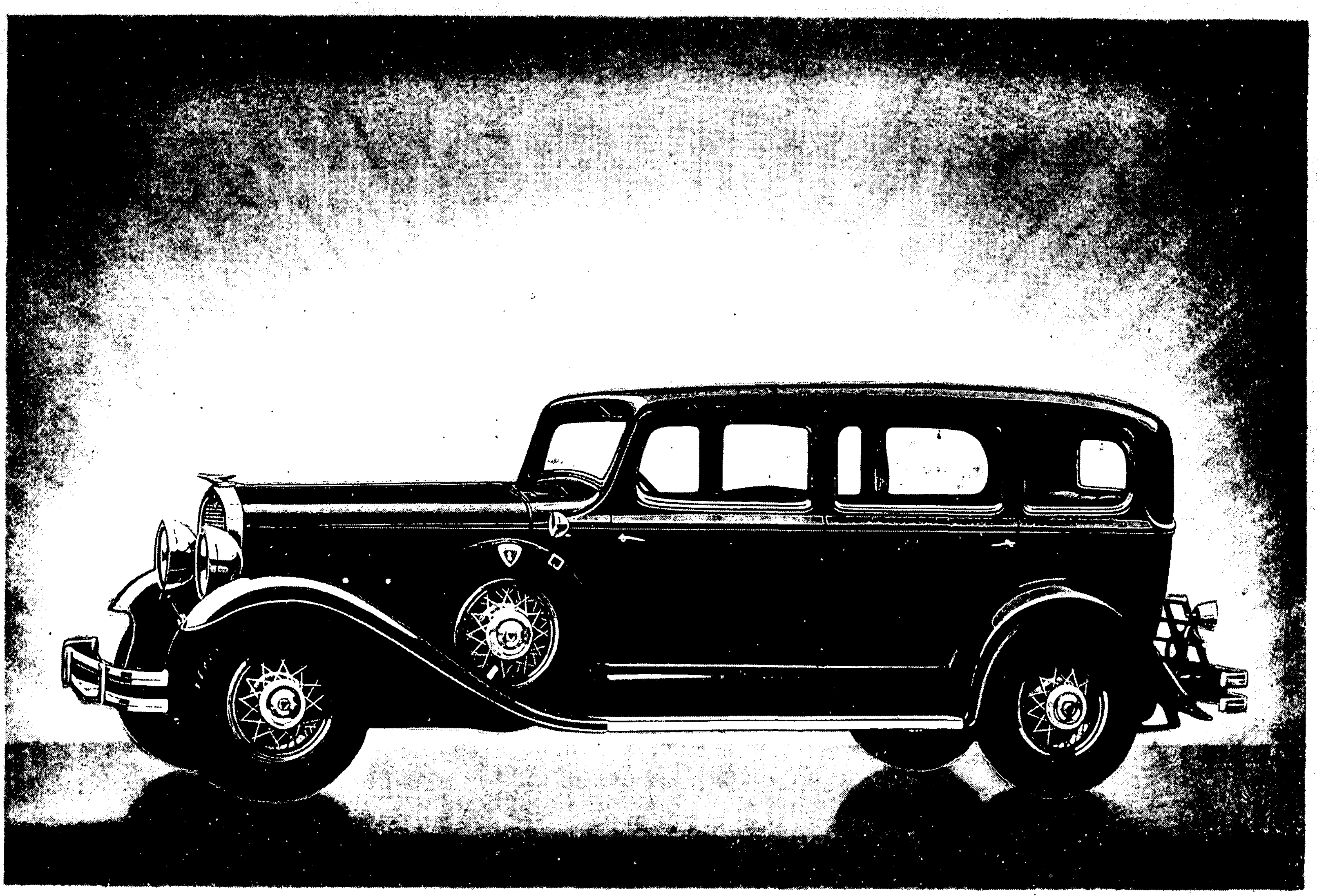
It would be a gunfight, man to man. There would be no talk that Lan Rawlins had taken advantage of an inexperienced boy. Young Pete was twenty-five and had been to France. Nor would there be any more wondering that Lan Rawlins had managed to live so long when so close to the grave. They would see his hand as steady and his eye as sure as ever. Living by himself in a damp, uncared-for house, with nobody to look after him and his body growing frailer every day, he had recently been the object of a deputation of Methodist ladies.

These ladies had charitably urged him to remove to the county farm until suddenly the blazing scorn of his hard old eyes had sent them away frightened and speechless. Cold, damp, uncared for? Lan Rawlins chuckled harshly. Meddling old women! He lived as he had lived since Piute was a raw cow town, with the bright face of danger always before him.

HE FINISHED breakfast, washed the dishes in a pail on the cookstove and went out to the corral to look after the stock. When he returned it was nine o'clock and Carmody's boy had not yet come. It bothered him that half the morning of this special day had uneventfully passed. Taking his broad-brimmed hat from the peg on the kitchen door, he walked down to the stable and saddled Belle, the old cow pony, then rode two miles to the Golden West hotel.

Piute lay two miles down the sage-brush valley, lost among the brilliant-sided, white-topped mountains which surrounded it like a series of jagged, circular walls. Half a dozen rectangularly crossing streets with buildings of

(Continued on page 73)



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Instinctively you group the Greater Hudson Eight with those few cars that men acknowledge truly fine. But do you compare its price with theirs? That contrast is the emphasis of Hudson value.

Take for example the Club Sedan, shown here. Forget, for a moment, its low price. Regardless of your ability to buy any car you choose, let us see if it is really necessary to pay a higher price for the distinguished appearance and comfort that most men designate as luxury.

Look at this Club Sedan. Its style and beauty are apparent. Close examination of the car itself reveals the completeness and good taste of its interior appointments. Its long wheelbase, deep cushions and many important mechanical refinements assure Rare Riding Comfort. Thus the Club Sedan fulfills all of the requirements of a really luxurious car. Go farther, if you will. Include performance and reliability in your comparison.

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Hudson won its fame because of its performance and reliability — not because it was the least expensive of the really outstanding cars. To-day's market cannot fail to further emphasize Hudson's price advantage.

A folding center arm-rest and smartly done interior appointments mark the Club Sedan as a fine, luxurious car.

Men are examining more critically. They are buying with greater vigilance. They will not sacrifice quality, fine performance or their accustomed car comfort and distinction to save money — but neither are they in a mood to imagine advantages merely because the price is high.

The Greater Hudson Eight Club Sedan meets *all* these requirements — at a price of $1445.

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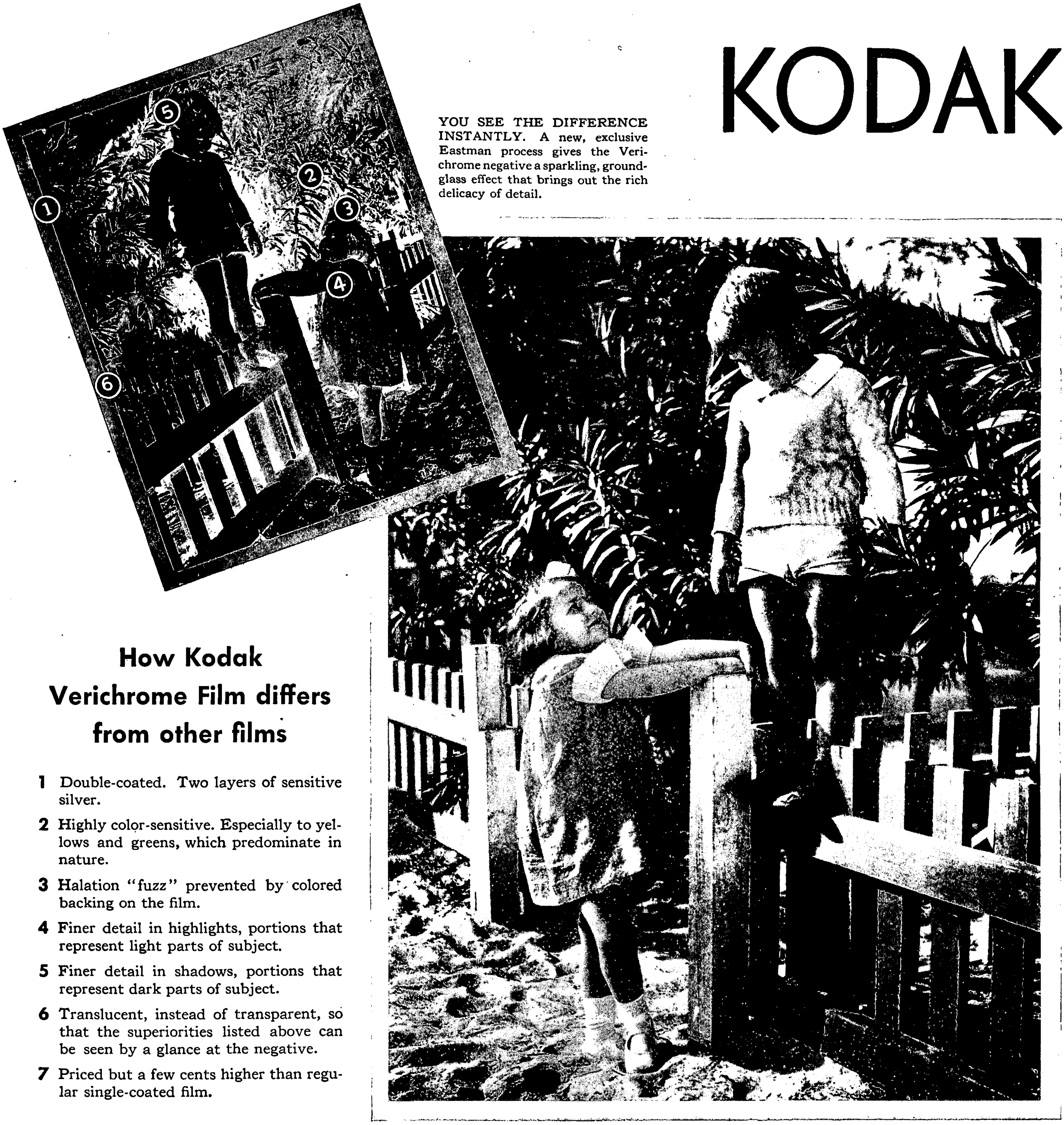

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1 Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.

2 Highly color-sensitive. Especially to yellows and greens, which predominate in nature.

3 Halation "fuzz" prevented by colored backing on the film.

4 Finer detail in highlights, portions that represent light parts of subject.

5 Finer detail in shadows, portions that represent dark parts of subject.

6 Translucent, instead of transparent, so that the superiorities listed above can be seen by a glance at the negative.

7 Priced but a few cents higher than regular single-coated film.

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To every user of a camera, this is the most important announcement since Eastman's introduction of *non-curling film* 28 years ago.

It follows years of experiment at Kodak Park, world center for photographic research.

It brings you a new kind of snapshot film . . . with improvements you will plainly see the instant you look at a negative.

Kodak Verichrome Film . . . *double-coated* . . . gives you increased richness of detail. Richness in the shadows. Richness in the highlights. Four features accomplish this.

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You'll find another exclusive feature in Kodak Verichrome Film. Instead of being transparent, Verichrome is *translucent*. Hold the negative up to the light. Notice that you can look *at* it without looking *through* it. It's as though a piece of ground glass were placed behind it. This ground-glass effect is in the film—put there by an exclusive method.

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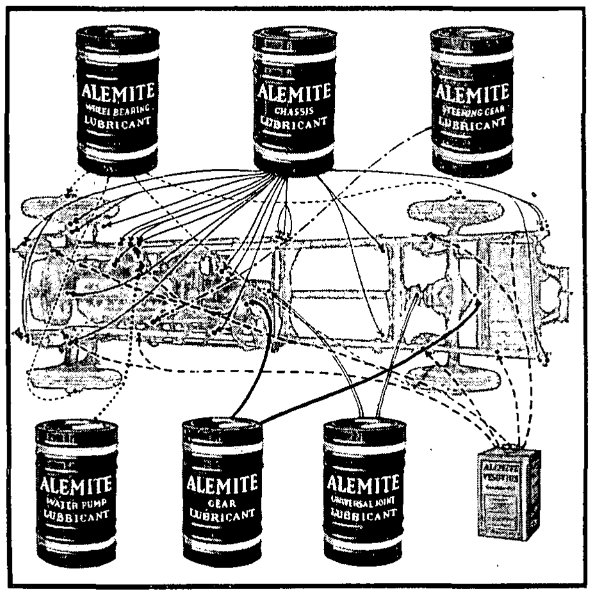
Therefore, when you *ask* for "Alemite-ing", take every precaution that it is this complete and specialized service that you get—not just "greasing".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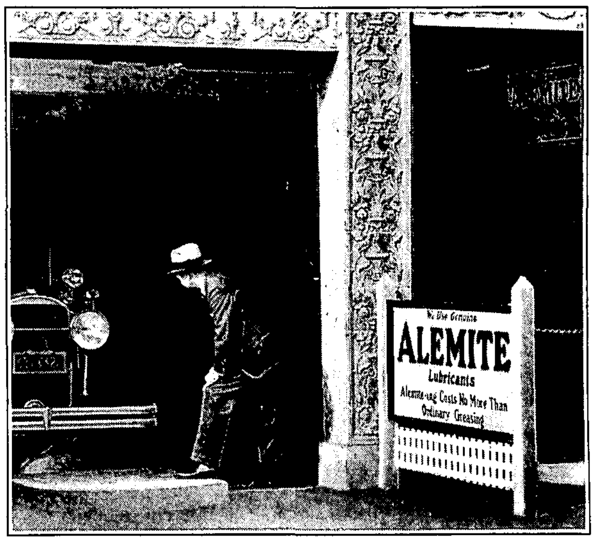
The Sign That Guarantees Genuine "Alemite-ing"

Alemite Corporation issues the Yellow Alemite Sign here shown only to a selected group of dealers who have contracted to use only Genuine Alemite Lubricants. You may rely on these dealers never to substitute a dangerous or inferior lubricant.

These 100% Alemite Dealers are chosen because they are lubrication specialists—specialists in the field of scientific car care through proper lubrication. Their service men follow a rigid system of lubrication which guards you against hit-or-miss methods. *Every time you go to them your car will be lubricated from accurate lubrication charts approved for your particular model by its builders!*



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Insist upon the *full protection* afforded by *genuine* "Alemite-ing". Profit in quieter, more luxurious performance and profit exceedingly in a new low minimum of repair expense. For genuine "Alemite-ing" represents an investment which yields tremendous dividends in motoring satisfaction!

Alemite Corporation (Division of Stewart-Warner), 2642-c N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. Canadian address: Stewart-Warner-Alemite Corp. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

"Gentlemen, The King!"

Continued from page 8

"Why," he says, much surprised, "you are recommended to me as an honest man, and I accept your references. Anyway," he says, "if you do not carry out your agreement with me, you will only hurt yourself, because you will lose a hundred and seventy-five G's more, and the lawyer will make you very hard to catch."

Well, the upshot of it is I shake hands with Count Saro, and then go out to find Izzy Cheesecake, although I am still thinking Count Saro is a little daffy, and while I am looking for Izzy, who do I see but Jo-jo, and Jo-jo tells me that he is on a vacation from Chicago for a while, because it seems somebody out there claims he is a public enemy, which Jo-jo says is nothing but a big lie, as he is really very fond of the public at all times.

NATURALLY I am glad to come across a guy such as Jo-jo because he is most trustworthy, and naturally Jo-jo is very glad to hear of a proposition that will turn him a few honest dollars while he is on his vacation. So Jo-jo and Izzy and I have a meeting, and we agree that I am to have a hundred G's for finding the plant, while Izzy and Jo-jo are to get fifty G's apiece, and this is how we come to go to Europe.

Well, we land at a certain spot in Europe, and who is there to meet us but another guy with a monocle, who states that his name is Baron von Terp, or some such name, and who says he is representing Count Saro, and I am commencing to wonder if Count Saro's country is filled with one-eyed guys. Anyway, this Baron von Terp takes us traveling by trains and automobiles for several days until finally after an extra long hop in an automobile we come to the outskirts of a nice-looking little burg, which seems to be the place we are headed for.

Now Baron von Terp drops us in a little hotel on these outskirts of the town, and says he must leave us because he cannot afford to be seen with us, although he explains he does not mean this as a knock to us. In fact, Baron von Terp says he finds us very nice traveling companions, indeed, except for Jo-jo wishing to engage in target practice along the route with his automatic roscoe, and using such animals as stray dogs and chickens for his targets. He says he does not even mind Izzy Cheesecake's singing, although personally I will always consider this one of the big drawbacks to the journey.

Before he goes, Baron von Terp draws me a rough diagram of the inside of the palace where we are to get rid of the King, giving me a layout of all the rooms and doors. He says usually there are guards in and about this palace, but that his people arrange it so these guards will not be present around nine o'clock this night, except one guy who may be on guard at the door of the King's bedroom, and Baron von Terp says if we guzzle this guy it will be all right with him, because he does not like the guy, anyway.

But the general idea, he says, is for us to work fast and quietly, so as to be in and out of there inside of an hour or so, leaving no trail behind us, and I say this will suit me and Izzy Cheesecake and Jo-jo very well, indeed, as we are getting tired of traveling and wish to go somewhere and take a long rest.

Well, after explaining all this, Baron von Terp takes the wind, leaving us a big fast car with an ugly-looking guy driving it who does not talk much English, but is supposed to know all the routes, and it is in this car that we leave the little hotel just before nine o'clock as per instructions and head for the palace, which turns out to be nothing but a large square old building in the middle of a sort of park, with the town around and about, but some distance off.

Ugly-face drives right into this park and up to what seems to be the front door of the building, and the three of us get out of the car, and Ugly-face pulls the car off into the shadow of some trees to wait for us.

Personally, I am looking for plenty of heat when we start to go into the palace, and I have the old equalizer where I can get at it without too much trouble, while Jo-jo and Izzy Cheesecake also have their rods handy. But, just as Baron von Terp tells us, there are no guards around and in fact there is not a soul in sight as we walk into the palace door and find ourselves in a big hall with paintings and armor and old swords and one thing and another hanging around and about, and I can see that this is a perfect plant, indeed.

I out with my diagram and see where the King's bedroom is located on the second floor, and when we get there, walking very easy and ready to start blasting away if necessary, who is at the door but a big tall guy in a uniform, who is very much surprised at seeing us, and who starts to holler something or other, but what it is nobody will ever know, because just as he opens his mouth, Izzy Cheesecake taps him on the noggin with the butt of a forty-five and knocks him cockeyed.

Then Jo-jo grabs some cord off a heavy silk curtain which is hanging across the door, and ties the guy up good and tight, and wads a handkerchief into his kisser in case the guy comes to and wishes to start hollering again, and when all this is done, I quietly turn the knob of the door to the King's bedroom, and we step into a room that looks more like a young convention hall than it does a bedroom, except that it is hung around and about with silk drapes, and there is much gilt furniture here and there.

WELL, who is in this room but a nice-looking doll, and a little kid of maybe eight or nine years old, and the kid is in a big bed with a canopy over it like the entrance to a night club, only silk, and the doll is sitting alongside the bed reading to the kid out of a book. It is a very homelike scene, indeed, and causes us to stop and look around in great surprise, for we are certainly not expecting such a scene as this at all.

As we stand there in the middle of the room somewhat confused the doll turns and looks at us, and the little kid sits up in bed. He is a fat little guy with a chubby face and a lot of curly hair and eyes as big as pancakes, and maybe bigger. The doll turns very pale when she sees us and shakes so the book she is reading falls to the floor, but the kid does not seem scared, and he says to us in very good English like this:

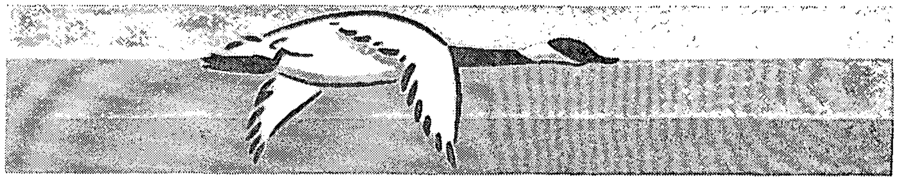
"Who are you?" he says.

Well, this is a fair question, at that, but naturally we do not wish to state who we are at this time, so I say:

"Never mind who we are, where is the King?"

"The King?" the kid says, sitting up

(Continued on page 37)



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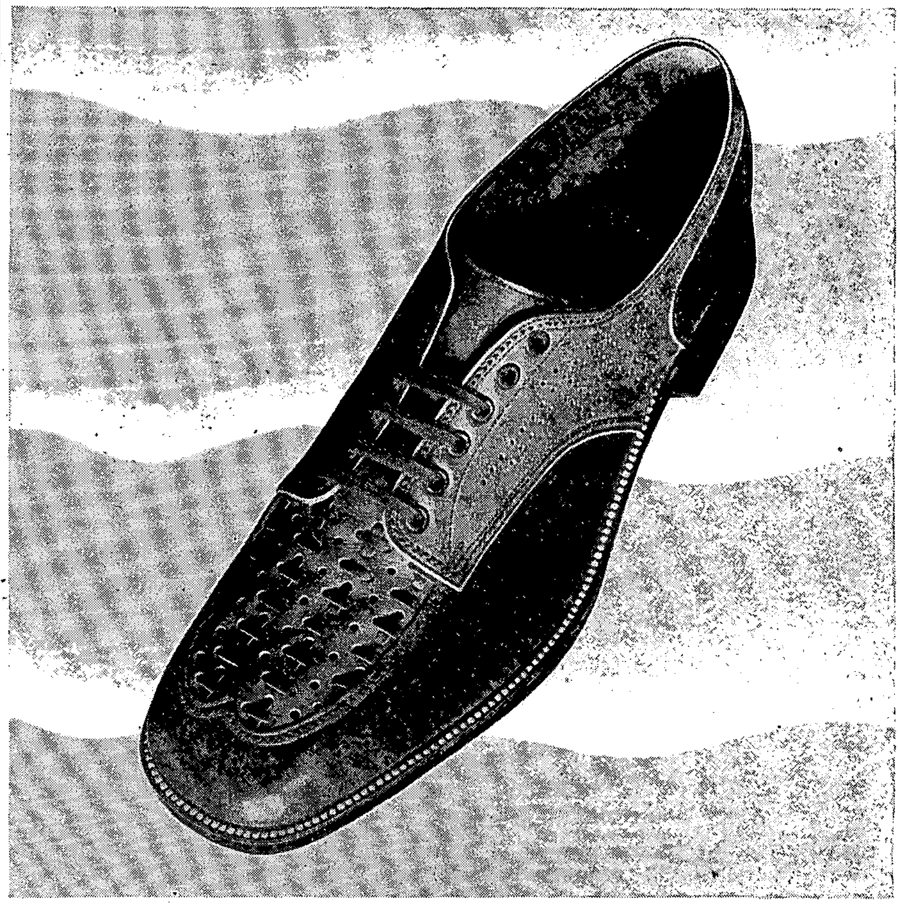

Every step you take today lifting heavy shoes is that much energy wasted. Put your foot down on that sort of thing. Now put your foot into this Walk-Over MOCO oxford. Weight?—it's the minimum that gives the maximum of comfort. And comfort and style are woven in. What if the thermometer does go on the up and up! Your feet are cooled by the cross ventilation and breezy perforations. Flexible sole. Soft toe. No lining. Two tones of brown Elko. $7.

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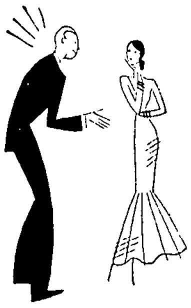

SPEAK TO YOUR WIFE
(*or someone else's*)
before
you buy *shirts or underwear or pajamas again*

THERE'S nothing sinister in the bracketed part of this suggestion. It is an honest tip-off for the harassed male who buys his fabrics by ear.

Women are so much smarter about those things. A glance, a crumpling, and the price tag tell her whether she has found a *value*, or only a so-called "bargain."

We're a trifle selfish in our headline suggestion. You see, women have peered at, and crumpled, and priced Pepperell Sheets so long now that they have come to accept them as the standard of value. And we feel pretty sure that if you ask them (as you will) about shirts and pajamas, or shorts and union suits they will say, "You know you are *right* if the garments are labelled Pepperell."

When you've shouldered into a Lord Pepperell shirt, lounged in Lord Pepperell pajamas or known the comfort of Lord Pepperell union suits, we're confident that the built-in wear and quality of Lord Pepperell Broadcloth will bring you back for more smart and comfortable garments that bear the Lord Pepperell label.

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LORD PEPPERELL SHIRTS . . . *smartly tailored, pre-shrunk, in white or colors that will not fade. Made of sturdy Lord Pepperell Broadcloth, by the Wachusett Shirt Company, Leominster, Mass., and on sale at your favorite store for $1.65.*

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LORD PEPPERELL PAJAMAS . . . *in white or solid colors. Tailored in fast color Lord Pepperell Broadcloth by Steiner & Son, Asbury Park, N. J. . . . and sold everywhere for $2.95.*

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"Gentlemen, The King!"

Continued from page 35

straight in the bed. "Why, I am the King."

Now of course this seems a very nonsensical crack to us, because we have brains enough to know that kings do not come as small as this little squirt, and anyway we are in no mood to dicker with him, so I say to the doll as follows:

"Listen," I say, "we do not care for any kidding at this time, because we are in a great hurry. Where is the King?"

"Why," she says, her voice trembling quite some, "this is indeed the King, and I am his governess. Who are you, and what do you want? How do you get in here?" she says. "Where are the guards?"

"LADY," I say, and I am greatly surprised at myself for being so patient with her, "this kid may be a King, but we want the big King. We want the head King himself," I say.

"There is no other," she says, and the little kid chips in like this:

"My father dies two years ago, and I am the King in his place," he says. "Are you English like Miss Peabody here?" he says. "Who is the funny-looking old man back there?"

Well, of course Jo-jo is funny-looking, at that, but no one ever before is impolite enough to speak of it to his face, and Jo-jo begins growling quite some, while Izzy Cheesecake speaks as follows:

"Why," Izzy says, "this is a very great outrage. We are sent to get rid of a King, and here the King is nothing but a little punk. Personally," Izzy says, "I am not in favor of getting rid of punks, male or female."

"Well," Jo-jo says, "I *am* against it myself as a rule, but this is a pretty fresh punk."

"Now," I say, "there seems to be some mistake around here, at that. Let us sit down and talk things over quietly, and see if we cannot get this matter straightened out. It looks to me," I say, "as if this Count Saro is nothing but a swindler."

"Count Saro," the doll says, getting up and coming over to me, and looking very much alarmed. "Count Saro, do you say? Oh, sir, Count Saro is a very bad man. He is the tool of the Grand Duke Gino of this country, who is this little boy's uncle. The Grand Duke will be King himself if it is not for this boy, and we suspect many plots against the little chap's safety. Oh, gentlemen," she says, "you surely do not mean any harm to this poor orphan child?"

Well, this is about the first time in their lives that Jo-jo and Izzy Cheesecake are ever mentioned by anybody as gentlemen, and I can see that it softens them up quite some, especially as the little kid is grinning at them very cheerful, although of course he will not be so cheerful if he knows who he is grinning at.

"Why," Jo-jo says, "the Grand Duke is nothing but a rascal for wishing harm to such a little guy as this, although of course," Jo-jo says, "if he is a grown-up King it will be a different matter."

"Who are you?" the little kid says again.

"We are Americans," I say, very proud to mention my home country. "We are from Philly and Chicago, two very good towns, at that."

Well, the little kid's eyes get bigger than ever and he climbs right out of bed and walks over to us, looking very cute in his blue silk pajamas, and his bare feet.

"Chicago?" he says. "Do you know Mr. Capone?"

"Al?" says Jo-jo. "Do I know Al? Why, Al and me are just like this," he says, although personally I do not believe Al Capone will know Jo-jo if he meets him in broad daylight.

"Where do you know Al from?" he asks the kid.

"Oh, I do not know him," the kid says. "But I read about him in the magazines, and about the machine guns, and the pineapples. Do you know about the pineapples?" he says.

"Do I know about the pineapples?" Jo-jo says, as if his feelings are hurt by the question. "He asks me do I know about the pineapples. Why," he says, "look here."

And what does this Jo-jo do but out with a little round gadget which I recognize at once as a bomb such as these persons like to chuck at people they do not like, especially persons from Chicago. Of course I never know Jo-jo is packing this article around and about with him, and Jo-jo can see I am much astonished and by no means pleased, because he says to me like this:

"I bring this along in case of a bear fight," he says. "They are very handy in a bear fight."

Well, the next thing anybody knows we are all talking about this and that very pleasant, especially the little kid and Jo-jo, who is telling lies faster than a horse can trot about Chicago and Mr. Capone, and I hope and trust that Al never hears some of the lies Jo-jo tells, or he may hold it against me for being with Jo-jo when these lies come off.

I am talking to the doll, whose name seems to be Miss Peabody, and who is not so hard to take, at that, and at the same time I am keeping an eye on Izzy Cheesecake, who is wandering around the room looking things over.

THIS Miss Peabody is explaining to me about the politics of the country, and it seems the reason the Grand Duke wishes to get rid of the little kid King and be King himself is because he has a business deal on with a big nation near by which wishes to control the kid King's country. I judge from what Miss Peabody tells me that this country is no bigger than Delaware county, Pennsylvania, and it seems to me a lot of bother about no more country, but Miss Peabody says it is a very nice little country, at that.

She says it will be very lovely indeed if it is not for the Grand Duke Gino, because the little kid King stands okay with the people, but it seems the old Grand Duke is pretty much boss of everything, and Miss Peabody says she is personally long afraid that he will finally try to do something very drastic indeed to get rid of the kid King on account of the kid seeming so healthy. Well, naturally, I do not state to her that our middle name is drastic, because I do not wish Miss Peabody to have a bad opinion of us.

Now nothing will do but Jo-jo must show the kid his automatic and the kid is greatly delighted, and takes the rod and starts pointing it here and there and saying boom-boom, as kids will do. But what happens he pulls the trigger, and it seems that Jo-jo does not have the safety on, so the roscoe really goes boom-boom twice before the kid can take his finger off the trigger.

Well, the first shot smashes a big

(*Continued on page 38*)

Try feeling fine

take a Saline Cocktail

PHYSICIANS recommend the tomato juice cocktail, the sauerkraut juice cocktail, the fruit juice cocktail.

And physicians recommend this bubbling Saline Cocktail that makes you feel fine during the longest, hardest day!

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Both Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener are applied with a cloth. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener restores lustrous beauty in no time. Then Simoniz provides a hard, long lasting surface of protection.

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(*Continued from page 37*)

jar over in one corner of the room, which Miss Peabody afterwards tells me is worth fifteen G's if it is worth a dime, and the second slug knocks off Izzy Cheesecake's derby hat, which serves Izzy right, at that, as he is keeping his hat on in the presence of a lady. Naturally these shots are very disturbing to me at the moment, but afterwards I learn they are a very good thing, indeed, because it seems a lot of guys who are hanging around outside, including Baron von Terp and several prominent politicians of the country, watching and listening to see what comes off, hurry right home and go to bed, figuring the King is rid off per contract, and wishing to be found in bed if anybody comes around asking questions.

WELL, Jo-jo is finally out of lies about Chicago and Mr. Capone, when the little kid goes and gets a box, and what is in this box but a baseball bat, and a catcher's mitt, and a baseball, and it is very strange indeed to find such homelike articles so far away from home, especially as Babe Ruth's name is on the bat.

"Do you know about these things?" the little kid asks Jo-jo. "They are from America, and they are sent to me by one of our people when he is visiting there, but nobody here seems to know what they are for."

"Do I know about them?" Jo-jo says, fondling them very tenderly, indeed. "He asks me do I know about them. Why," he says, "in my time I am the greatest hitter on the West Side Blues back in dear old Chi."

Well, now, nothing will do the kid but we must show him how these baseball articles work, so Izzy Cheesecake puts on the pad and mask, and Jo-jo takes the bat and lays a small sofa pillow down on the floor for a home plate, and insists that I pitch to him. Now it is years since I handle a baseball, although I wish to say that in my day I am as good an amateur pitcher as there is around Gray's Ferry in Philly, and the chances are I will be with the A's if I do not have other things to do.

So I take off my coat and get down to the far end of the room, while Jo-jo squares away at the plate, with Izzy Cheesecake behind it. I can see by the way he stands that Jo-jo is bound to be a sucker for a curve, so I take a good wind-up and cut loose with the fadeaway, but of course my arm is not what it used to be and the ball does not break as I expect, so what happens but Jo-jo belts the old apple right through a high window in what will be right field if the room is laid off like Shibe Park.

Well, Jo-jo starts running as if he is going to first, but of course there is no place in particular for him to run and he almost knocks his brains out against a wall, and the ball is lost, and the game winds up right there, but the little kid is tickled silly over this business, and even Miss Peabody laughs, and she does not look to me like a doll who gets many laughs out of life, at that.

It is now nearly ten o'clock, and Miss Peabody says if she can find anybody around she will get us something to eat, and this sounds very reasonable, indeed, so I step outside the door and bring in the guy we tie up there, who seems to be wide awake by now, and very much surprised and quite indignant, and Miss Peabody says something to him in a language which I do not understand. When I come to think it all over afterwards, I am greatly astonished at the way I trust Miss Peabody, because there is no reason why she shall not tell the guy to get the law, but I suppose I trust her because she seems to have an honest face.

Anyway, the guy in the uniform goes away rubbing his noggin, and pretty soon in comes another guy who seems to be a butler, or some such, and who is also greatly surprised at seeing us, and Miss Peabody rattles off something to him and he starts hustling in tables and dishes, and sandwiches and coffee, and one thing and another in no time at all.

Well, there we are, the five of us sitting around the table eating and drinking, because what does the butler do but bring in a couple of bottles of good old pre-war champagne, which is very pleasant to the taste, although Izzy Cheesecake embarrasses me no little by telling Miss Peabody that if she can dig up any considerable quantity of this stuff he will make her plenty of bobs by peddling it in our country, and will also cut the King in.

When the butler fills the wine glasses the first time, Miss Peabody picks hers up and looks at us, and naturally we have sense enough to pick ours up, too, and then she stands up on her feet and raises her glass high above her head, and says like this:

"Gentlemen, the King!"

Well, I stand up at this and Jo-jo and Izzy Cheesecake stand up with me, and we say, all together:

"The King!"

And then we swig our champagne and sit down again and the little kid laughs all over and claps his hands and seems to think it is plenty of fun, which it is, at that, although Miss Peabody does not let him have any wine and is somewhat indignant when she catches Jo-jo trying to slip him a snort under the table.

Well, finally the kid does not wish us to leave him at all, especially Jo-jo, but Miss Peabody says he must get some sleep, so we tell him we will be back some day, and we take our hats and say good-by and leave him standing in the bedroom door with Miss Peabody at his side, and the little kid's arm is around her waist, and I find myself wishing it is my arm, at that.

Of course we never go back again, and in fact we get out of the country this very night and take the first boat out of the first seaport we hit and return to the United States of America, and the gladdest guy in all the world to see us go is Ugly-face, because he has to drive us about a thousand miles with the muzzle of a rod digging into his ribs.

So (Kitty Quick says) now you know why we go to Europe.

WELL, naturally, I am greatly interested in his story, and especially in what Kitty says about the pre-war champagne, because I can see that there may be great business opportunities in such a place if a guy can get in with the right people, but one thing Kitty will never tell me is where the country is located, except that it is located in Europe.

"You see," Kitty says, "we are all strong Republicans here in Philly, and I will not get the Republican administration of this country tangled up in any international squabble for the world. You see," he says, "when we land back home I find a little item of cable news in a paper which says the Grand Duke Gino dies as a result of injuries received in an accident in his home some weeks before.

"And," Kitty says, "I am never sure but what these injuries may be caused by Jo-jo insisting on Ugly-face driving us around to the Grand Duke's house the night we leave and popping his pineapple into the Grand Duke's bedroom window."

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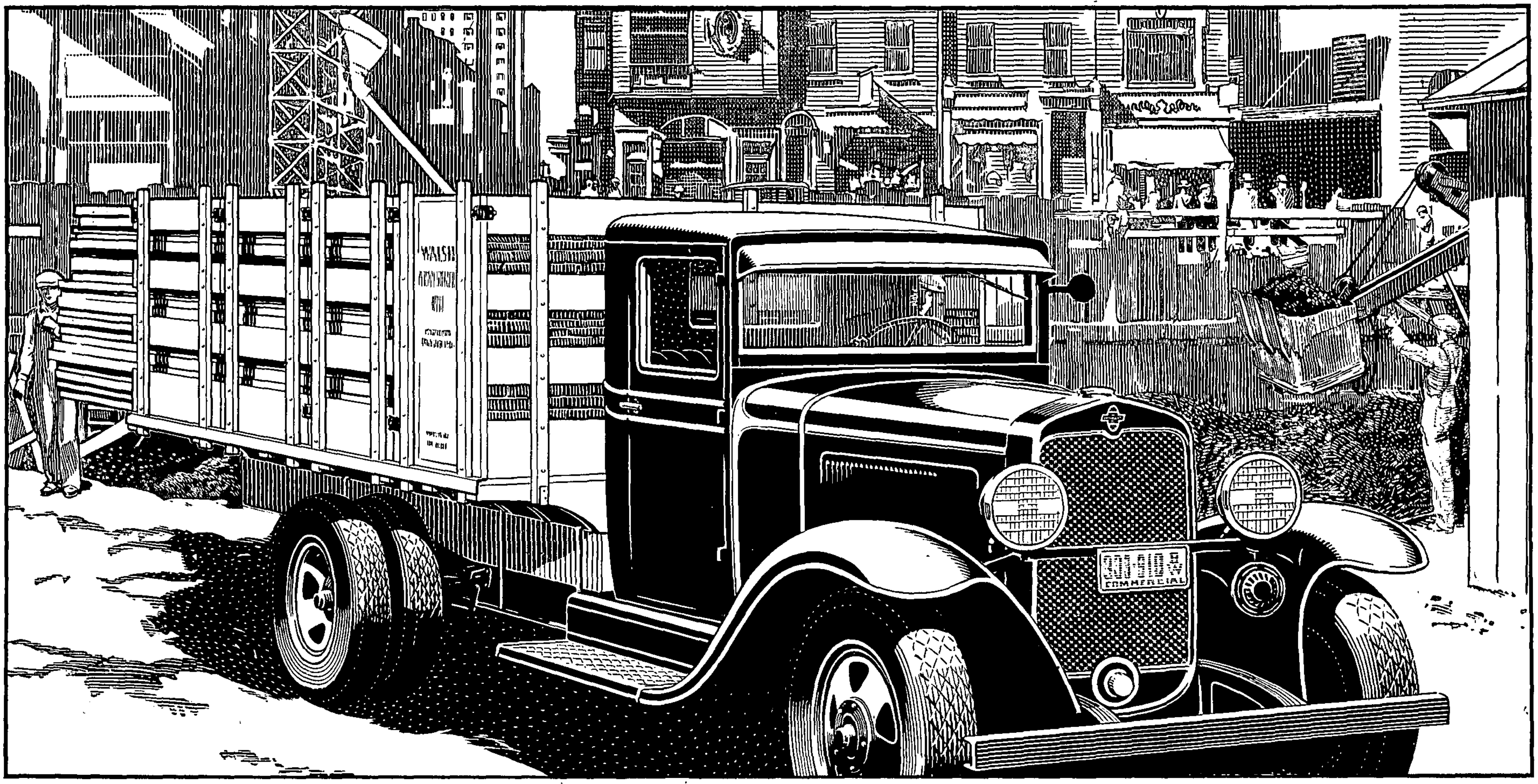


ANNOUNCING

A NEW LINE OF LOW-PRICED 6-CYLINDER TRUCKS WITH CHEVROLET-BUILT BODIES

Now you can buy a Chevrolet six-cylinder truck chassis and a Chevrolet-built truck body as a complete unit.

These bodies are designed by Chevrolet engineers and produced in Chevrolet plants, exclusively for the three Chevrolet chassis. Made of finest hardwood-and-steel and built to rigid standards, they have all the solid quality and rugged strength that truck users have come to expect of Chevrolet products. Skillful designing has given them the advertising advantage of smart, clean-cut lines. In addition, they have the size and support for maximum load capacity. Bodies for the commercial chassis offer six-foot load space; for the 131-inch model, nine-foot; and for the 157-inch model, twelve-foot.

It makes no difference what your transportation needs may be—whether you do long distance heavy-duty hauling, or make light deliveries from house to house—Chevrolet now has a fine-looking, 50-horsepower six-cylinder unit—complete with Chevrolet body and chassis—to do your work dependably. Prices on all models are uniformly low. And the cost records of large fleet operators show that Chevrolet's cost-per-mile is the lowest of any truck on the market.

The 1½-Ton 157-Inch Stake Truck is illustrated above—Body 12 feet long, 82 inches wide with 42-inch stakes. Hardwood sills and uprights, heavily ironed. Base protected with heavy steel rub rails. Hinged side section. Dual wheels standard. Price of complete unit $810.

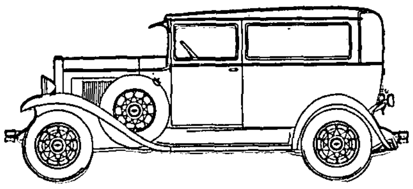
CHEVROLET 1½-TON CHASSIS WITH 157-INCH WHEELBASE (Dual wheels standard) **$590**

1½-TON CHASSIS WITH 131-INCH WHEELBASE (Dual wheels optional $25 extra) **$520**

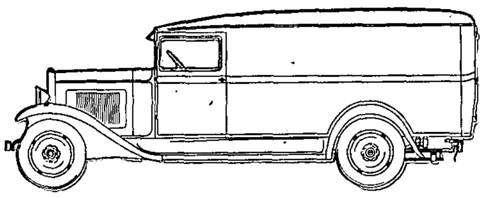
COMMERCIAL CHASSIS. **$355**

All truck chassis prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. All truck body prices f. o. b. Indianapolis, Ind. Special equipment extra

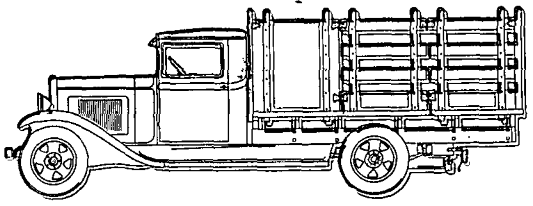
CHEVROLET SIX-CYLINDER



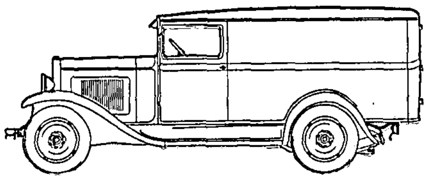
Sedan Delivery—Unusually spacious and good-looking Body by Fisher. Inside dimensions 49½ inches long, 44¼ inches wide, 42¼ inches high. Wood and steel construction. Panels approximately 4 feet square. Deep, wide door openings. Wire wheels. Price $575.



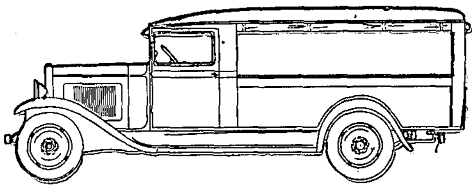
1½-Ton Panel Truck—Body loading space is 108 inches long, 45 inches wide and 52 inches high. Side panels heavily insulated, as in light delivery panel truck. Comfortable coupe-type driver's compartment. Disc wheels standard. Price of complete unit $760.



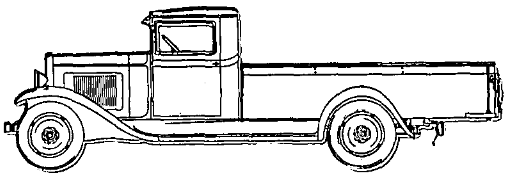
1½-Ton 131-inch Stake Truck—Body 108 inches long and 82 inches wide, with 42-inch stakes. Hardwood sills and uprights, heavily ironed. Inset stake pockets in steel rub rail. Hinged side section. Price of complete unit $710. Dual wheels optional, $25 extra.



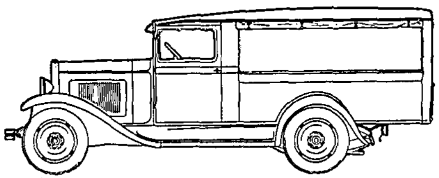
Light Delivery Panel Truck—Body loading space 72 inches long, 45 inches wide, 48 inches high. Side panels heavily insulated for silence and load protection. Comfortable coupe-type driver's compartment. Disc wheels standard. Price of complete unit $555.



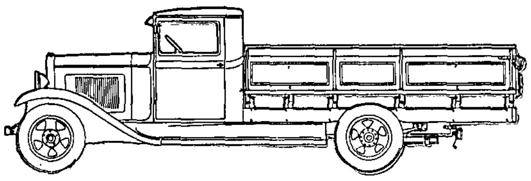
1½-Ton 131-inch Canopy Express Truck—Body loading space 108 inches long, 45 inches wide and 52 inches high. Sheet steel and hardwood construction. Waterproof curtains, sides and rear, standard. Side screens extra. Disc wheels. Price of complete unit $750.



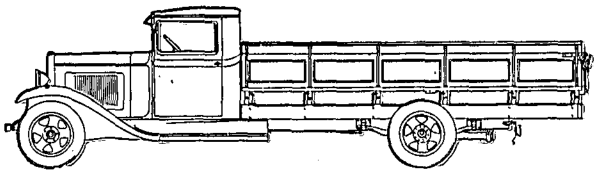
1½-Ton 131-inch 2-Unit Express Truck—Body 108 inches long, 50 inches wide. 14-inch panel with flare boards. Hardwood construction with steel outside sheeting. Steel sheeted tail gate with adjustable chain. Price of complete unit $700. Dual wheels optional, $25 extra.



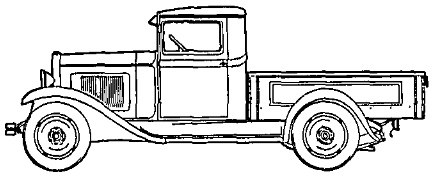
Light Delivery Canopy Express—Body, loading space 72 inches long, 45 inches wide and 48 inches high. Waterproof curtains, sides and rear, standard equipment. Screen extra. Sedan-type roof. Coupe-type cab. Disc wheels. Price of complete unit $550.



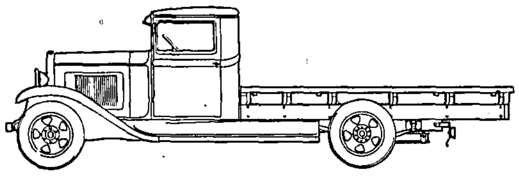
1½-Ton 131-inch High and Wide Express Truck—Body 108 inches long and 60 inches wide. Paneled sides. Flare boards braced with heavy forgings. Body mounted on 6 heavy cross sills. Comfortable coupe-type cab. Price of complete unit $715. Dual wheels optional, $25 extra.



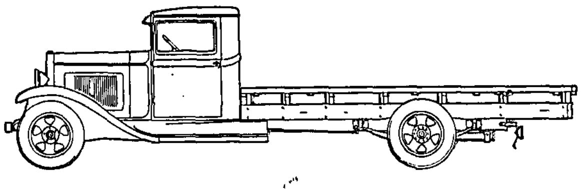
1½-Ton 157-inch High and Wide Express Truck—For loads requiring extra large floor space. Body 144 inches long, 60 inches wide. Paneled sides. Flare boards securely braced. Body mounted on 6 heavy sills. Dual wheels standard. Price of complete unit $800.



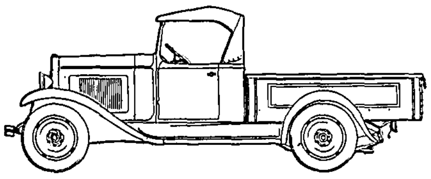
Closed Cab Pick-up—Pick-up box 66 inches long, 45 inches wide and 13 inches deep. Comfortable coupe-type cab. Body sides meet floor at right angles, permitting compact loading space. Floor boards have skid straps. Disc wheels. Price of complete unit $487.50.



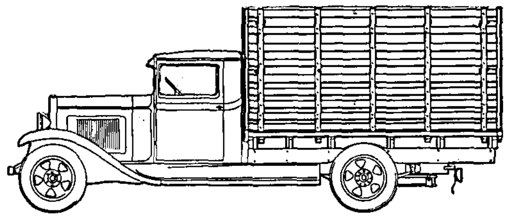
1½-Ton 131-inch Cab and Platform Truck—Loading space 108 inches long, 82 inches wide. Floor 1½ inches thick. Floor made of hardwood, with steel angle rub rails. Six heavy hardwood cross sills. Price of complete unit $680. Dual wheels optional, $25 extra.



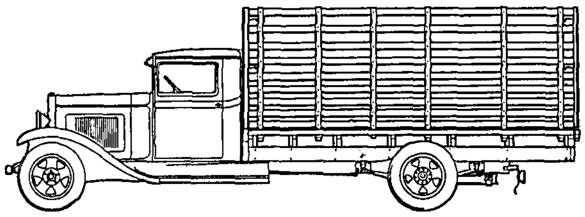
1½-Ton 157-inch Cab and Platform Truck—For those who require extra large loading space. Platform 12 feet long, 82 inches wide. Floor 1½ inches thick. Platform mounted on seven hardwood cross sills. Dual wheels standard. Price of complete unit $770.



Open Cab Pick-up—Pick-up box 66 inches long, 45 inches wide and 13 inches deep. Body sides are so designed that they meet floor at right angles, permitting compact loading and generous capacity. Roadster-type cab. Disc wheels. Price of complete unit $440.



1½-Ton 131-inch Stock Rack Truck—Floor space 108 inches long, 82 inches wide. Rack 60 inches high. Hardwood uprights, steel rub rail and floor supported on six heavy cross sills. Chevrolet cab. Price of complete unit $730. Dual wheels optional, $25 extra.



1½-Ton 157-inch Stock Rack Truck—Designed for loads that require extra floor space. Body 144 inches long, 82 inches wide. Rack 60 inches high. Floor supported on six heavy cross sills. Dual wheels standard equipment. Price of complete unit $830.

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AFTER CRUIKSHANK 1835

Gastrogen
banishes
Indigestion

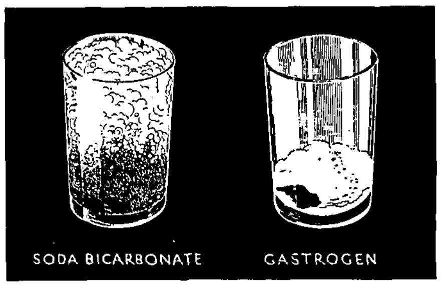
DON'T let after-eating discomfort bother or embarrass you another day! Take two or three Gastrogen Tablets immediately after your meals. Quickly indigestion goes—and with none of the gaseous after-effects of soda bicarbonate!

Gastrogen is as quiet as it's quick in stopping heartburn, acidity, and other indigestion ills. Unlike "bi-carb," it contains only insoluble antacids. Hence it can't alkalize the stomach, retard digestion, or cause the gas which bothers users of soda.

Gastrogen's taste is spicy and aromatic. Its effect is harmless and quick. Get it at your druggist's in tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ or bottles of 60 tablets for 60¢!

MAKE THIS TEST

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers.* (*The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.*) 2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.* 3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*



Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

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73 West Street, New York City
Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

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A Lady of Parts

Continued from page 10

At length she heard of the Balkan Commission that was being organized and went to see Colonel Anderson. She urged him to take her over as an interpreter. She knew Roumania pretty thoroughly, having visited there a good deal, and she knew enough languages to be helpful. Colonel Anderson said that it was no use.

With that discouragement she thought that if she couldn't go to Roumania she could at least go to New Jersey and she went there to visit friends. A day or two later the telephone rang to tell her she was accepted as interpreter to Colonel Anderson's staff. They sailed in two days.

Fording the Danube

Of the various events following this, Miss Dixon is not inclined to talk much. "It hasn't anything to do with the theater—why bother about it?" she says, vocally brushing it to one side. But it has a great deal to do with the personality that she brings to the theater and it cannot be entirely discounted. One gathers that this high-spirited young person was unhappy doing staff work, her main job being to translate official telegrams to Queen Marie, and she kept persuading till they gave her active duty on the Roumanian Commission. In the course of time the party reached Bucharest, having arrived there after a roundabout and dangerous trip through the Dardanelles on a boat that had only three lifeboats, two of which they knew leaked.

"The trouble was that we didn't know which one didn't leak," she explains.

She was put in charge of all the Red Cross distribution of food and clothes in Bucharest. After a time, she became dissatisfied with the reports of her investigators who made recommendations for the distributions. She felt they were not thorough enough and that they were being unfair to the Jews. Accordingly she got the habit of working eighteen hours a day in order to investigate cases, as well as apportion supplies. Finally, the head of the Serbian Commission asked that she be loaned for work in Serbia and she went to Belgrade. And a little later Miss Robinson, in charge in Albania, put in a call for her.

"I'd like to have gone there," says Miss Dixon, "but I had asked for a vacation to go to France and they told me that I couldn't re-enter the Balkans if I once left—and I simply *had* to go to Paris."

The Oriental Express, on which she was to start for Paris, left Belgrade at that time just once a week. The Commission asked her to make one more distribution trip up the river before leaving. Such trips were made on an erratic little boat that came when it pleased and rarely returned on time. She was afraid of missing her one and only train and protested, but was finally persuaded, and was given a little Ford to take along so that if the boat failed to pick her up she could drive back.

"You don't know what can be done with a Ford till you see a Serbian soldier drive one," avers Miss Dixon. "He makes it sit up and bark for its dinner and do all sorts of tricks."

The distribution was made in a small, distant village that even the Ford couldn't reach. Only ox-carts could get there. Then the party returned to the river to wait for the boat. It didn't come. They started out in the Ford. Finally the road got so bad that the peasants had to go ahead filling it in before them, and then even that failed. Across the river was a beautiful, smooth road.

"But that was on Roumanian territory," she explains, "and even though the war was over by now, and we were supposed to have fought to give them peace, the Serbian and Roumanian soldiers enjoyed nothing so much as shooting each other. It was very annoying."

But the Oriental Express had to be made and Miss Dixon is nothing if not a person of resource. A large skiff was moored to the shore. Some old railroad ties lay on the bank. They put them across the skiff, rolled the Ford up on them and, sitting in the car, were ferried across the river. As they drove down the long, smooth road a Roumanian soldier stopped them. Naturally, he was skeptical about their story of crossing the Danube in a Ford and indicated that such things really were not done. Also, he disliked their Serbian soldier. But he spied a Roumanian decoration on Miss Dixon and let them drive on.

"Even at that, we ran out of gas and we'd never have reached Belgrade in time," hastily continues the blond-haired young lady, "if a very obliging Roumanian general hadn't let us take the gasoline out of his tank."

"Oh, so you got a decoration in Roumania, did you?" It is sometimes necessary to interrupt this casual person when she slides past a point.

"Try to get out of the country without one!" she laughed. "Just try it! Passports are no good. You simply can't get over the border without a decoration and an autographed picture of Queen Marie! Everybody gets them." And by this challenge she means nothing except that it embarrasses her to have the matter mentioned.

Belgrade was reached and so was Paris, and, eventually, America. She arrived here still under the age she should have been before being allowed to leave for war work.

For months the pupil of Bernhardt hunted for a chance to act. She went first to the producer, Mr. George Tyler, who had known her parents. But Mr. Tyler had no opening for their extremely good-looking daughter, who until this period of her life had been known by her own name—Marie Jacques. It was at this point that she became Jean Dixon. She took the name of Jean because it was her father's name and as for Dixon—"Well," she says, "it is short and easy to say." As good a reason for a name as any, no doubt.

A Soaking Success

After she had just about decided to give up looking for anything in the theater, even though it was the one place she wanted to be, Mr. Tyler sent for her in a hurry. The actress who played the maid in Golden Days and on whose fluent burst of French a second act curtain depended, had been taken ill. Could Miss Dixon, whose French was equal to it, go on that very night? She could. Likewise she did. Later she went out on the road in To the Ladies and after that in a part in Merton of the Movies.

Then she started a series of stock engagements that included Dayton, Columbus, Minneapolis and Seattle. She played everything from ingénue leads to melodramatic madams.

"I couldn't act very well for a while," she confides. "I was pretty terrible—but I had nice clothes." Directors who knew her at the time disagree with her—not about the clothes. She could act and there was no mistaking it. All she needed was the chance.

Every Monday night brought all the horrors of a New York opening for her. She had to remind herself repeatedly of Madame Bernhardt's instruction to "throw herself into the water." She did it literally every night during one week when she played a part in which she was supposed to enter from a storm. Being insistent upon realism she got soaking wet each evening before her entrance.

The next week she was to play the first tough rôle of her life—the first character that gave her a background for the women of June Moon and Once in a Lifetime.

She was worried about her voice until the nightly soaking gave her such a cold that her voice began to get rough and husky—just what she wanted. She threw away all the medicines offered by sympathetic friends—and the next week made a hit in the part. Characteristically, she attributes it to the cold.

Two years of stock were enough. She came back to New York and played in the first thing that offered—The Wooden Kimono. Then George Kelly saw her and put her into Behold the Bridegroom. Engagements followed in Anna, Heavy Traffic and Back Here, and then one night when she was free she took a postman's holiday and went to the theater.

The Vital Reason

As she entered she saw George Kaufman. He had been partly responsible for the writing of To the Ladies and Merton of the Movies.

"But we didn't really know each other well enough to bother to speak," says Miss Dixon. "Then during the play he turned around and nodded to me. When he came up to me in the lobby between acts, I tried to put him at his ease by saying: 'You think I'm someone else, don't you?' But he said that he didn't and that he had a part for me. I was never more surprised in my life."

The part was the one in which she made her first New York success—the bitter-truth wife in June Moon. It may be that she plays these characters so perfectly and puts such a remarkable bite into them because they are so far from herself. She gets a humorous perspective on them that is devastating—and in spite of their acid, she makes you like them. Possibly that is because it would be very hard not to like her—and a little of her forthright self can't help coming through.

But some day some astute playwright is going to take advantage of her sensitive loveliness and let her walk on a stage as she really is, and some day one of them will give her an emotional part that will need all of her comedy to make the emotion poignant. One critic confessed himself to have completely run out of adjectives adequate to her performance in Once in a Lifetime. Let him get in a good supply for the time that will come when Jean Dixon goes emotional!

Suddenly, as her story was finished, a thought popped out of the middle of it and wanted to be answered. "Jean, why on earth were you so anxious to get back to Paris after that year and a half in the Balkans? Why couldn't you at least wait for the next train? After all you'd been through, there must have been some vital reason—"

"Yes," she said solemnly, and she looked as one does who remembers a really momentous decision, "I simply *had* to have a really good shampoo and a manicure."

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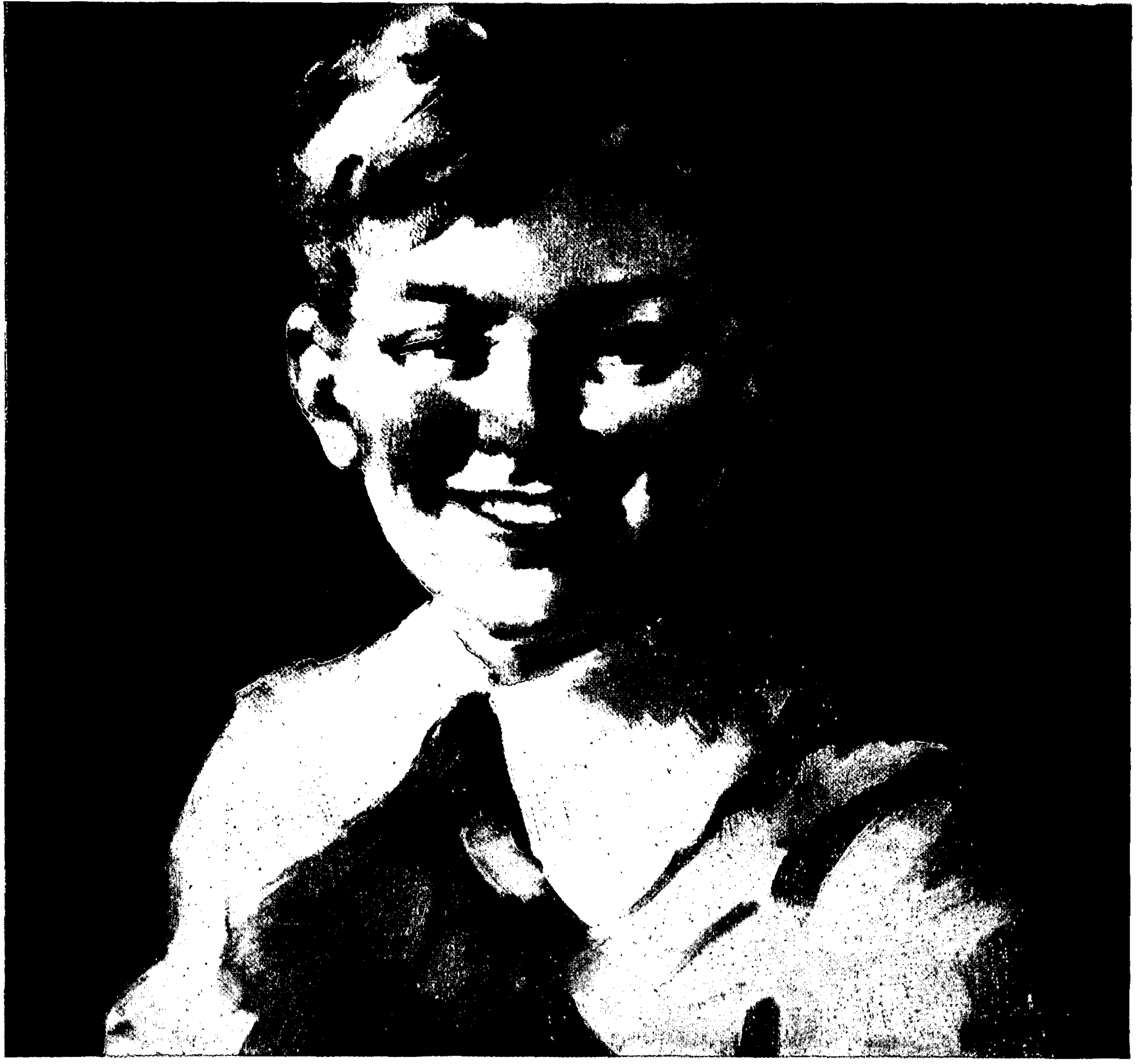
THE EIGHT AS BUICK BUILDS IT



An enlarged reproduction of this painting by George Rapp in full color, suitable for framing, will be mailed free on request.—Dept. R; Buick Motor Co., Flint, Michigan

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You who have a boy, with mischief in his eye and wings upon his feet, are among the rich families of this world, regardless of your rating in Dun or Bradstreet.

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Buick hopes for this same friendship with your boy when he reaches man's estate, and is more than willing to pay the price in constant progress.

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Just as surely as Buick fulfills this responsibility, and proves worthy of his favor, some day your boy will own a Buick.

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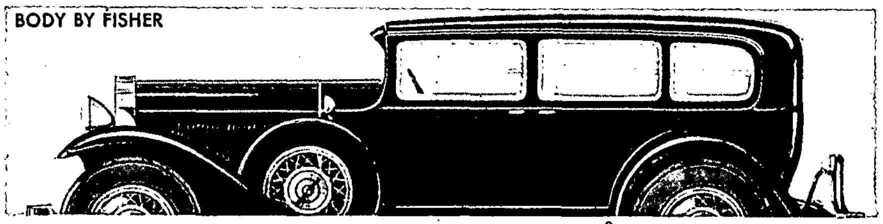

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Pontiac Coupe	675
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La Salle V-8 5 Pass. Town Sedan	2,345
La Salle V-8 Sedan, 7 Passenger	2,475
La Salle V-8 Imperial	2,595
Cadillac V-8 Coupe, 2 Passenger	2,695
Cadillac V-8 Coupe, 5 Passenger	2,795
Cadillac V-8 Sedan, 5 Passenger	2,795
Cadillac V-8 Roadster, 2 Passenger	2,845
Cadillac V-8 Town Sedan	2,845
Cadillac V-8 Phaeton	2,945
Cadillac V-8 Convertible Coupe	2,945
Cadillac V-8 Sedan, 7 Passenger	2,945
Cadillac V-8 Imperial	3,095
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Cadillac V-12 Sedan, 5 Passenger	3,895
Cadillac V-12 Roadster	3,945
Cadillac V-12 Town Sedan	3,945
Cadillac V-12 Phaeton	4,045
Cadillac V-12 Convertible Coupe	4,045
Cadillac V-12 Sedan, 7 Passenger	4,195
Cadillac V-12 Touring	4,295
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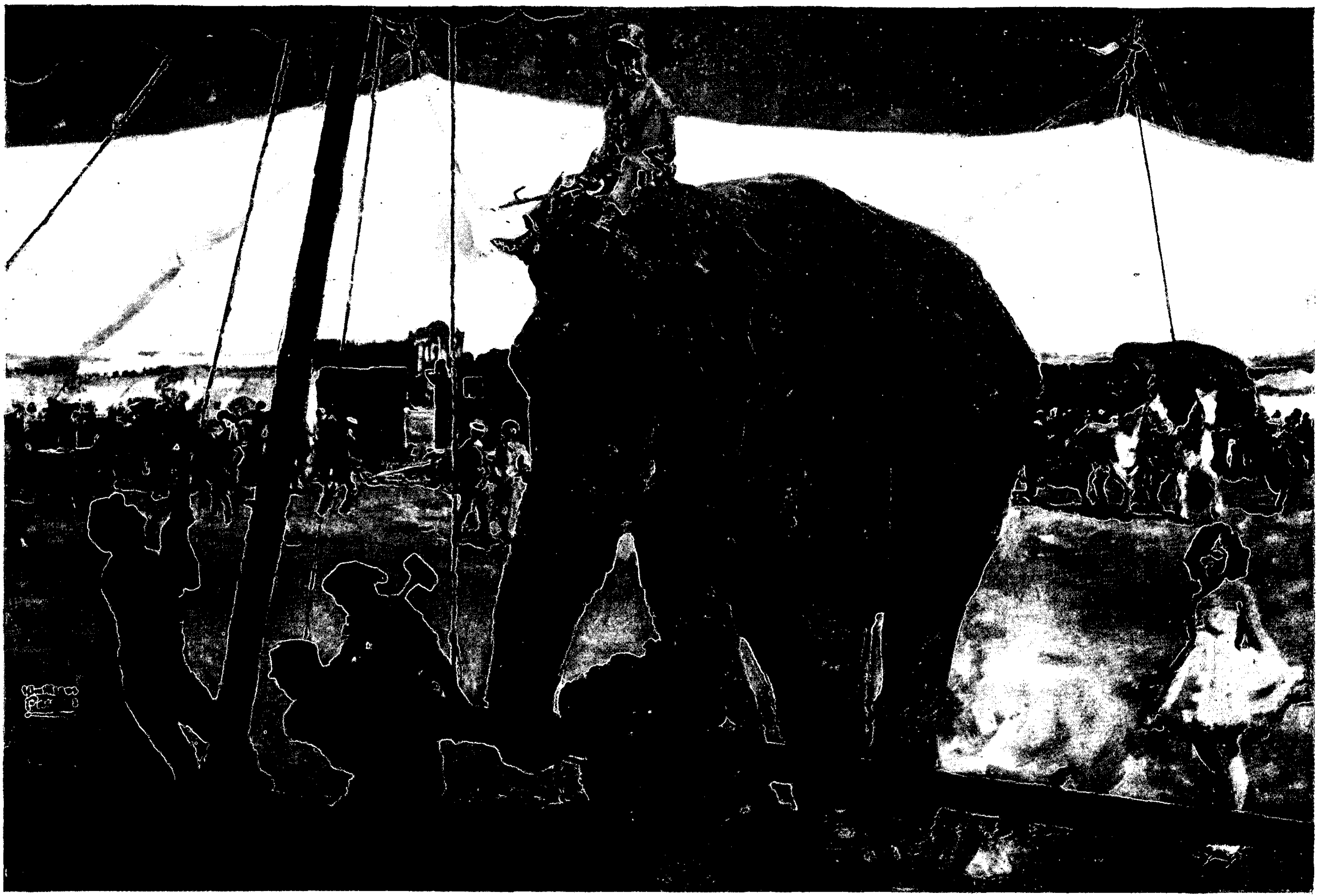
"I've followed the 'Big Top'

—*says Chesterfield*



yet you'll find me at home with the folks"

Children or grown-ups, we swallow the circus whole—and like it. But ballyhoo has no place in cigarette choice. What counts in a cigarette is how it *tastes.* And that's first a matter of how good the tobaccos are. Chesterfield uses tobaccos of better quality—nothing else—and blends and "cross-blends" them to give you *more* taste, *more* aroma. And greater mildness too!

Chesterfield

They Satisfy
—that's W*hy!*

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Going, Going, Gone!

Continued from page 16

"Haven't I met you once or twice at St. Paul with Pierre Meisonier and his friends?"

"Yes," the man acknowledged, "Froydshen's my name. I remember you."

"Sorry I seem to have stumbled in upon a little trouble," Peter Hames continued. "I had no idea what was going on; I have my easel pitched upon the hillside back there."

"You should paint this, if it's in your line," the other suggested bitterly.

"How did it come about?" Peter Hames inquired.

"Sick wife, drink and laziness, and I suppose want of talent. I can't ask you in, because I haven't a chair for you to sit on, or a glass of wine to offer you."

A WOMAN'S faint voice called from an upstairs room, and Froydshen leaped to his feet and hurried away. Peter Hames joined the rest of the company. The bidding for the bedstead had commenced.

"At twenty-five francs it is perhaps finished?" the auctioneer queried.

Jean, the timber merchant, was standing well out in front of everyone, grasping his roughly cut stick, and looking around him with a challenging air. Jean, the timber merchant, had many irons in the fire, and no one wished him for an enemy.

"Fifty francs," Peter Hames offered firmly.

There was commotion, evidenced at first by a pregnant silence, then by an outburst of exclamations. Monsieur Jean went over to the bed, poked it about, shook it, and turned away with a grimace.

"A miserable affair," he pronounced. "Nevertheless, I bid fifty-five francs."

"Sixty."

"Sixty-five."

"Seventy."

Jean, the timber merchant, glared across at his opponent.

"It is, in effect, your intention to buy the bed?"

"It is," the latter acknowledged.

"Then buy, if you have money enough to pay for it," Jean shouted angrily.

"For the first, second and third time, then," the auctioneer continued, "since Monsieur Bourdaut has withdrawn, the bid is with the gentleman there for seventy francs. Going—going—gone! The affair is concluded."

Peter Hames counted out seventy francs from his pocket and seated himself upon the bed with a chuckle. He could see that both the auctioneer and the timber merchant were of the opinion that the seventy francs had practically exhausted his store. He had not the air, in that pair of shabby shorts, and attire generally disreputable, of carrying money. He himself, however, was pleasantly conscious of that very much thicker than usual pocketbook nestling close to his skin underneath his shirt. An old Provençal dining table, which had a certain genuine value, was brought out. Jean Bourdaut struck it deprecatingly with his stick.

"A poor piece of wood," he declared. "I, who am a judge, should know."

"Then it is probably not worth more than a hundred francs," Peter Hames regretted. "Shall we start it at a hundred francs, my friend on the wagon?"

Once more commotion, excited exclamations and protests! Eventually, the table was knocked down to Peter Hames at two hundred and fifty.

Jean, the timber merchant, choked down his rage, and decided to adopt different tactics with this mad Englishman or American, or whatever he might be.

"You do not want this furniture, monsieur," he protested. "Of what use is it to you? It is not of the antique design valued so much by your countrymen."

"It is an open sale," Peter Hames pointed out. "I enjoy bidding. I like this furniture. As to what I am going to do with it, that is my own business."

The great man of the neighborhood was beside himself with fury. He whispered once more with the auctioneer.

"There is but one thing in the house worth real money," the latter confided. "Supposing I put it up now. It will cost you dear, perhaps, Monsieur Jean, but you will still be able to sell at a large profit, and if he buys, it will take all the money he has."

Jean Bourdaut grunted unwilling assent, and a beautiful, carved Provençal sideboard was dragged out. Peter Hames examined it carefully. The timber merchant cast a single contemptuous glance at it and turned away.

"That piece of furniture," Peter Hames acknowledged, "I like. I like it very much indeed. I bid five hundred francs."

"Six hundred," the timber merchant growled.

"Seven."

"Eight hundred," Jean shouted.

"Ah, I see our friend is in earnest," Peter Hames smiled. "Let us face this matter in a businesslike spirit then. One thousand francs."

Everyone began to talk at once. Now, as very often happens in a small neighborhood, Monsieur Jean Bourdaut, the merchant of wood, although he appeared to be the most popular person whenever he walked the streets of his native village, or even the thoroughfares of Grasse, where he had many friends, had in reality contrived to incur a great deal of secret enmity.

There were many who had suffered from his grasping methods of doing business, and there was also to be taken into account the invincible jealousy of the French peasant for his rival who acquires wealth where the other fails. Consequently, a great many of the loiterers at the auction that afternoon were already hiding their faces to conceal their smiles.

THE auctioneer knocked the piece of furniture down formally, and Peter handed across a thousand-franc note. There were a dozen hands now, having seen the way things were going, ready to help him move the sideboard, which was soon ranged by the side of his other possessions. Jean Bourdaut had walked to the gate, and was looking anxiously down the road. The auctioneer sent a messenger to recall him, but the latter was received with a cut across the shins which sent him howling away.

Six very decent chairs, a sofa, a carpet, and an ottoman were added to Peter Hames' possessions. He sat upon the table in the midst of them all, and made a grimace as he saw a nondescript assortment of china, cutlery and kitchen utensils coming along. His enemy was still at the gate.

"If this affair is becoming wearisome to Monsieur the auctioneer," Peter Hames suggested at last, lighting a cigarette, and courteously offering his case to the official, "I have an idea. There are four or five canvases there, leaning against the wall. Now if our friend Froydshen's work has not de-

(Continued on page 48)

A ripple of Good will
. . . that became
a wave of Preference

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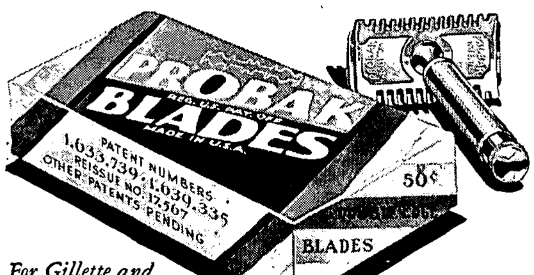

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(Continued from page 47)

teriorated, it is just possible, if you take them next, I might be able to buy them at such a price that the rest of the sale would be unnecessary."

The auctioneer looked doubtful.

"There is a long way to go," he pointed out, "before one arrives at fourteen thousand francs."

"I get your point," Peter Hames conceded, "but I have a great deal more than fourteen thousand with me, as it happens, and, furthermore, I can give you a check which any banker in Grasse would honor if necessary. You realize the position, monsieur? I am determined to spend as much as will pay off this absurd debt. What I am going to do with the furniture afterwards is my own affair."

THE auctioneer looked despairingly at the bulky and furious figure of the man at the gate.

"What can one do?" he asked the heavens.

A tradesman of the village, who was also a café proprietor, and a man of some substance, intervened. Jean Bourdaut was well out of hearing.

"Monsieur the Auctioneer," he said, "the sale must proceed according to advertisement. There are articles here we others desire."

The auctioneer drew a little sigh of relief. At least there was someone among the buyers who had insisted that the law should be carried out. His responsibility was no longer a single one.

"We will deal with the pictures," he announced.

One by one they were handed around. The little group of peasants gazed at them spellbound. The prevalent sensation seemed to be one of stupefaction. Peter Hames' heart, as he, too, joined in the inspection, momentarily failed him. Then there arrived the canvas of an unfinished twilight landscape—the valleys below St. Paul glimmering in the fading light, pin pricks of fire studded in the darkening sky.

"Proceed, Mr. Auctioneer," he begged. "Proceed, I beg of you. There is good money waiting here for one at least of those pictures."

The auctioneer bowed.

"Monsieur," he suggested, "will perhaps start the bidding."

"I will not insult the artist by offering less than a thousand francs for this picture of St. Paul."

The auctioneer looked round at the circle of blank faces.

"The picture is yours, monsieur," he announced, after a few moments' unbroken silence.

Peter Hames crossed the open space, picked up the canvas carefully, and set it upon his recently acquired couch.

"Mr. Auctioneer," he proposed, "I gather that there are no other picture buyers in the place. There are three more canvases. It has long been my desire to possess some of the works of Monsieur Froydshen. Put them together. Let us say two thousand five hundred francs for the lot."

Suddenly, his strangely colored eyes aflame with anger, Froydshen strode out of his house. Some rumor of what was happening had reached him.

"What is this?" he demanded furiously. "You are a painter yourself. Why do you buy my pictures?"

"Because, being a painter, I know good stuff when I see it," was the suave reply. "I liked your pictures when I saw them at St. Paul, and if you weren't so damned lazy about finishing them off, you'd have had dozens of people trying to buy them."

Jean, the merchant of timber, having regained some slight measure of composure, came striding back from the gate.

"Enough of this pantomime!" he shouted. "Get on with the sale, Mr. Auctioneer. You know who I am—Jean Bourdaut. I am somebody of account, am I not? The stranger there has demanded that you sell the pictures. Very well, he has had his way. Now I say, sell the rest of the furniture, sell it *en bloc*, if you like."

"It is an idea," the auctioneer, having it very much in his mind to keep friends with Jean Bourdaut, agreed. "What does our other buyer say, who has honored us with his patronage today?"

"Put it up *en bloc* by all means," Peter Hames assented. "I get poorer every minute, but I acquire property."

Froydshen walked up to him.

"What the devil are you doing here, Peter Hames?" he growled. "Is it out of charity you are buying my pictures and my furniture?"

"Don't be a fool," Peter Hames enjoined cheerily. "I like your pictures. I've a perfect right to buy them, and I've bought them for a song, too. I've bought the furniture because I'm having lots of fun with that old timber merchant—and I'm going to have more before I've done with him. I have a perfect right to amuse myself as I like. Go and sit with your wife, old chap, and tell her not to worry."

The man broke down. He pretended to be examining the table against which he had been standing, but it was very obvious that all he wanted at that moment was to keep his face hidden. The auctioneer banged with his little cane against the wagon wheel. The remaining pieces of furniture had been dragged out.

"There are thirty-two lots here," he announced. "Examine them, you who are interested, before I open the bidding."

"Five hundred francs for the lot," the timber merchant roared.

"Try five thousand, you old thief," Peter Hames bellowed back.

"Rascal!" Jean exclaimed, striding toward the hated intruder. "You come here to rob honest men and prevent them from providing their sons with furniture. You bid five thousand for that lot of rubbish!"

"You must not call me names," Peter Hames warned him reprovingly. "I might forget that you are a much older man."

JEAN, the timber merchant, raised his stick. Then he met Peter Hames' eye, and he dropped it again.

"Five thousand!" he spluttered. "From what asylum have you escaped?"

"You don't think the things are worth it?" Peter Hames queried. "Leave them to me then. I want them."

Jean, the timber merchant, was a man of words and much bluster in the company of pygmies. In the presence of Peter Hames he collapsed.

"Let me have what is left for six thousand," he begged. "It is to set up two young people in their new home. Six thousand is an outrageous sum, but I will give it."

"Bid your six thousand, and I make it seven. Between ourselves, I am an obstinate man. Bid your ten, and I will make it twenty."

That was the end of the local Crœsus. He had neither temper nor courage left. He was a beaten man.

"The furniture," the auctioneer announced, "is yours, monsieur, for five thousand."

Peter Hames rose, and handed the money to the auctioneer.

"Are you sure there is nothing else left to sell, Mr. Auctioneer?" he asked.

"There is one old chest which has been forgotten," the latter replied, signaling to a porter.

It was brought out from the house—

(Continued on page 50)

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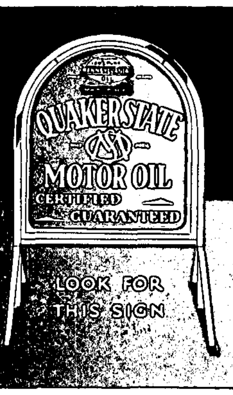

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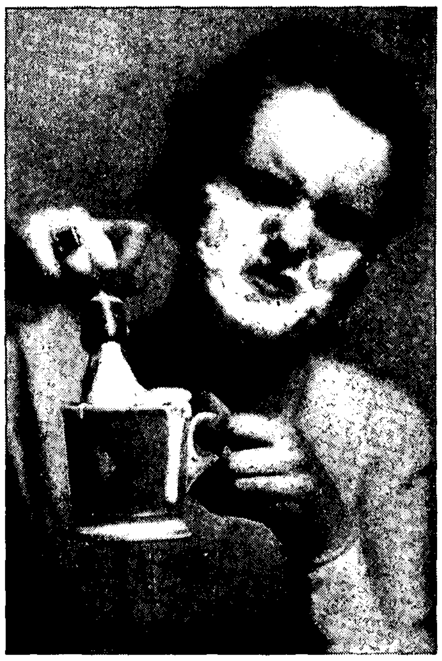

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Going, Going, Gone!

Continued from page 48

an ancient chest of battered iron, of no particular value save for the amazing metal work of the lock. Peter Hames examined it curiously.

"Do you know anything about this?" he asked the auctioneer.

"Nothing at all except that it belongs to the goods to be sold."

Peter Hames examined it more closely. Then again, whilst he bent over it, the silence of the still afternoon was broken. Up the rude track which led to the farmhouse one could hear the galloping of a furiously ridden horse. The little crowd of peasants rushed in a body to the hedge. There was something terrific in the sound of those pounding hoofs, something wildly suggestive of human energy, effort and passion.

PETER HAMES dropped the chest and hurried off to join the rest, who were crowded together around the gate, looking over one another's shoulders towards the bend, barely a score of yards away. Even as the horse—a great stallion—came into sight, they could hear its wheezing and groaning. They saw the blood at its mouth, as, with head low down, it came tottering but still straining with every muscle. The horseman rode without saddle or spurs, bare-backed, but with a cruel whip in his hand which he was still using freely.

When yet a dozen yards away, the great animal stumbled, went crashing into the hedge, and lay there, his hoofs helpless in the air, his eyes bloodshot. The rider fell on his side into the road, but was up again almost immediately. A mass of black hair was matted over his face, white as death, notwithstanding the burning sun. There was blood upon his lips—either he had bitten his tongue or broken a small blood vessel. He staggered on towards the gate. There were dozens around him now.

"The sale!" he faltered. "The sale at Le Manoir!"

"Just over," the auctioneer replied. "Who are you?"

The man fought a gallant struggle. He was either French or Italian, Sicilian or perhaps Corsican, but he was of a Southern race—a race which seldom loses consciousness. He gripped at the air for a moment. Finally he gasped out his question:

"There was a chest. Is it sold?"

"It is," the auctioneer announced, "under the hammer at the present moment."

They helped this man, who had made so dramatic an appearance, into the garden. He said nothing to anybody, but his eyes were hungrily fixed upon the chest. Others led his horse in, and tethered it. Peter Hames slipped into the house, and called softly to Froydshen. There was a look in the man's face which made him keep his own eyes averted.

"Look here, old chap," Peter Hames asked, "what the devil is in this iron chest that you've sent out to be sold?"

"I have no knowledge of its contents," Froydshen answered. "I bought it because of the lock. It is the most beautiful lock I ever saw, but there is no key."

"How do you open it then?"

"You do not. It is too beautiful a lock to break. The man who broke it, even if the box held gold, would be a Goth."

Peter Hames went out.

"Put up the chest," he said to the auctioneer.

The latter mounted his wagon.

"I'm getting poor," Peter Hames confessed, "but I'll start it at five francs."

The last arrival—the man with the raven black hair, terribly tired eyes, and bleeding lips—leaned forward.

"A thousand francs!" he said.

"Now," Peter Hames sighed, "I am up against real competition. Very well, my equestrian friend. We will not descend in the scale. Fifteen hundred."

"Two thousand," was the hoarse response.

"Three thousand."

There was the dawning of a look of horror upon the face of the rival bidder. He dabbed at his lips.

"Three thousand five hundred."

Peter Hames smiled.

"Got him," he murmured to himself. "Five thousand."

To the end of his days—and life was to bring him in the future, as it had done in the past, many adventures—Peter Hames never again saw such a look of despair as convulsed the face of the man who sat opposite to him. He half rose to his feet. His fingers pawed the air.

"You don't want it," he cried. "It is nothing to you. You cannot give five thousand."

"You look at the lock," Peter Hames advised him pleasantly. "It's quite worth the money."

Then he hated himself, because he felt that he had been a brute. Almost he withdrew his bid. A shivering sense of pity robbed him of all the exultation of success. The man had risen to his feet. He was staggering away. For a moment it seemed that he was sobbing. Someone brought his horse, still quivering but unhurt. He mounted, rejecting all offers of assistance, and, with a truly marvelous seat, walked the great beast down to within a yard of where Peter Hames was standing. His left hand stole out. First to the chest he pointed, and then to Peter Hames.

"You buy death!"

And with that he rode away.

Peter Hames spent most of the next day in his studio, with the chest upon a table by his side, going through his small collection of volumes dealing with the metal designs of the Renaissance period and before. The more he studied the exquisite lines of the wonderfully fashioned metal around the lock, the more he marveled. He wondered whether the offer of a fortune would produce the key.

THE telephone bell rang and, as he listened, Peter Hames forgot all about his chest. It was Sybil Christian talking.

"Are you at home tonight?" she inquired.

"Why, are you coming to dine with me?" he asked gladly.

There was a certain hesitation in her tone to which he was unaccustomed. She seemed almost ill at ease.

"I want to come after dinner," she replied. "I don't want to come a minute before eleven o'clock, and I want to bring a friend with me, whose name I am not going to divulge."

"You will be welcome under any circumstances at any hour, and you can bring whom you like," he assured her, "but you sound very mysterious."

"I can't help it," she regretted. "I'm coming upon a mysterious errand, I warn you. We shall be with you soon after eleven."

She rang off, and Peter Hames got through the remainder of the day as best he might. Towards eleven o'clock he ordered various suitable refreshments to be placed in his studio, covered over his chest with a cloth, locked the doors leading into the garden, set Leo, his police dog, loose and slipped his small automatic into his pocket. At eleven o'clock the telephone rang once more. Again the voice was Sybil's.

"Don't tell me you're not coming?" he groaned.

"We're coming," she promised him. "In fact we're almost at your villa now. I forgot to ask one thing, though. Would you mind sending your servants to bed and opening the door yourself?"

Peter Hames chuckled. "I'll do it," he said.

A quarter of an hour later, the bell in his courtyard sounded gently. Peter Hames placed Leo on guard before the chest, opened the door, and walked down the flagged path. A large limousine was standing at his gate. Sybil stepped quickly out, followed by a small, dark man, slim and apparently youthful. He was bareheaded, and his features were entirely concealed behind a black silk mask.

"Don't think we are crazy or melodramatic," Sybil begged, taking Peter's arm, "because I am not going to introduce you to your visitor. I am going to ask you to take him into your studio with me, and to let him talk to you for a little time."

"Delighted!" Peter Hames assented. "Please come this way."

HE LED them into the villa and across to the studio, opening the door which he had locked and quieting Leo, who had sprung to his feet at their entrance. He wheeled up chairs.

"I should like to offer you a glass of wine," he observed, "but I am afraid that your friend is too much handicapped."

The stranger spoke for the first time, and his voice, notwithstanding its slight foreign accent, was so delightful that Peter Hames was half ashamed of his momentary irritation.

"Before I leave, it will give me great pleasure to drink a glass of wine with you, sir," he said. "Believe me," he went on, after a brief hesitation, "the mask is a necessity. I will do my best to explain, however, if you will meet me on that little strip of common ground in life to which we both belong:

"Miss Christian has told me about you. You are an American gentleman. I am Italian, born unfortunately into a family which is facing troublous times. I shall seem to be terribly confidential with you, a stranger, but I start with the idea that you, being an American, are not greatly interested in European politics, and that you have not, for instance, strong sympathies in favor of one nation over here more than another, and that you are content to let them work out their own destinies."

"So far we are agreed," Peter Hames declared.

"The countries to which I refer are Italy and France," the stranger continued. "There will probably never be war between us, but we Italians think that France is a little hard upon some of our national aspirations, and that *she is inclined sometimes to mock* at the whole régime of Italy now subordinated to a new power. You probably have heard, and I am not here to deny it, that there are a great many agents of the old régime living between here and the far end of the Riviera, whose business it is to keep together in patri-

(*Continued on page 52*)

☆ *What a Chorus of Glee goes up!* ☆

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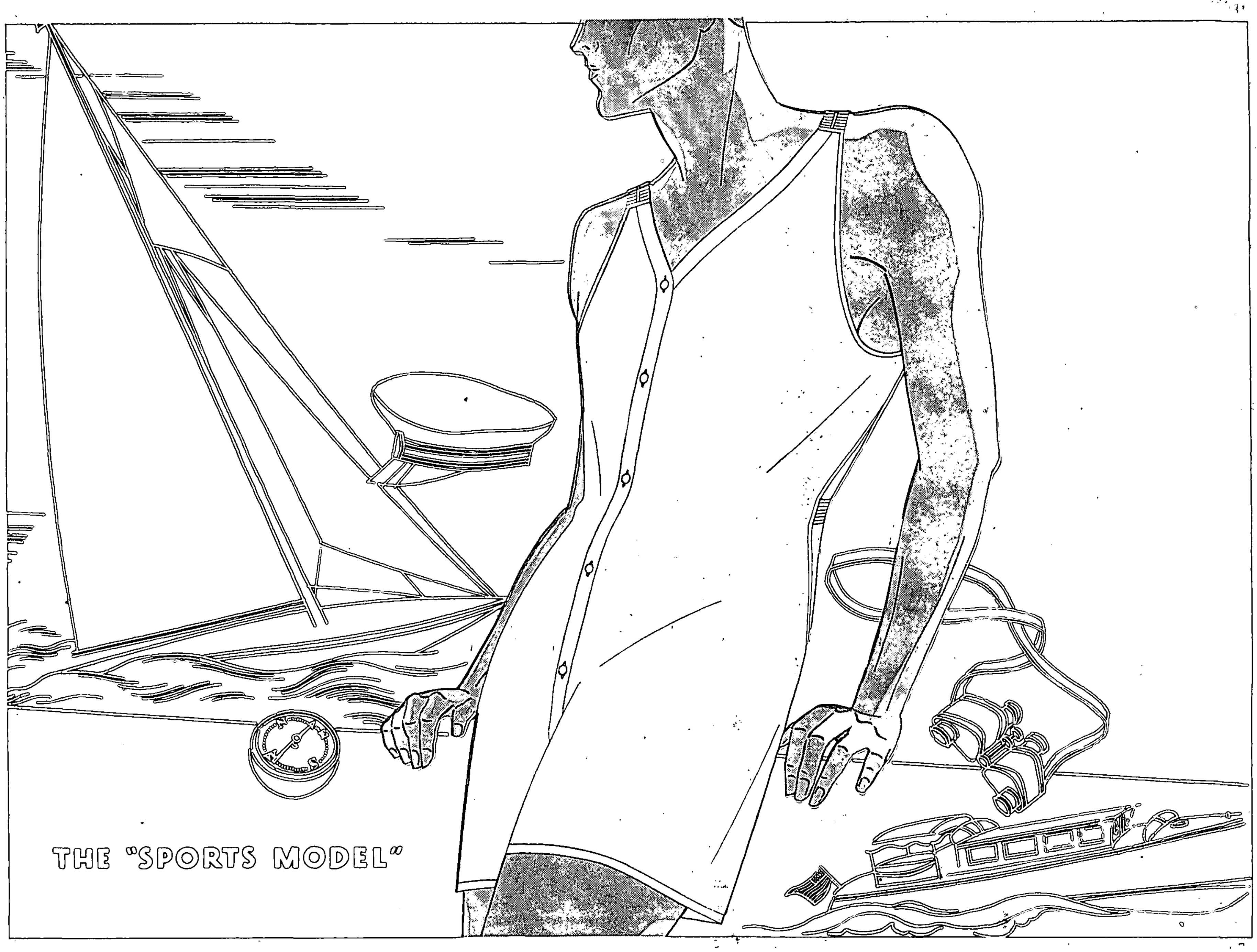

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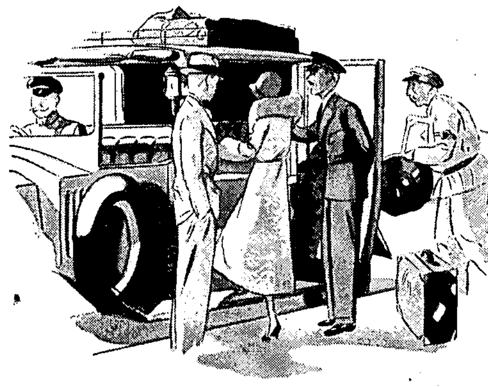

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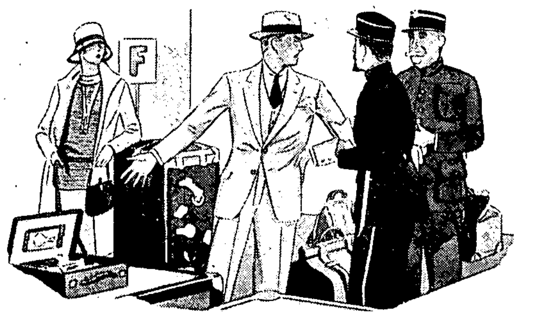

TRUST TO LUCK ?

Americans live in an Eden of comfort. They snap a switch and the toast crisps; they turn a dial and music is brought to their hearth; they touch a button and the secretary reports; they telephone and a trip to Europe is arranged for them.

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Going, Going, Gone!

Continued from page 50

otism and national spirit those Italians who have been forced for political reasons to leave their own country."

"Anti-Fascists," Peter Hames murmured.

"Very well. Call them that," the other assented. "There are a hundred and twenty thousand of them thoroughly organized between here and Fréjus. They have officials, meeting places. They have definite aims. They have a fixed purpose. The statement of all these, with their names and what they intend to do, is in a chest which found its way in a marvelous fashion into a curiosity shop at St. Paul, and has now, I understand, come into your possession."

"A chest with a wonderful lock," Peter Hames remarked.

"With a lock which is the masterpiece of one of the greatest workers in metal of the fourteenth century," the stranger continued. "The chest was in my possession always, at one of my châteaux in this part of the country. A few years ago our enemies in Italy made great friends with the French government, and a strenuous attempt was made to break us up. We discontinued for a time the meetings. The chest was hidden. I shall not tell you the story of its wanderings further than that it was lost through the death of its custodian, who alone knew what it contained, that it found its way into a curiosity shop, and that it is now in your possession."

PETER HAMES swept away the cloth which concealed it, and from behind the slits in the mask there came a glow into the eyes of the man who saw it.

"That is our chest!" he exclaimed, in a tone of immense relief. "It contains, I should tell you, Mr. Hames, enough evidence for Italy to insist upon the extradition of at least fifty men whose lives would probably be forfeited. You in England have had your Cromwell. You have had your brief periods of politicians who have differed from the government, and have faced death rather than abandon their principles. So it is with my friends whose names are in that box. One moment," he went on, drawing a chain from his pocket. "Perhaps you have never seen a key of gold. There is one here. It is the only key in the world that can unlock that chest. You will allow me to prove my words?"

"It is unnecessary," Peter Hames assured him.

The stranger sighed.

"I come now to the most difficult part of my task," he said. "When Miss Christian here told me of your rank in life, and your status, Mr. Hames, I was almost sorry. I would rather you had not been one of us, that I might have offered you my check-book. We could have spoken of a million francs, or five million. The lives of my friends, and the lives of those who love Italy, my country, are in that chest."

"I'm afraid," Peter Hames apologized, "that unless you will permit me to ring up some of my servants, you will have to help me to carry it out to your car."

"You will part with it?" the mysterious visitor cried eagerly.

"With the utmost joy," was the prompt assurance. "After what you have told me, it is yours."

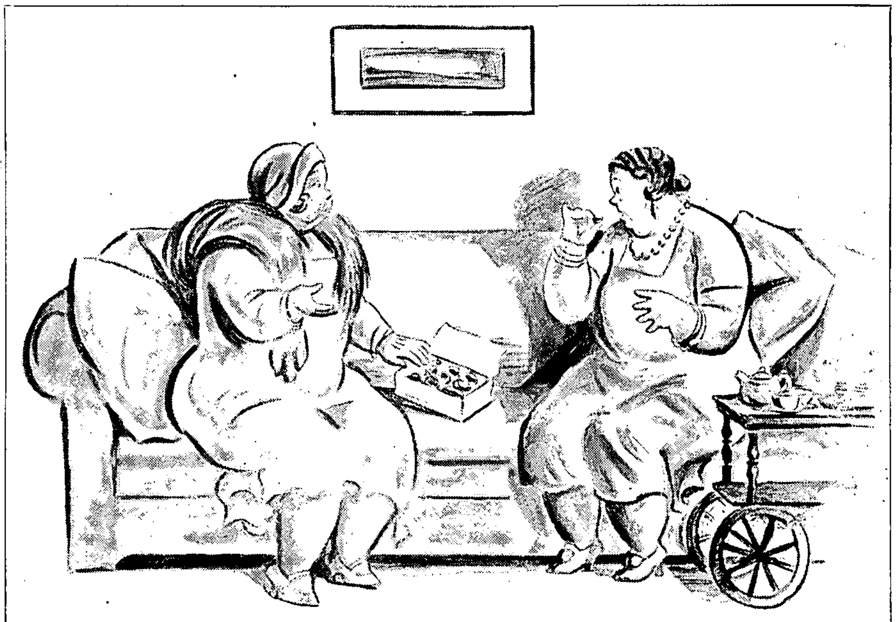
THERE was a brief silence. Sybil gripped Peter Hames by the arm.

"You have spoken of money, sir," Peter Hames reminded his visitor. "As a matter of fact, you really owe the return of your chest intact to a starving painter whose household goods I saved a few days ago from being dragged out of the farm in which he lives. His name is Froydshen, and I can assure you that he has talent. If one day you would drive up to his farmhouse amongst the hills—Le Manoir, one mile from Gournon—if, without a word of explanation, for he is proud, you would ask to see some of his work, would offer your patronage, and perhaps buy an odd picture or two that pleased you, you would perform a very humane action, and you would repay both him and myself for any slight service we have been able to render you in connection with your chest."

Peter Hames' mysterious visitor grasped his hand.

"It is a great gesture," he exclaimed. "Your painter's career is in my keeping. Now, sir, if you will permit me, we will drink a glass of wine together."

Another romantic adventure of Peter Hames will appear in an early issue of Collier's.



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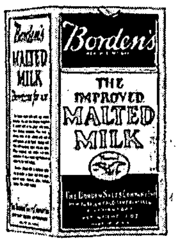

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CUNARD

Pirate or Patriot?

Continued from page 19

stirred the languid Creole pulse, and Lafitte was kept busy with his own affairs, which began to go wrong. He found himself harassed by many legal prosecutions, all of which resulted in the usual fiasco. Although both the brothers were captured by Captain Andrew Holmes in a surprise expedition down the bayou, they never came to trial and warrants against them were actually returned "not found." A few months later, July, 1814, a grand jury brought in its scathing report which arraigned Governor Claiborne and the Federal authorities for neglecting to suppress "the piracy and smuggling so long established and so systematically pursued."

Several of the Baratarians were indicted for piracy. Pierre Lafitte was arrested, bail refused, and he now lay, a shackled prisoner, in the old Spanish *calabozo*. Even the invulnerable Jean must leave New Orleans and retire to his stronghold at Grand Terre.

The omens did not look so auspicious for "our Jean" when on September 2, 1814, a British brig of war appeared in the offing at Barataria. Her yawl speedily came ashore, bringing three officers in naval uniform and one in the scarlet of King George's army. Under a flag of truce they laid their momentous proposition before Lafitte.

Many of the things that are told concerning this remarkable man—and by far the most interesting tales—are purely fabulous. But we have a curious array of evidence, documentary and legendary, to prove that the British government *did* offer to Jean Lafitte thirty thousand dollars cash—some insist that it was thirty thousand pounds sterling—with a captaincy in the Royal Navy, enlisting also his ships and men, if he would join Pakenham's campaign against New Orleans.

"M. Lafitte, you are a *Frenchman*," the British Captain Lockyer argued with all his eloquence. "France and England are now friends. The American government is determined to crush you. Your brother now lies in an American prison. You *must* make common cause with us."

Much disputation has been wasted upon what actually happened at this conference on Grand Terre, but lovers of romance will accept the Creole version that "our brave Jean" entertained his British guests with rare wines plundered from Spanish galleons, feeding them upon ducks from the marshes, the flaky pompano, the succulent shrimp, spitted rice-birds, and such marvelous gumbo of crab as only a Creole chef can prepare. Lafitte dined them, wined them, but did not answer them. Instead he shrewdly insisted upon time to consider. Anyhow, there at Barataria—so the story goes—Lafitte left them waiting.

Offering His Services

In blistered cabins on the Attakapas, Cajan farmers still tell their children the tale of how brave Jean rushed hotfoot to New Orleans:

"Wiz a bow and a smile, our Jean he leave zem officair at Grand Terre. Zen his stout fellows paddle so swiftly his pirogue to zeir secret landing, where one fast horse be wait. Clatterhoof! Clatterhoof! Our brave Jean ride, for he have papers. *Mon Dieu*, what importance of papers Jean carry in his pocket. Zat night Jean goes, not into ze city. Ah, no, too crafty is our Jean. He slept at same time in house of one Creole friend, and what you t'ink? Zere he also met Madame Claiborne herself, visiting ze lady; Madame Claiborne, she does not recognize our Jean. So zat clevair wife of Jean's friend she say, 'Madame Claiborne, allow me present our good neighbor, Monsieur Clément.' Zen Madame Claiborne she quickly observe zat Monsieur Clément be one more charming fine gentleman; so to him she make remark: 'Monsieur, why for you nevair call upon my husband, ze governor? He be so please to make acquaint of you.'

"'Ah, true,' our Jean reply. 'Ze governair have before zis hint zat he be please to see me.' All ze time our Jean make ze great joke."

True or false, it spins a pretty yarn that on the night before his encounter with Claiborne, Lafitte played at piquet with the governor's wife, and next morning forced his entrance into Claiborne's office.

According to the Creole version, the governor was sitting alone, busy with some reports, when suddenly a tense figure towered above him, and a pair of unwavering pistols pointed across the desk.

"Sit still, I implore you, sir," the intruder warned him. "I am Jean Lafitte, but *not* an assassin. You will, however, do me the honor to read these papers."

Claiborne was a brave man but helpless now, and made no outcry, as Lafitte laid two official envelopes on the desk before him.

"What's this?" He glanced upward from the first document, not at a pair of steady muzzles but at a pair of steady eyes. "What's this?"

"I only know, sir, that it purports to be Pakenham's plan of campaign against New Orleans."

"Against *New Orleans?*"

"Yes, sir, but I cannot vouch for its authenticity."

At that time, the Americans had received vague news that Great Britain was fitting out an expedition, but were not certain of its objective. This was the first information that reached Louisiana, and Lafitte explained, "One of my cruisers captured that document."

"If this be accurate—" Claiborne scarcely dared believe it, for if that paper actually revealed the enemy's purpose, it was worth its weight in diamonds.

"That other document, sir," Lafitte spoke again, "contains King George's offer to me and my men—which I shall decline. Instead, sir, I now tender you our services to help defend this city."

A City in Danger

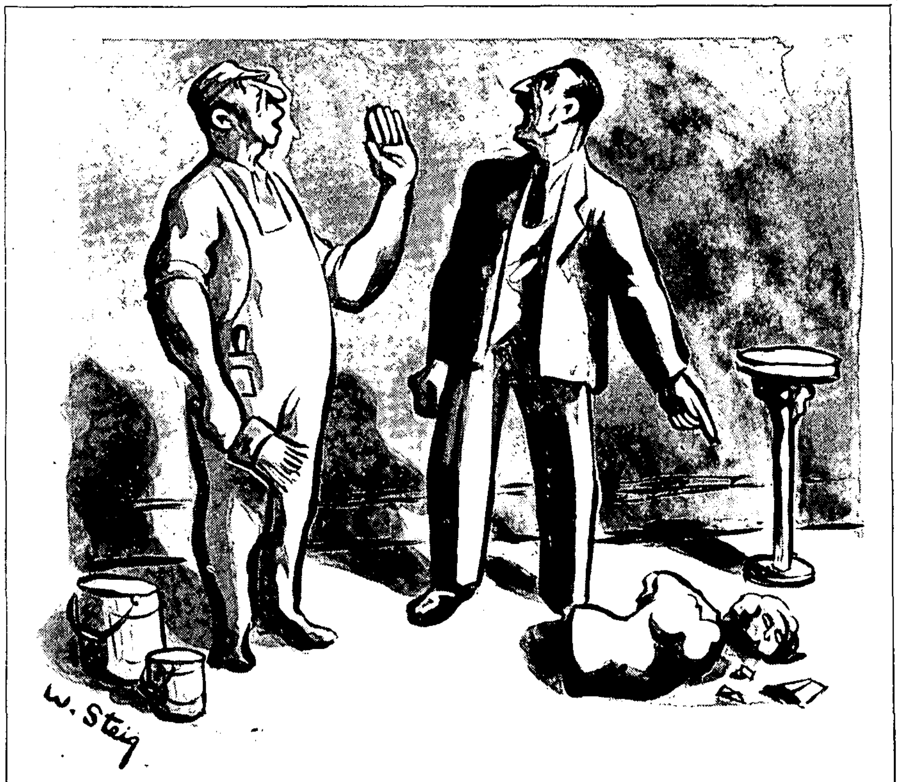
It may be only the spreaders of folklore who cling to this tale that brave Jean forced himself upon Claiborne and held his pistol to the governor's head. Sober historians contend that Lafitte did no such thing, that he merely wrote a letter through his friend Mr. Blanque, a member of the state legislature, and by that means transmitted the documents. It is a matter of fact, however, that Governor Claiborne at once convoked a military council and submitted to them two questions: First, "Are the documents genuine?" Second, "Shall the governor deal with Lafitte and his Baratarians?" Both of these questions were answered "No" by every member of the council except Major General Villère, who believed the papers authentic and that Baratarian aid should be accepted. It is singular that Claiborne agreed with Villère, in spite of all the trouble that Lafitte had given him.

New Orleans was then a rich city, its warehouses bursting with fifteen million dollars' worth of cotton and sugar, but utterly defenseless. So it seems incredible that a commandant should refuse the help of any man who was able to pull a trigger, or of any man who had a trigger to pull.

Nevertheless all that Lafitte accomplished was to start a raw-head-and-bloody-bones canard to the effect that Great Britain was bartering away New Orleans to be sacked and ravished by the pirates.

On the other hand, Governor Claiborne dispatched a lean-faced rider spurring out of the city with orders not to sleep until he had given Lafitte's papers to General Jackson, who was then at Pensacola. Those documents proved

(Continued on page 56)



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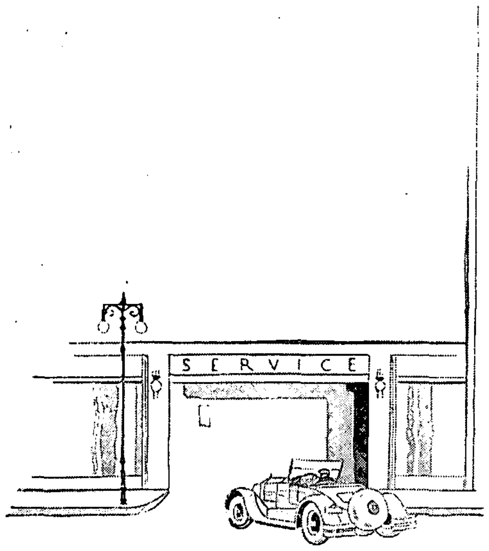

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Pirate or Patriot?

Continued from page 54

to be true as Holy Writ, and upon their priceless intelligence Old Hickory based his defense.

Nevertheless, with the papers before him—it may have been for purposes of propaganda—Jackson issued an indignant proclamation from Pensacola, flaying the perfidious British for dealing with "the Baratarian pirates," the "hellish banditti."

At the very crisis when Lafitte was seeking an opportunity to defend Louisiana, the authorities were secretly assembling a party of raiders who fell upon his rendezvous and destroyed it. Most of the Baratarians' ships were captured, their warehouses looted and privateers scattered to the winds of heaven. More than a century has elapsed, yet the scandal still persists that the motive for that foray was precisely the same motive that inspired the pirates—a lust for loot, and that the raiders returned to New Orleans loaded with rich spoils.

Jean Meets Old Hickory

Lafitte's power was broken. His fugitive adherents went slinking along the bayous. Dozens of them were captured, shackled and immured in the grim old prison. Today the visitor may enter a cell and view the leg irons that bound Pierre Lafitte.

Jean escaped and found refuge among his friends.

For nearly three years of disastrous war in the north, nothing had occurred to mar the Creole peace, but now, like a mighty whirlwind, events were moving toward New Orleans. The scarlet uniform of old England, the kilted Scot and combative Irish were already on the seas, borne westward by a powerful armada—fifty ships of the line.

Old England was sending forth her best, and surely not for the purpose of taking a small town in remote Louisiana. To indicate their bigger intention they brought a complete civil administration, governor, clerks, tax collectors and printing presses, everything ready to function in the new British province.

Opposed to Pakenham's imposing array stood the one solitary man, Andrew Jackson. On the melancholy dripping morn of December 2d, his jaded horse came floundering through mud beside the Bayou St. John, bearing its emaciated rider. Jackson had traveled overland from Pensacola. His left arm hung helpless, shattered by Benton's bullet.

He found a population in chaos. Kentuckians and Creoles at dagger's point. Native Louisianians refused to join Claiborne's militia, and the handful of regular troops lacked everything that an army required. Our Federal government seemed to have abandoned Louisiana, for even the arms and ammunition that Jackson relied upon from Washington did not reach him until weeks after the battle.

There was once a Sergeant What's-his-name in Egypt who had "a charm for making soldiers out of mud." Jackson found plenty of mud, and human material that seemed rather less cohesive. Out of nothing he must create an army. And he did. First of all Old Hickory gave to Louisiana exactly what Jeanne d'Arc gave to France, a spirit of enthusiasm.

While Jackson at No. 106 Royal Street welded his wrangling factions into a harmonious force, Jean Lafitte sat gnawing his nails in a cabin on the German coast. Then suddenly one day he appeared at headquarters, man to man, face to face with Old Hickory.

This probably happened about December 20th or 21st, and historians give a dry-as-dust account of it. The Creole interpretation is more vivid:

"Zat Tomahawk general he sit on headquarter chair one much sick feller. Big pain make feel bad. Swear terreeble. Up he glance an' zere stand our brave Jean and say: 'I am Lafitte.'

"'Lafitte,' ze General growl more as bear, 'an' you show face to *me?*'

"'I stan' befo' you, sir,' say Jean.

"'Damn' pirate,' say Jackson.

"'I am—what I am, sir,' Jean's both eyes flash back at Jackson. *Mon Dieu*, how zem two men glare until zat small room in Rue Royale is crackle wiz scorch.

"'Ago t'ree mont',' say Jean, 'I speak Governair Claiborne zat my men want make fight for Louisiana. He say wait for you zen he recommen' me.'

"'Claiborne recommen' *you?* To me?' By zat moment Jean also grow anger and say, 'Now wait! *You* listen!' and ze officaire what stand around Jackson no draw zeir breath.

"'General Jackson, *you* listen,' says Jean. 'I got five hundred men. Now zey scatter. Pouf! Some in jail, some in swamp. I blow w'istle of my finger, an' zey togezzer come once more again. General, you got small cannon, but no man who know how shoot him. *My* cannoneer zey bes' on dis eart'. It be one fool trick for you to hold such man in jail an' make zem hide in swamp water when at same time you need cannoneers to fight ze British.'

"'Fool!' Jackson give one large snort an' leap up, zen he set down an' say, 'Maybe, maybe.'

"'Yes, General, you call us pirates. But we can fight.'

"'Fight?' say Jackson. Zen he look at our Jean. *Mon Dieu*, how straight zat general make look at Jean. Zen once more he rise up an' hold out hand.

"'Lafitte,' he say, 'I like ze way of your talk. I make you one captain in my army.'"

This statement may not be strictly accurate. It flows from the heart of a people rather than from its books. However, Jackson did accept the services of Jean's Baratarians, released them from jail, and stationed the afterward famous Dominique You at Fort St. John.

Turning the Tide

One man had wrought a miracle. By the example of one dauntless soul all factions vanished. The Creole Battalion d'Orleans, fiery and full of ardor, were drilling like veterans side by side with the 7th and 44th Regulars. The free men of color organized a company; white and black, French and Kaintuck, everybody prepared to fight for Louisiana.

The first reënforcements to arrive were the Mississippi Dragoons, backwoodsmen on horses with rifles sighted to split a hair, and people cheered them madly through the streets. General Coffee's barges landed at the river front packed with Tennesseeans. General Coffee came, a gigantic figure that set the Creoles shouting in a frenzy of hysteria. Jackson was building an army.

The battle of New Orleans was no brief affray, settled in an hour. A continuous struggle lasted for more than two weeks. On December 23d, the Redcoats unexpectedly took possession of Chalmette, seven miles below the city. That night Jackson stormed their camp, to the amazement of every civilized soldier. Such unparalleled audacity led the British to credit him with thirty thousand troops—ten times his actual force; so their General Keane halted, when he might have marched into the city practically unopposed.

For two weeks the conflict raged, the Americans throwing small ridges of dirt along the edge of a shallow ditch, while the enemy, with incredible exertions, brought huge guns from their fleet—the same cannon that had thundered out a victory at Aboukir and Trafalgar, in some instances served by the identical gunners. Nevertheless, an incredible thing occurred: Jackson's lighter metal out-shot, out-fought and annihilated the British batteries; and the deadliest men behind the American guns were Lafitte's Baratarians.

On the morning of December 28th, scarlet columns were hurled against our thin dirt line, and General Keane for the first time observed the muzzles of American cannons that covered his front. From another point of observation, Jackson also watched those guns with tense anxiety, because he knew what Keane did not know, that they were inefficiently manned. The scarlet wall moved nearer, steadily nearer, and Old Hickory wondered whether his raw cannoneers could stop them. Then he saw something else. Down the road a band of men came running, red-shirted, whiskered desperadoes, ugly as sin, but very beautiful in Jackson's sight. The Baratarians! Dominique You with his "hellish banditti" had run all the way from Fort St. John, arriving just in time to turn their belching muzzles against the attackers and hurl them back.

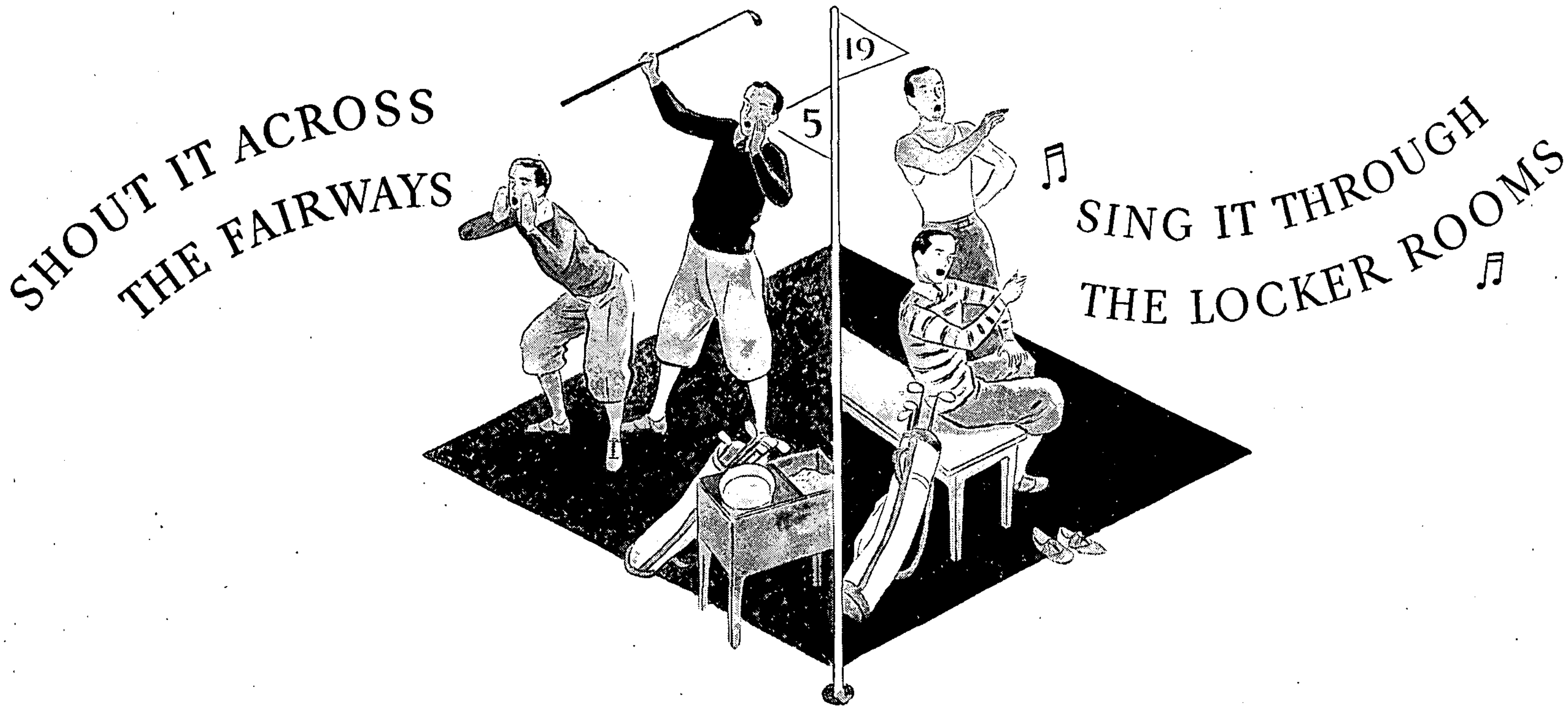
What Might Have Happened

The world had never stood aghast at a more splendid display of valor than that of the British troops at Chalmette. Magnificent but futile, for they suffered one of the most surprising and complete defeats in military annals. Even Jackson did not then conceive the full significance of his triumph.

Here was the political situation! King George's government had never recognized the cession of Louisiana from Spain to France, nor its transfer by Napoleon to the United States. Both these acts were regarded as void. Therefore, if at the close of the war Great Britain held actual possession of New Orleans and the river, those vast outlying territories would be joined to Canada—and become King George's newly conquered Dominion of Louisiana.

Jean Lafitte might well have put the Redcoats in possession. His light-draft boats could have transported Pakenham's troops up the Bayou Lafourche to Donaldsonville, a point on the Mississippi River one hundred miles above New Orleans, which would effectually have prevented Kentuckians, Tennesseeans and Mississippians from reaching that city. Carroll could not have come to help his old comrade, General Jackson; nor Coffee, nor Adair. With no unerring gunners behind his breastworks at Chalmette, New Orleans must inevitably have fallen. But Providence had decreed that our republic should extend to the Pacific Ocean, instead of being halted at the Mississippi River, and the partial instrument of that decree was Jean Lafitte, pirate, corsair, privateer or patriot—whatever you may call him—of Barataria.

Another article about the Port of Queer Cargoes will appear in an early issue.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To them, he threw this startling challenge: "Gentlemen, I believe we can make the Kro-Flite in this new size without sacrificing one yard of distance!"

Such ambition was admirable. But if there was, at that meeting, any optimism as to its realization, it was not discernible to the naked eye. Retain old-ball distance in the new size and weight? Incredible! It was against the laws of physics—against every law governing golf ball manufacture.

But the speaker wasn't through. He had some theories about Kro-Flite's patented vulcanized cover. This cover was one of the greatest improvements in golf ball manufacture since the old gutta-percha was relegated to museum status. This cover made Kro-Flite the toughest golf ball the game has ever seen. But, in addition, it made a noble contribution to distance—it was one of the secrets of Kro-Flite's length.

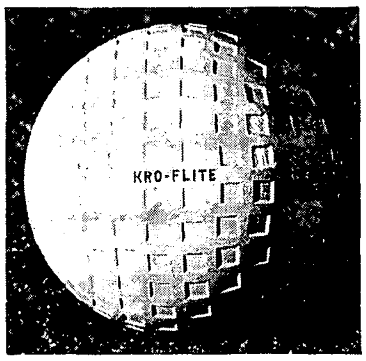
The speaker continued: "Now I've been working the whole thing out on paper and in the laboratory and I'm convinced that that special cover of ours will permit refinements in manufacture that will offset the distance lost by increased size and decreased weight. Yes, unless my knowledge of physics and ballistics is playing tricks on me, we can hope for a new-size Kro-Flite that's every bit as long as the old."

With that hope to spur them, the Spalding experts started their work—backed by the greatest golf laboratory in the world, and by the experience accumulated in the 34 years since Spalding made the first golf ball ever made in America. As is the history of most great achievements, the first efforts met with failure.

But the day came when the Driving Machine gave the first hint that success was near. This mighty but impartial driver showed that the latest batch of new-size Kro-Flites sailed and landed every bit as far as the old!

KRO-FLITE

made by Spalding



EACH 75 CENTS

Naturally, the Spalding experts were elated. But they held their enthusiasm in check. Those few dozen were great. But what would happen when the new-size balls were being made by thousands? Was this first triumph just a happy accident, or did it foretell the success of an almost unbelievable achievement in golf ball construction?

So over a period of several weeks—on the Driving Machines at Chicopee, Mass., and Pinehurst, N. C.—in varying weather conditions—they tested hundreds of Kro-Flites.

Every time—in every test—these amazing balls sailed out there further than any of the experts had hoped this ball in the new size *could* go. Except in the teeth of a gale the ball sailed out, out as far as the old Kro-Flite. And riding with the wind, it was even longer than the old!

All doubts were gone. Spalding had succeeded in making a new-size golf ball that sacrificed not one yard of distance! And in this achievement, Spalding stands absolutely alone.

The nearest approach to it is found in the Spalding ball which the Driving Machine shows to be slightly short of 1930 distance. But it is longer than any other ball made in the new size. It is still the longest ball in the world. Your Professional will supply you. So will any Spalding Dealer or Spalding Store.

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Why don't you write?

Perkins takes the Case

Continued from page 28

bringing his notes up to date and he remembered that he had not had any supper. He decided to go out for a bite. He put on his coat and hat, for it was a raw evening, and went down.

At the foot of the last flight, Perkins saw something that attracted his attention. It was a man lying on the floor. Perkins descended rapidly, but he stood some little distance from the man to make his preliminary examination. The only thought that entered his head was that Jack Evans, the artist who lived on the parlor floor, had fainted at the door of his apartment. The hall light was high and dim. Presently, however, Perkins' opinion was altered.

The man lay face down and he was very still. In the middle of his back, between his shoulder blades, was a rent. From the rent flowed slowly a red, thick liquid. Perkins knew that the liquid was blood, that the man had been stabbed, and that the knife had not been left in the wound. Someone had killed Jack Evans.

Perkins approached the body. He perceived that it was not Jack Evans, but a person whom he had seen occasionally entering the house. Another young man. Perkins touched the cheek. It was cold.

With minute care he inspected the hall. There was an umbrella in the rack. There were numerous tracks on the linoleum. Near the body was a thumb tack. Perkins picked it up, wrapped it in a silk handkerchief and put it in his pocket.

Again, he stood gravely over the body. He realized that the authorities must be notified at once. They would come in and make a hopeless muddle of the case, destroying all the clues that might be *in situ* at the moment. Perkins made a second careful search of the hall, crouching and at last creeping on hands and knees inch by inch over the place. He found a button, the corner of a newspaper, three cigarette butts and a red wool thread. These he added to the tack in the silk handkerchief, being careful to finger none. He was calm and careful.

He had never before seen a dead body.

When he was satisfied, he went to the coin-box telephone in the hall and asked for police headquarters. He was given someone who said, "What d'ya want?" in a very loud voice.

"This is Willis Perkins speaking," he answered. "I am talking from the telephone in the hall of No. 29 Olive Street. I have just found the body of a man who was stabbed in the back in this hall."

The voice said, "I'll send somebody around."

PERKINS sat down on a step and waited for the police. They came in a very short time. Two men in uniform. They looked at him and they looked at the corpse. One of the policemen rolled it over and stared at the dead face, saying to the other, "Ever seen this guy?"

"No. And you better not touch that body."

The man who had turned it over then put it back. He used his toe for the operation. It took a position somewhat different from the one in which it had lain: Perkins noted that.

One of the policemen said, "Stabbed," and the other answered, "In the back."

Then they walked to the telephone together and one of them called a number, reciting after a due interval, "Guy here all right, Chief. Stabbed in the back. Yeah. We will."

The first policeman approached Perkins. "What do you know about this?"

Perkins answered, "Very little. I came down the stairs to get a late supper and I found him there. He has been in this house before, because I've seen him."

"What's his name?" one of the policemen asked.

"Ashley," Perkins replied.

"You know him, eh?"

"No. His collar is loose. You'll find his name on a band stitched inside the collar. J. B. Ashley."

After that they waited until a second bevy of policemen arrived. They questioned Perkins. Their combined opinion was expressed by one of them:

"You better come down to the station."

AT THAT moment Jack Evans came through the door. He was surprised to see the policemen. But his astonishment on seeing the corpse was unbounded.

He said, "Good God! Ashley. Somebody's stabbed him!" And he knelt beside the figure. His face had paled a little and the amazement on it was replaced by a mixture of dismay and grief.

The police watched his reception of the spectacle silently. Perkins watched it narrowly. Jack Evans was pulled to his feet.

"You the bird that lives on this floor?"

"Why—yes."

"Know this guy?"

"Yes. I do. I know him well."

"Who is he?"

Jack Evans hesitated. "His name is Jerry Ashley. He lives on Ninety-sixth Street. I met him in art school—years ago. We got to be friends. He doesn't make much money. His family lives in the West somewhere. I gave him a key to my apartment so he could get in when I wasn't here. You see—it saved his coming all the way down and not getting in at all. He didn't have a telephone. And he couldn't spend a nickel on one unless he had to. He was as poor as that."

"Who killed him?"

Jack faced the policeman. "I haven't an idea in the world."

"We'll talk about it at the station."

It was four o'clock in the morning when Willis Perkins and Jack Evans went out on the street together. After hours of questioning they had been released and advised not to leave town.

They had a cup of coffee; then went together to No. 29 Olive Street. In the hall both stopped and stared at the spot where the body had been. Jack said, "Poor Jerry!" Then he turned to his companion. "I don't feel much like sleep. Would you care to come in?"

"Why—yes. Thanks."

The room was gaudy—made so by a disarray of paintings in every stage of evolution. Perkins refused the cigarette offered to him and after a pause said, "I don't suppose you know anything more about this than you told to the police?"

"Not a bit. Why?"

"Why, because—" Perkins stared at the ceiling—"I'm by way of being a detective myself."

"What!"

"Exactly. You didn't suspect it?" He smiled. "My personality is in itself a sort of disguise. I think—that with a little concentration—we can discover who killed your friend."

Jack looked at the man with perplexity. "I had the idea that you worked in a bank—or something like that."

"So I did. Until recently. Crime detection has been my avocation. At the moment I'm engaged in a little piece of work that has to do with a gang of housebreakers."

Jack swore decently and earnestly. "I wouldn't have thought it in a thousand years. Then why didn't you call off those babies tonight? They were pretty unpleasant—"

"Because," Perkins answered, "they don't know who I am—and it is necessary that they never know."

Jack shook his head incredulously. "Then you're going to do something about Ashley?"

"Possibly," Perkins said. Out of the police station his valor and self-confidence had reasserted themselves. "Possibly."

Perkins left his perturbed host some while after dawn and went to his room. He examined the thumb tack and the button, the corner of the newspaper and the wool thread, as well as the cigarette stubs. He gave them his attention through a strong magnifying glass. He dusted them for finger prints. He photographed the results. He wrote many pages of notes and after that he retired.

He had no way of discovering that the button had been where he found it for two years and seven months, that the cigarettes were the one-time property of a gas man, a bill collector and Evans, that the bit of newspaper had fallen from Miss Grady's trash basket and that the red wool came from the lining of a dog collar. The thumb tack, had he known it, was an item from his own apartment, arrived there via the stair well. The majority of those histories was unascertainable by any amount of inductive research.

PERKINS was unaware of that, and partly because of his innocence, he was a relatively happy man.

He was awakened by a knock on his door. He opened his eyes, remembered things in what he hoped was a flash, felt under his pillow to be sure that the revolver was in its place and then he crossed the room, donning slippers and bathrobe en route. Outside stood Jack Evans.

"Come in," he said.

Jack crossed his threshold for the first time, noted the library without perceiving its uniform tenor, smiled and said, "I thought maybe you'd like to have supper with my fiancée and myself."

Perkins accepted the invitation delightedly.

Inasmuch as it was two o'clock, not a great deal of the day remained. A time was arranged, and Evans left Perkins to his dreams and his activities.

When he made a sally of investigation to the lower floors and discovered a policeman standing like a wax statue in the hall, his discomfiture increased. He had the misfortune to meet the janitor, for the first time since the tragedy, within earshot of the minion of the law, and any opportunity to probe him for original material was smothered in lugubrious and self-conscious commonplaces.

At six-thirty he knocked on Evans' door and was admitted. They left soon afterward and called for the young lady. Besides being tall and blond, she proved to be charming and more intelligent than any young woman Perkins had ever known in banking spheres. She gave them a cocktail (which Perkins drank, remembering that Holmes indulged himself in a vastly more lamentable vice) but she demurred at

(*Continued on page 60*)

"Rev-Counter"

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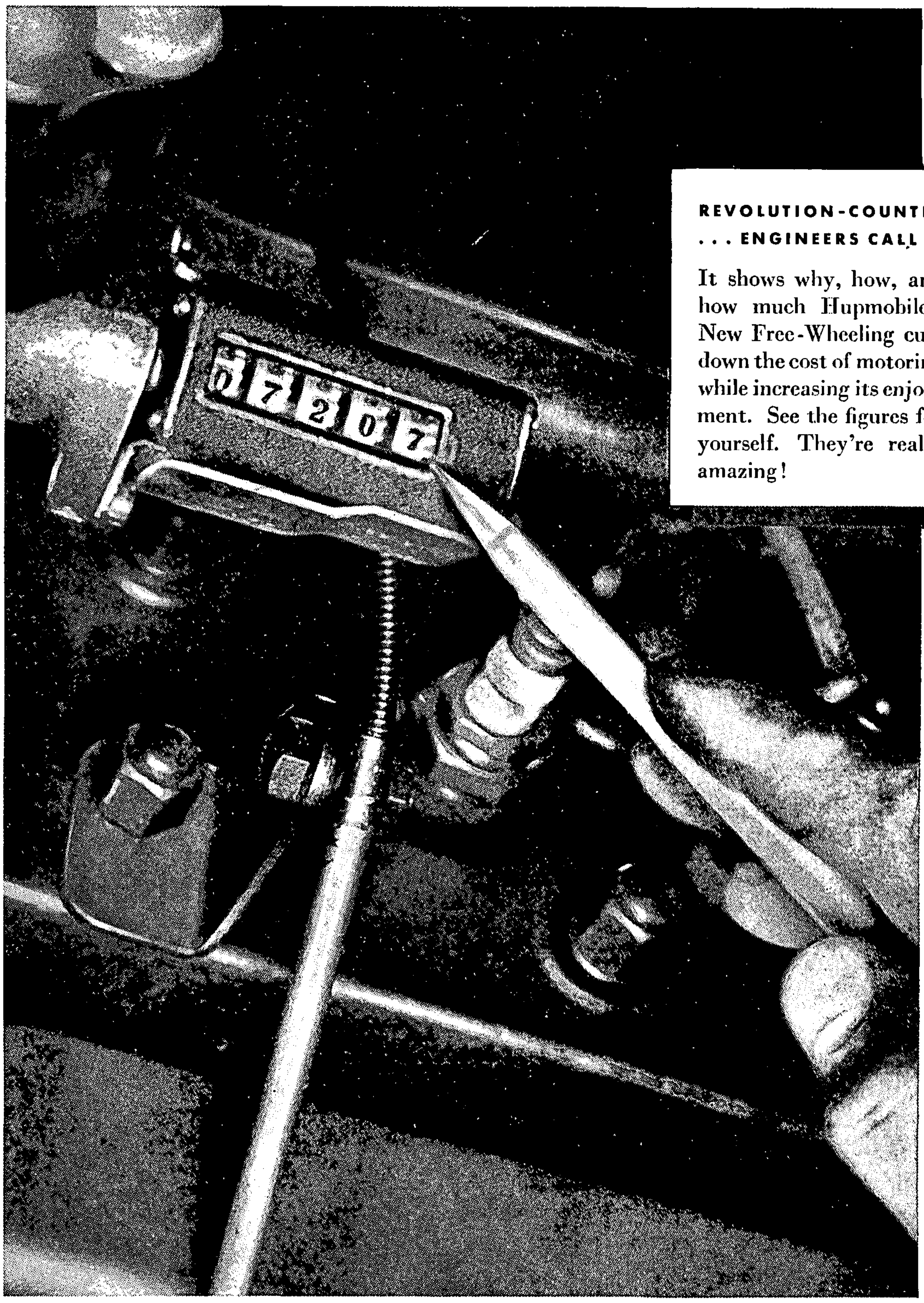

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Perkins takes the Case

Continued from page 58

Jack's suggestion that they dine at Tony's.

"That dreadful Nicco person is there," she said.

Jack insisted with various phrases. It was nonsense to be annoyed by the attentions of an Italian speakeasy hireling. He was downcast and needed a drink. Eventually they went to Tony's. Tony's was in a cellar. It was crammed with tables so close together that the chairs around them were touching back to back. It was heavy with smoke. Waiters slid through it like eels, carrying food and wine and steins of beer.

THE place interested Perkins—a rendezvous in Bohemia not unlike the nefarious dens of the Rue Pigalle in Paris. They were met at the door by a young Italian who was oblivious of the men and very polite to Caroline. He found a table for them, and afterward he bent over it talking to the girl until Jack asked three times for a menu.

"I told you," Caroline said, "that Nicco would make a nuisance of himself."

"He is the owner?" Perkins asked.

"No. He works here. He ran into me on Seventh Avenue one day when I was having difficulty with wind and rain and an umbrella. That evening some one brought me here for the first time. Nicco considered it was an act of Providence, and he's presumed on it so far as to have even called on me. I was always out. But you understand the difficulties that can ensue from a thing like that, Mr. Perkins."

Perkins was the man of the world: "Quite," he said.

The meal was served. Wine was brought. Some time after they had finished their dinner and while the wine was still being poured, Perkins noted with a dim astonishment that he was holding the entire attention of the other two. He was telling them about a certain bizarre matter which took place in the Berlin underworld in 1911 and by mischance he had made himself the central figure.

"I managed," he finished, "to hold onto the gun in spite of the kick. It was all that saved me. The little effort of pulling the trigger resulted in a faint. But I'd winged him, luckily."

"Did you kill him?" Caroline asked breathlessly.

"Why—" a deprecatory gesture—"no. Not quite. The hangman did."

In the pause that followed, Jack yawned. "You know, I didn't sleep all last night, and I think that the best thing we all could do would be to go home and rest."

Caroline was disappointed. "Why—Jack—"

Perkins bowed. "Probably you're right—"

"Hate to be a wet blanket—"

"Not at all—"

So ended the first adventure of Willis Perkins in the gay world. So ended his first experience with alcohol. Caroline was bestowed upon her mother. Jack waved from his door.

"Glad you came with us. Fine stories you tell. Must get you to disgorge some of the ones that you probably let go when there are no ladies around. Sorry I'm so weary. See you tomorrow."

The following morning, Perkins hurried to the address of J. B. Ashley. From a distance he perceived that a policeman was standing in front of the building talking to someone, so he marched past the house without giving it another glance. He was disappointed. He had not thought that there would be a guard at the house. It would be necessary for him to make a note of the thoroughgoing methods of the New York police—in routine work.

He returned to his own abode and once more went over the clues he had gathered at the scene of the murder.

As darkness fell he murmured to himself, "I should have come into the field of major crime less abruptly. I lack practical experience." He realized unhappily that he had made no progress with the murder.

It was harder for him to go to sleep that night. His eyes did not close until the three single strokes that mark twelve-thirty, one, and one-thirty had been carried over the sleepy streets of Chelsea from the clock on the Vanderholt Building.

Suddenly Perkins sat bolt upright. Someone was knocking softly on his door.

"Who is it?" he whispered.

"Me! Caroline! Open the door!"

Perkins was on his feet. The light was lit. The door was open. The girl came in. Again his blood ran fast. The girl was white and trembling. Summons in the night!

"What is it?" he said. He sounded too excited. "There, my child. Sit down. You are upset."

"I can't sit. Oh, Mr. Perkins, you've got to do something. They came to Jack's apartment late tonight with a search warrant and they found the knife that killed Jerry Ashley over his bedroom door."

Perkins was startled. "What!"

"His finger prints were on the knife. Jack's."

"Good Lord—!"

"You're a detective. You understand these things. They have him in jail. They allowed him to telephone me—just now. Jack said to tell you as soon as it was morning. But I couldn't wait. I couldn't stand it. Don't you see—he's charged with murder? And he's the only person in Chelsea who knew Jerry. *And the knife was in his room.*"

Perkins swallowed. His knees turned to water.

"Knife in his room?" he murmured.

"Yes. The knife. The body was in the morgue. They made sure. He told me all about it on the phone. He said to tell you. He said—" she choked—"he said not to worry and that everything would be all right and that this was just some grisly trick played on him."

"YOU mean," Perkins struggled to speak, "that the knife was *planted?*"

"Don't tell me that you think Jack put it there!"

"No—no—no—no." If only he had the courage to control himself. Planted. A knife planted. It was the one thing to which he might cling. The one fact in the avenue of his knowledge. Anyone else would have known instantly that it was a plant. But—perhaps Jack did—he shuddered. The human, the real, the emotional possibilities were stifling him.

The girl continued to talk. "You must do something right away. Can't you tell them who you are—and at least get Jack out of jail?"

Perkins considered meeting his Waterloo with confession. But if he confessed, it would mean relinquishing everything.

"My dear, don't be alarmed," he said unsteadily, "I will do everything I can. Go home and rest."

Then she was gone. Perkins paced the floor, forgetting to wear his slippers. He wiped his inconspicuous face with his small, nervous hands. He almost sobbed. He was not a detective. He was not Bradley, the man who moved in silence. Nor Gorgalta, the insuperable mentality. For one instant he had been a very kind man. That was all.

With a malicious persistence it gradually became daylight. The noises in the street were rejuvenated. Time would go on. Things would happen. Things that had now become inevitable and dreadful. Caroline brought the late morning papers to him. It was all there. "Death Artist," they called Jack. They explained how he was suspected of having murdered his friend, of hiding the knife and returning to pretend surprise at the murder, and then bringing the knife into his rooms, hiding it by the "purloined letter" system.

In the afternoon Caroline came again. "I saw him."

"Yes?"

"He's frightened."

"Tell him—not to be."

"Oh—Mr. Perkins—you must act. Act! This is unbearable."

"I—"

"Sometimes today I've doubted you. You just sit here in your room. And he's in jail. In jail. The papers are writing dreadful things about him. My picture came out this afternoon."

"I know—"

It was the beginning of a nightmare. Jack's parents appeared and visited his rooms at 29 Olive Street. They had come a long way. They were very grave and quiet—almost as if they suspected their son. The papers said that Jack's lawyers were so and so. The days fell off the calendar like autumn leaves. Perkins thought of giving his clues to the police. His precious clues. The State was sure of its case, he read. Jack would be imprisoned for life—or even electrocuted, if they could find a motive.

A TIME came when Caroline no longer called on Perkins. A time came when Perkins decided that it was useless to consider going to see Jack.

Then, one evening, Perkins knew that it was three days until the trial would begin. Three days. He decided to submit his clues as fresh evidence. Maybe someone, someone better than himself, someone who had had experience, could make something of them. He gathered them into his handkerchief. He understood the danger of admitting that he had withheld evidence. He appreciated the ridiculous position in which the admission would place him.

In agony he assembled his clues. Grimly he added his photographs. He would go the whole, miserable distance. There might be something in the photographs—something he could not see. He began his march to pitiful surrender—a surrender of twenty-eight years. The story was ended. He had been the hero, at first. Now—he was only the jester. He reached the front door. One last glance he cast back into the hall. The light that came through the frosted panels was as dim as the light that had burned above the body when he came upon it and thought that it was Jack lying unconscious in front of his apartment.

Perkins' hand was on the knob. It rested there. He repeated this last memory to himself. He had thought the body was Jack. Jack. Had someone else also thought that it was Jack? Had someone killed Ashley believing it was Jack? Had Jack any enemies? No one had considered that! And Perkins

(*Continued on page 62*)

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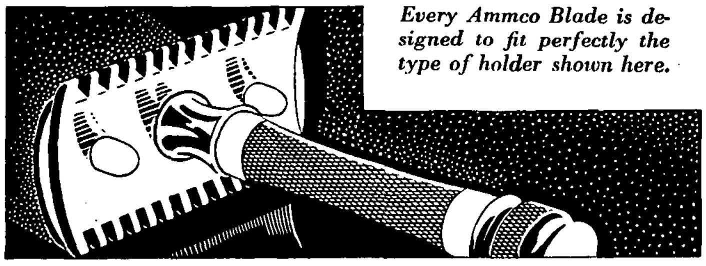

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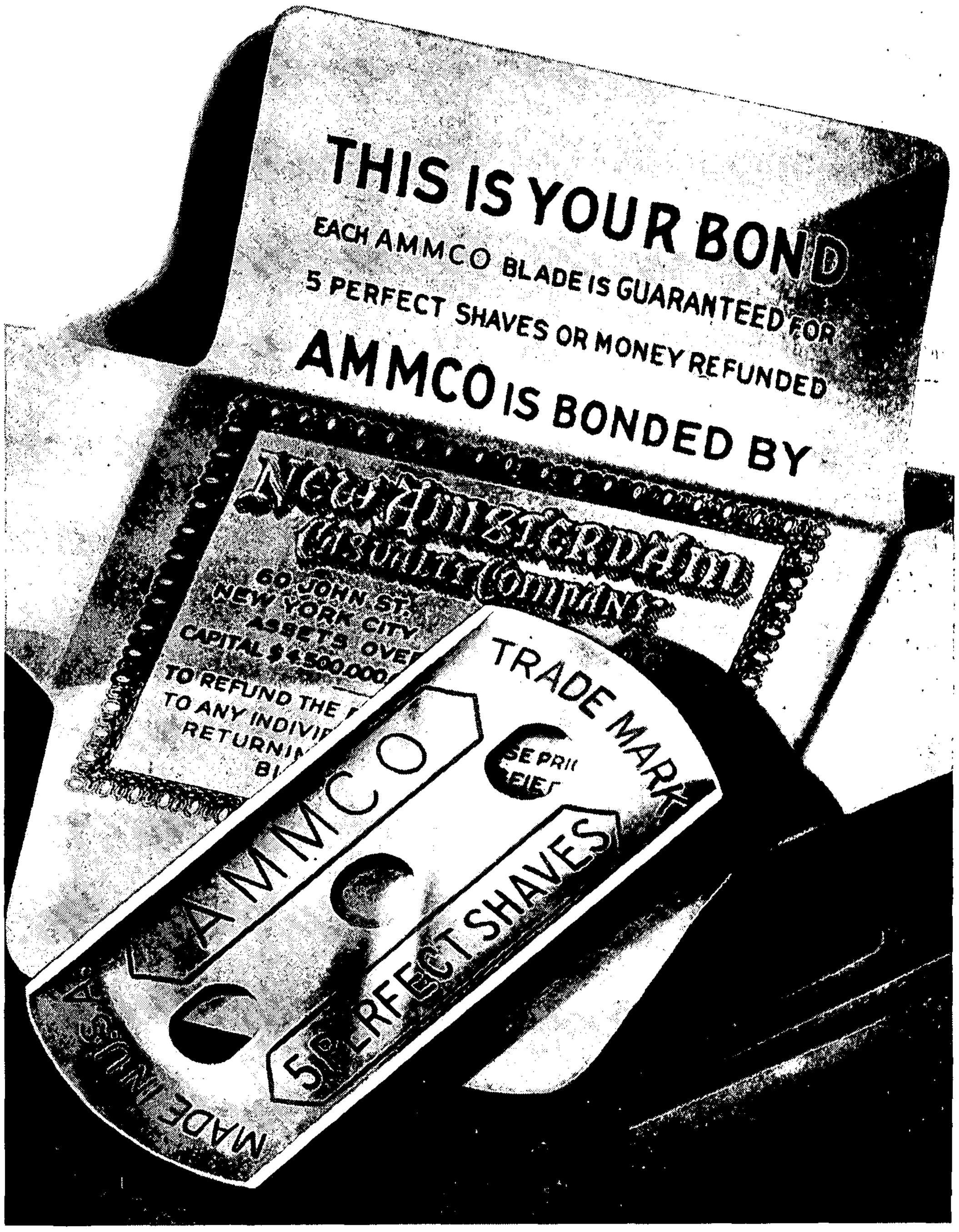
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BUT there you have the clue . . . so cancel your call for Mr. Holmes! Who wouldn't smile with the pure joy of living, even in this fighting year, after a night's rest in the Palmer House and a breakfast from Chef Amiet's kitchens! Who wouldn't sing in his bath in a hotel where the windows don't rattle in the breeze?

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No maid, bellboy or valet slammed a door, whistled or chattered in the hallway. The laundry was delivered early. The Servidor took it in and kept the service *out*.

The radiator did not knock at dawn. The hot water faucet ran hot and the cold faucet *cold*. The bathroom provided space for setting-up exercises. The clothes closet held a wardrobe trunk. The bed failed to squeak; the writing desk refused to wobble.

Can you imagine a man failing to smile under such conditions?

Put all these things, that a man likes, right in the center of Chicago's downtown business district—"next door to everything"—and then consider how important they are to you in your Big City battle of wits.

Can you afford to do without them, when they cost only $4, $5 and $6 a day?

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"NEXT DOOR TO EVERYTHING"

STATE STREET, MONROE STREET AND WABASH AVENUE

Perkins takes the Case

Continued from page 60

knew one potential enemy. Only one. Possibly that was fortunate.

Perkins' march ended there. He faced about. He ran up the stairs two at a time. Again the leather chair. Again the concentration. But no frantic effort of attention was necessary. His mind raced ahead without the spur of volition.

It was a new Perkins who descended the stairs—a self-assured Perkins who knew what he was doing. He went on an errand which required possibly a half-hour and then he approached the police station. He went directly to the desk.

"I'm Perkins," he said modestly. "I wish to speak with Captain O'Hara."

"He's busy."

"On the matter of the Ashley murder."

"Wait a minute."

CAPTAIN O'HARA—the man who had examined Perkins, the man whose name was most frequently connected with the Ashley murder, the man who had instituted the search which turned up the knife—was sitting at his desk.

He said, "Well?" He looked Perkins over from head to foot and frowned.

Perkins half closed his eyes. "Did it ever occur to you, Captain, how seldom Americans use knives as lethal weapons?"

"No."

Perkins pursed his lips and nodded. "A slight point, no doubt. But, in the present matter, a point of grave importance. I must confess that I myself overlooked it for a while."

"What do you want?"

"A minute of your time. I merely wish to assure you that Mr. Jack Evans is innocent of the murder of his friend and that the assassin is a different person entirely."

"Who is it?"

Perkins lifted his hand. "One thing at a time—"

"What the hell is this?"

"O'Hara, you can't afford to make a fool of yourself." There was that in Perkins' manner which assured the captain that he was either an eccentric or a maniac. He listened angrily. "I noticed, when I found the body, that it resembled Jack Evans. In fact, I had mistaken it for Jack. I believe it was brought out some time ago that the impecunious victim was actually wearing a hat and coat lent him by the defendant. Hence my error. Now, then, it was easy for a person coming from behind and nerved to do murder to mistake Ashley for Evans. Suppose that happened. Suppose someone had tried to kill Evans and accidentally killed Ashley instead.

"That person would be covered—because the police—I might say the police at least—would look for someone who would want to kill Ashley or might conceivably want to kill him. Evans' enemies would be ignored. You follow me?"

"Go ahead—" O'Hara said impatiently. "And cut it short."

"Now, assume that our murderer got the wrong man. Evans still lives. What prettier revenge for Evans' enemy than to fasten his mistaken killing on the artist?"

"Has Evans any enemies?" The question was red hot.

But Perkins remained cool. Cold, in fact. His voice was a monotone. "He has. He is engaged to a very fine girl, as you know. There is another young man—an Italian—in love with that girl. Hopelessly, desperately in love with her. An Italian, Captain. In that connotation recall my statement about knives and nationalities. I—"

"What's his name?"

"Just a moment—"

"Good God, man—"

Perkins' hand was lifted languidly. The police officer sat back in his chair, grunting.

"I have a few things to add, Captain. One: the murder was committed the night after the young couple became engaged—a betrothal made possible by his recent success in the art world. Two: on the night following the murder, the happy pair and I dined together. After the meal, Mr. Evans expressed an intense desire to sleep. We—or I—accompanied him home. Now, we were served in the restaurant by the aforementioned Italian. Assume that Mr. Evans' drink was drugged. Assume that the Italian made his way to 29 Olive Street, burglarized the parlor floor, found Evans stupefied, pressed the knife into his hand and then hid it over the door. Assume that he then tipped off the police to search the apartment—"

"There you're off. We had no tip. It was my idea."

"And an excellent, if obvious, idea. Especially excellent for our Italian. Very well. Assume all this. He has made a mistake about his victim. But it serves his end at the last because his enemy—his rival in love—is arrested for the deed. That, Captain, is all I have to say."

O'Hara was thoughtful. "That sounds like something—maybe. Some frame-up! But—the hell with it. We have our man. You can't prove it!"

Perkins was at the door. "Ah? There I have been fortunate. I took the liberty of asking one of your constables to assist me in a little matter. Together we visited Mr. Nicco Varci and accused him of the murder."

"You can't do that!"

"We have done it. Mr. Varci fainted and when he came to he tried to escape. There was a scuffle. Afterward he confessed. Your constable has taken him to a clinic for the stitching of a minor laceration. I expect he will call on you soon. In fact—"

THERE was a voice outside. O'Hara was on his feet. His face was gray. "They'll ride me. They'll kid me in the papers for this! They'll *get* me for it!"

Perkins understood this situation and he knew its etiquette.

"O'Hara, old man," he said, gently, "this is your case. I don't want my name in it. I'm busy with other things."

"You mean—"

"Exactly. And if you ever want me again—Willis Perkins, 29 Olive Street—at your service." He bowed. He was gone. He went into the sunshine delirious with joy—but outwardly the inscrutable man upon whom his ten thousand books had insisted.

It was some time later. Jack Evans was giving a little dinner for his fiancée, her mother and Mr. Willis Perkins.

"We can't ever attempt to thank you—Mr. Perkins." It was Caroline's hundredth repetition of the theme. "And for Mr. O'Hara to get the credit—you're a darling." To emphasize that she hugged Jack's arm.

Perkins blinked. But something strong and steely within him did not allow the tears to fall. He lit his pipe again. His hand had no tremor.

"It was nothing," he began. "Elementary. Did I ever tell you about a night on the Congo and a strand of rope? Now there was something—ah—abstruse. . . ."

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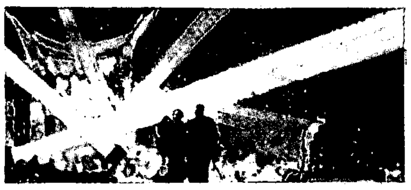

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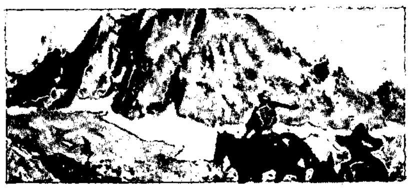

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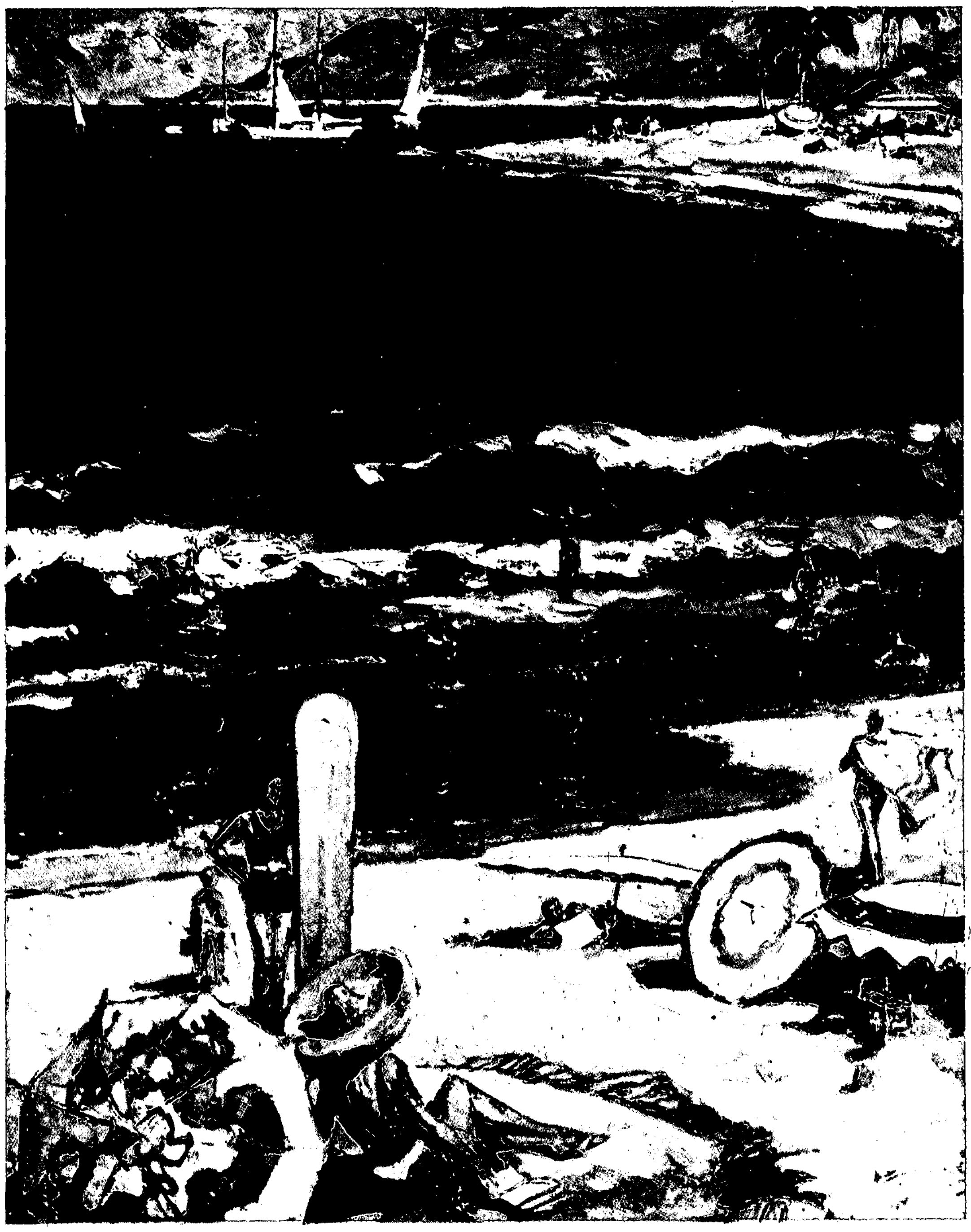

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The new Yukon is BIG, with five cubic feet of interior space and more than nine square feet of shelf room. It supplies forty-two *big* ice cubes at a single freezing.

The shelves are wide, deep, roomy, and properly spaced for easy placing of foods. The Temperature Selector and Defrosting Switch are placed at your finger tips; door opens at a light touch, yet latches securely with the same lack of effort. Five different freezing speeds are instantly available, including extra rapid freezing for ice cubes and desserts.

The handsome Yukon cabinet is of steel construction, finished in a beautiful white enamel. The interior is glistening white porcelain with all corners rounded for easy cleaning. The heavy door presents a striking contrast with an edging of black porcelain against the snowy white. An improved rubber tray makes it easy to remove ice cubes. The Yukon can be attached to any electric light socket and can be moved anywhere without difficulty.

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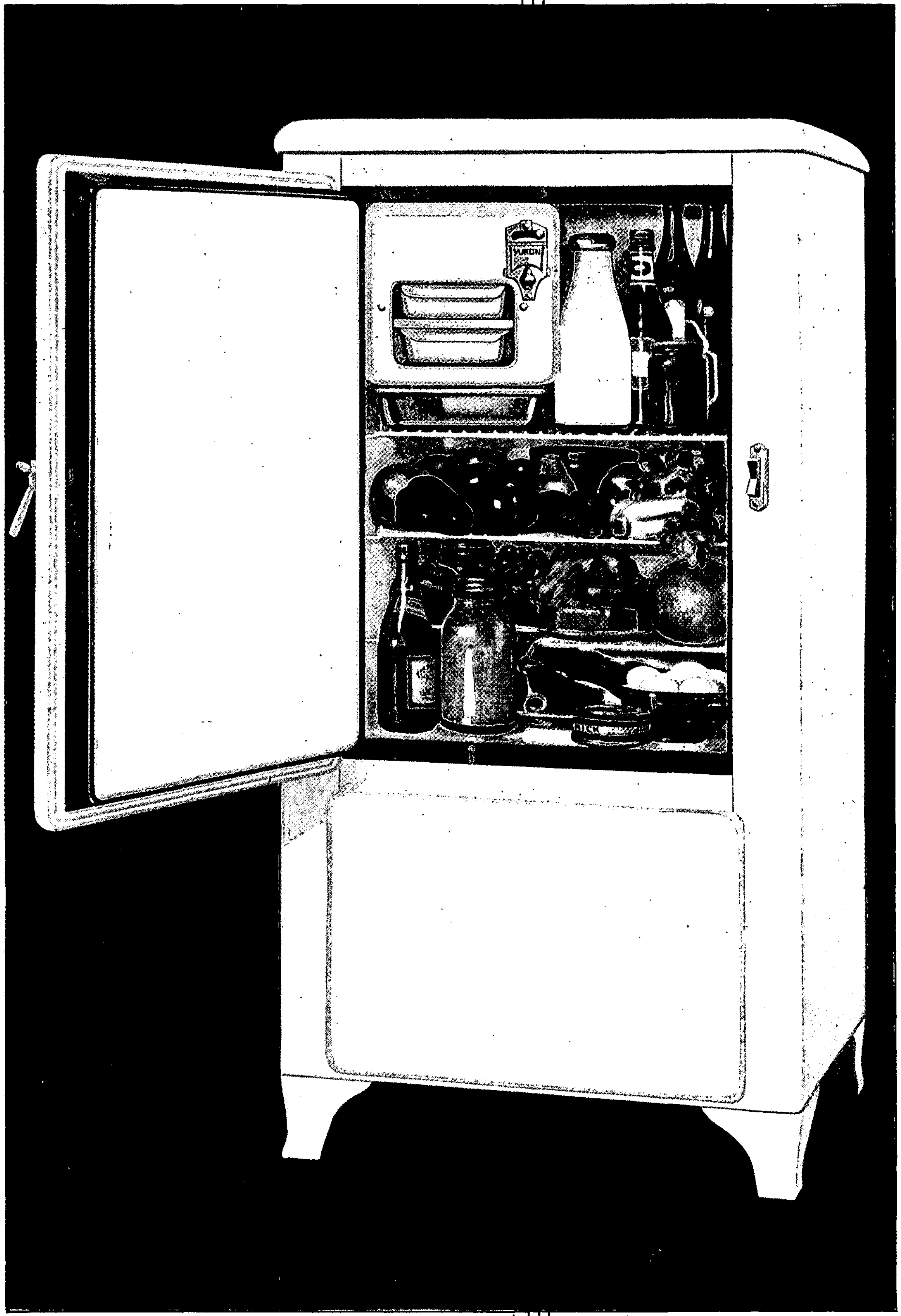
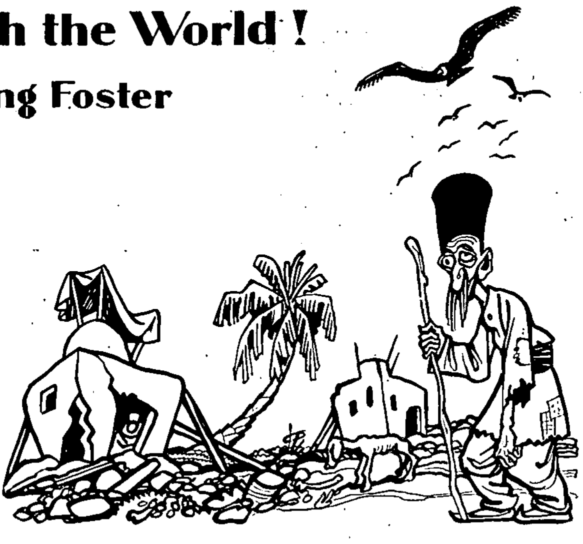


Kelvinator

Keep Up with the World!

By Freling Foster



The worst peace-time calamity in the history of the United States was caused by the drought of 1930, for in addition to Federal and State relief measures, the Red Cross is feeding today more than 1,000,000 victims, largely in farm families, living in 735 counties of 21 states.

The Mexican "Dragon," a breezy little lizard with a 5-inch body and 18-inch tail, takes great delight in running on its hind legs across a body of water—without sinking!

In his palace in Surakarta, Java, the Sultan of Solo maintains a household of 15,000 persons—wives, paramours, dancing girls, relatives, priests, doctors, soldiers, servants, etc.

Clothes betray guilt as well as other things, for recently an analysis of the dust from the trousers of suspected counterfeiters disclosed particles of certain metals and chemicals used in this irregular way of making money, and convicted them.

Less than 1% of the wills that are contested through litigation are broken.

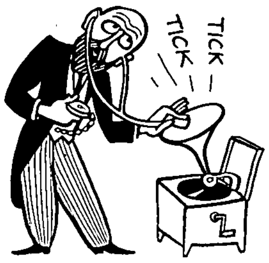
Since 1900, more than 600 American motor-car companies have placed automobiles on the market, but only 26 of them are in existence today and 17 make 99% of the sales, according to MoToR.

In Mexico and the majority of Latin-American countries today, canceled checks are held by the bank and not returned to either commercial or individual depositors.—*By D. F. Crosier, New York City.*

Alcohol is the only beverage or food which passes directly—and quickly—from the stomach into the blood stream.

Qurnah, in the Kingdom of Iraq, the little town on the Euphrates River that is conceded to be the site of the beautiful Garden of Eden and Paradise, is today about the dirtiest and most disease-ridden place on the face of the earth.

In the Vatican, Rome, the school for mosaic painting possesses 30,000 different shades for tinting the small pieces of glass, marble and enamel which are used as inlays in this ancient art.



Phonograph records, electrically produced with a stethoscope and microphone, now reproduce the sound of sick-heart beats, thus enabling physicians to listen to the characteristics of various cardiac disorders as they study the expert diagnosis that comes with the record.

Champagne is held in the lowest esteem, among the world's great wines, by the most famous wine connoisseurs of France and other countries.

About 75% of the superintendents who manage American hospitals are women.

The emerald, when large, clear and dark, is the most costly precious stone in the world today, despite the fact that a flawless one never has been found.

In the 30 years that the Nobel prizes have been distributed, awards have been given or divided among 155 participants, 87 or 56% of them representing four countries—Germany with 35, France 22, England 18 and America 12.

English policemen do not carry revolvers or firearms of any kind on regular duty.—*By Walter Stolbraw, St. Paul, Minn.*

In this high-speed production age, it still requires nearly a year to make the parts, assemble, regulate and complete the manufacturing of a good American watch.

For many years, 9 artificial "universal" languages have been striving for world recognition—Volapuk, Esperanto, Spelin, Mondolingue, Universala, Kosmos, Novilatin, Idiom Neutral and Ro—but not one of them has made any appreciable progress.—*By Mrs. C. M. Eyman, San Francisco, Cal.*

The world's largest junk shop is the Caledonian Market in London, where twice weekly, in a large open field, a countless collection of varied cast-off goods, from cracked egg-cups to broken perambulators, are bargained for by thousands of poor folks—and antique dealers.

Hyderabad, a native state of India where a holiday is declared whenever a royal child is born, nearly went into a complete nervous breakdown a few years ago when 300 of these happy events had to be celebrated within 12 months.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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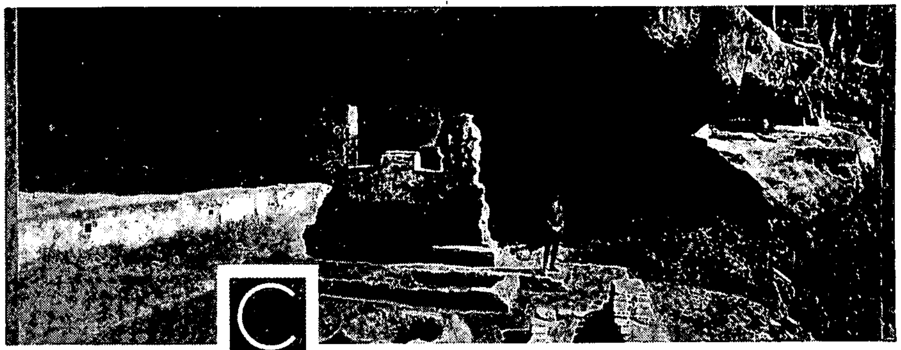

Here the Sacred Fire was kept constantly burning for Mesa Verde cliff dwellers

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Above: A San Juan landscape. Flower-strewn slopes like this line the countless valleys of the Colorado Rockies.

Below: The entrance to a cliff-dwelling "kiva," or ceremonial cave.

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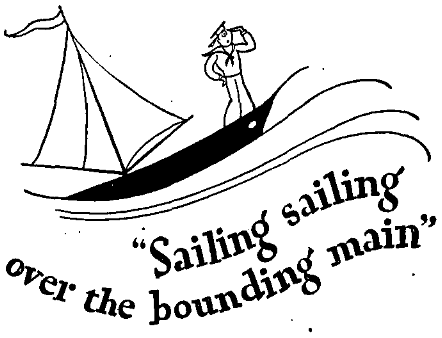
Posed by Will Mahoney ©A.S.R.C., 1931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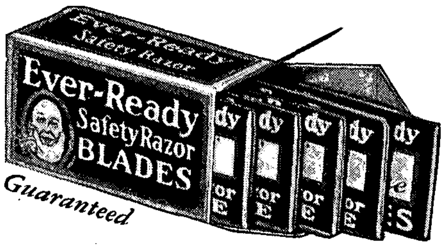

The Patsy

Continued from page 9

job of hobbling her front feet with rattan.

Then began the process of taming, which covered a period of two to three weeks, and which I shall not attempt to describe here. It's a story in itself, the details of which are not essential to the present narrative.

The job of taming over, the Singhalese entered upon the final stage of their task—the business of walking their captive home, a long and arduous proceeding.

Kandy is only a short journey from Colombo and I had made the trip there to see if I could pick up a good-natured, medium-sized elephant capable of being trained to carry children. I had an order for two such elephants.

One of these animals secured (it was in my compound at Katong, outside Singapore), I was now looking for the other. Kandy is the main clearing house for elephants in Ceylon.

Ticks and Trains

I learned from the first trader I visited that a young elephant that was very much like what I wanted had just been brought in from the jungle. For a fee he agreed to accompany me as interpreter to the open field where the animal was being held. Not long afterward I opened negotiations with the three Singhalese for The Patsy.

I gave her a thorough examination. She was a good strong animal and of the right size. Her feet were in good condition and her legs were straight and sturdy. Her only deficiency was that she was full of ticks. The creases in her trunk and behind the shoulders and ears and the wrinkles on the inner side of the upper legs were alive with these little pests.

An elephant that has as many ticks as The Patsy (luckless devil!) is bound to be fretful and fidgety. The pestiferous insects make her uncomfortable and as a result the job of transporting her becomes very difficult.

I told the three Singhalese that before I would consider buying their elephant (they were very anxious to sell) they would have to remove the ticks. The spokesman laughed and assured me that ticks on an elephant weren't anything to worry about. Most elephants had 'em. Surely the white gentleman must be having his first experience with elephants if he did not know that. I didn't trouble to tell him how many dozens of elephants I had handled. I concentrated on getting the interpreter to convey to him that no elephant with ticks had ever entered my compound and that I had no intention of setting a precedent.

Seeing that I meant business, the spokesman promised to have the ticks removed by the following day.

The next day I met the three Singhalese at the appointed hour. They were jabbering away excitedly when I arrived. The Patsy was snorting and stamping around as if in great discomfort, rubbing against a tree by way of scratching herself. I could see at a glance that her skin was badly inflamed in several places.

I soon learned that in de-ticking the animal the Singhalese had used too strong a solution of a powerful disinfectant used extensively in the East. They had employed a mixture strong enough to remove the hide along with the ticks.

The damage done was not serious, but the searing liquid had given The Patsy a severe burning and she was in considerable pain. That elephant simply had no luck.

I bought The Patsy for 2,000 rupees ($720), hoping a change of ownership would change her luck. Three or four days later the entire outer surface of her skin started peeling off, a process involving more pain and discomfort.

When the rolls of burned skin finally separated themselves from the under surface of the thick hide, they left the animal a little lighter in color. For about a week she was sore all over.

I got The Patsy back to Colombo without mishap. There I found that one of the Blue Funnel boats was due to leave for Calcutta the next day; so I engaged passage for myself, a Singhalese assistant and my live stock. But when the boat came in she had a heavy load of deck cargo and the captain refused to add my freight to it, mainly on account of the elephant, which would take too much room, he said.

This was a tough break all around—but mainly for The Patsy. After an overnight train and ferry crossing from Colombo to the India side, we would entrain at Talaimannar. The trip by rail from there to Calcutta involves three days of the hottest, most uncomfortable riding imaginable, during which time The Patsy would be tied up one hind leg and one front leg lashed to the sides of an all-metal freight car made sizzling hot during the day by the tropical sun. Had we been able to go by boat the elephant would have had far more comfortable quarters and easier riding. (Lucky indeed is the man or beast who can escape a trip on one of these perpetually jolting Indian trains, run by native engineers who seem to enjoy throwing on their brakes with all possible suddenness.) The Patsy was in for all manner of jouncing and jarring.

We finally entrained, and The Patsy got an even worse jolting than I had anticipated. Before we had traveled more than a few hours her knees were badly bruised and her sides were sore. It's no fun to be constantly thrown against the walls of a sheet-iron car.

It developed later as we headed into the monsoons that our troubles had hardly begun. These tremendous Indian rains regularly do a terrific amount of damage. As we plowed along through flooded areas I couldn't help wondering how long it would be before we should have to stop. Creeks, ponds and rivers along our route were overflowing and we were due to be marooned if the storm continued.

Walking the Plank

The bad news came when we were about five miles outside of the ancient city of Madura, our next important stop. A serious washout had made further travel impossible. The railway officials had already arrived on the scene. Arrangements were made to take passengers to Madura by boats. Nothing could be done about freight. I was told that it would be twelve days before the railway company could undertake to get the elephant and my crates and cages containing birds and small animals to Madura. That meant only one thing: I would have to get them to Madura myself. A twelve-day wait would have wrecked my schedule, which involved an early return to America with my present collection and the hundreds of other specimens of all kinds that I had in Calcutta and Singapore.

First I rounded up some of the native boatmen who swarmed around the train with their dugouts (stout native canoes, each dug out of the solid trunk of a tree) and sturdy rafts. I arranged with the more dependable-looking of the raftsmen to carry my bird and animal cages to the point nearest Madura that was reachable in these craft. Then I rounded up a gang of coolies and got them started building a gangplank. I had made up my mind to swim The Patsy across the flooded area—the only thing I could do unless I chose to be stranded with my live freight for almost two weeks—and the gangplank was to be used in walking the elephant out of the car (there being no station platform available).

The Patsy, having no doubt read or heard about the dangers of "walking the plank," became very balky for a normally good-natured and responsible young lady. The newness of her surroundings bewildered her and it was a tough job to get her to venture out on the wooden incline, but I finally accomplished my purpose.

At last we had the luckless animal on the ground beside the train. The next move was to drive her into the waters of the flooded area straight ahead. This I achieved after more than an hour of coaxing, prodding and what not, in the course of which I had some anxious moments, for The Patsy was plainly frightened and an elephant is never so full of dangerous possibilities as when in the clutches of fear.

A Matter of Course

I had hired six of the dugouts, with three boys in each boat, to move along beside the swimming elephant and keep her headed in the right direction. I rode in one of them and directed the operations. We had good luck at the start. For a hundred yards or so The Patsy kept to the course laid down for her. Then the much-harassed lady decided to swim downstream instead of straight across, which, on account of the current we were bucking, was much tougher going. Swimming strongly, she drew away from us but we finally caught up with her by paddling like fury. We swung her around in the right direction after she had covered a needless quarter of a mile and kept her to the course without further trouble until we touched land a little more than a mile across from the point where we started.

From here it was a three-mile trek to Madura. With coolies shouldering my cages and crates and with the Singhalese boy leading the elephant, we got under way. No stranger caravan ever traversed this dismal stretch to the Madura railroad station. Half the time we were ankle deep in mud and there were points where we had to slop through water over our knees with our precious cargo. More than once the boys faltered and I would spur them on, employing in my handling of this queer gang the accumulated knowledge of years of dealing with natives. It is as important for an animal collector to know how to handle the natives with whom he comes in contact as it is for him to understand the animals he gathers together.

We finally got to Madura and got my freight loaded on a train that had been assembled by the railway officials to take care of the passengers who were being brought from the stranded train. It was the same sort of nondescript local, made up of passenger and freight cars.

(Continued on page 68)

Isn't it time to look into office costs?

WHEN business is booming—sales increasing and profits mounting—not much attention is paid to ways of reducing office costs. Such periods foster unnecessary costs, which grow and expand unnoticed.

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CONTROLLED-KEY
Comptometer
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ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

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Let's have a GARDEN—
a Gator-Hide
garden . . .

A garden where you can pick your own tender, sink-your-teeth-into-it sweet corn . . . luscious, vine-ripened tomatoes . . . crisp, crinkly lettuce . . . green peas whose pods are bursting with sweetness . . . flowers with gorgeous blooms . . . fruits of delicate flavor—all in greater abundance, bigger, better, earlier than ever before.

You can have all this . . . in your own backyard . . . this season, if you'll bring up your garden under *Gator-Hide Mulch Paper.* Gator-Hide banishes the drudgery of weeding . . . holds moisture in the soil . . . stimulates plant growth . . . brings in fruits, flowers and vegetables days and weeks ahead of their place on the calendar.

A Gator-Hide garden is full of goodness . . . fun. When you plant through Gator-Hide you do the whole summer's job in one operation. You lay Gator-Hide . . . and it's easy to lay . . . punch holes through it . . . put in your seeds or transplant your seedlings . . . wash your hands and watch your garden grow . . . grow as it has never grown before.

That's a Gator-Hide Garden . . . the garden you can have . . . this year. Try the Garden Package of Gator-Hide for $1. It will make you an enthusiastic member of the Gator-Hide Garden Club . . . give you a taste of the joy of growing a garden without drudgery . . . the pleasure of bringing to your table your own home-grown fruits, flowers and vegetables, full of flavor, freshness and beauty. Send the coupon today. *Spring is here!*

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The Patsy

Continued from page 66

When my crates and cages were in place, The Patsy was installed in an iron car as before and lashed front and back. Again she was thoroughly uncomfortable as we started jolting our way to Calcutta. It was an unbearably hot trip and the elephant—now definitely the unluckiest animal I had ever handled—suffered frightfully from the heat. The best I could do for her was to have her Singhalese attendant douse her with cold water at every station. This helped, but it hardly afforded sufficient relief.

When after three days of the toughest kind of riding we pulled into Calcutta, I experienced as great a feeling of relief as I've ever known.

Boarding the Ark

At Calcutta I picked up Lal Behudar, my Number One Hindu boy. We combined my Ceylon collection with the Calcutta collection that Lal had been supervising and got them all to Singapore without mishap—which surprised me no little since that ill-starred lady, The Patsy, was among those present.

At Singapore I made arrangements by cable to meet the S. S. President Cleveland at Hong Kong. I was desirous of shipping on this boat because its skipper, that well-known navigator Captain George Yardley, was an old friend of mine. Another good friend on board was the mate, Bill Morris. These old associates would load my stock properly, find good locations for it on the ship and take good care of me in every way.

Then I arranged to go from Singapore to Hong Kong with my combined collection—an enormous one—on the Lake Falk, a cargo boat known as a "feeder." Its function was to pick up freight at various ports and take it to Hong Kong for shipment via transpacific liners and freighters to America. Lal accompanied me on the trip and did a characteristically good job of helping me look after my stock.

My principal problem now was the slowness of the Lake Falk. She was proceeding at only eight knots an hour, which meant that there was a chance of my missing the President Cleveland. This would have cost me considerable money and no end of inconvenience.

I got into wireless communication with the Cleveland, giving Captain Yardley the exact position of the Lake Falk and telling him the rate at which we were traveling. Yardley addressed his reply to the captain of the Falk, asking that gentleman to put on all possible speed. This the skipper of the "feeder," who was familiar with the situation, agreed to do.

Yardley, in a subsequent wireless, notified me that the latest his ship could be held at Hong Kong would be two o'clock of the afternoon of its scheduled departing time (three days hence). This amounted to holding the vessel a whole hour for me.

The Lake Falk pulled into the entrance to Hong Kong Bay at two-fifteen—or fifteen minutes after my dead-line. I was on the bridge with my binoculars to see if I could locate the President Cleveland at Knowldoon Dock. As we drew closer I spotted her. I could see her lines being taken in and I could hear her drawing-away whistle.

By this time Captain Yardley had seen us. He signaled to the captain of the Falk to pull alongside the Cleveland. As we drew up to the departing steamer she threw out lines both fore and aft which were lashed to the fore and aft quarters of the Lake Falk, making the boats fast together. Then the Cleveland with the Lake Falk attached to her started backing out into the stream.

The Lake Falk being a small coastwise freighter and the Cleveland a big ocean liner, there was a considerable discrepancy in size and when they were lashed together the deck of the "feeder" was about fifteen feet lower than the Cleveland's main cargo deck.

The minute the smaller boat was made fast, Mate Bill Morris of the Cleveland started shouting orders to his men. The winchmen let down the Cleveland's booms and lowered the hooks onto the Falk's deck for the first load. In the meantime I had been firing out orders myself with the result that we were ready with a cargo net full of snake boxes and bird cages which were quickly picked up and hoisted aboard the bigger vessel.

Up forward you heard alternately Bill Morris' deep voice and the shrilling of his whistle as he directed the loading of my live stock. Aft, the second mate was roaring instructions to the men loading my supplies—bales of hay, bags of rice, crates of sweet potatoes, cases of canned milk and quarters of beef (the latter to care for the appetites of my carnivorous animals).

Above the straining of the winches and the creaking of the blocks and tackle could be heard the tremendous rumble of the donkey engines that wound up the cable controlling the hoisting gear on the booms. On the bridge Captain Yardley stood shouting orders to the signal men in the bow. And all the while the Cleveland's ear-splitting whistle kept screaming a hoarse warning to the hundreds of Chinese sampans, dinghies and other small craft that clutter up Hong Kong harbor.

A Bad Slip

The work went on at a great rate, both boats drawing farther and farther away from the dock as it progressed. Soon we had everything loaded but my carnivora—leopards and tigers—and my two elephants. Lunging at the bars of their cages and roaring their displeasure, the great cats were lifted in air and deftly lowered to the deck of the Cleveland. Next a canvas sling was fastened around the belly of the first elephant—an Indian variety—and she was lifted, swung wide and deposited on the big ship's deck beside my other specimens. So many orders were being fired at the Chinaman who was working the forward winch that was loading the animals (the aft winch was handling my supplies) that he seemed a little rattled. I noticed that in handling the first elephant he kept her in mid-air longer than was necessary before shifting the boom over. The animal, frightened to find itself stock-still about eighteen feet in the air, started kicking around furiously.

I yelled to the faltering winchman to shift from the lifting gear to the gear that does the swinging. I heaved a sigh of relief when he did as instructed and lowered the elephant gently to the deck of the Cleveland.

It was The Patsy's turn next. Quickly we got a belly sling around her and a few seconds later the winchman was lifting her up. When he had reached the requisite height he seemed to forget what to do next. I shouted to him. So did Bill Morris. "Swing that elephant wide!" shrieked the mate. The winchman, perhaps suffering from the terrific strain of loading my vast collection of live stock, fumbled with his levers but accomplished nothing. Overhead The Patsy was kicking around wildly in her lashings and trumpeting like mad. Fully a minute had elapsed and the flustered Chinaman had not yet swung the boom over. I cupped my hands and roared a few oaths designed to stir him into action. Bill Morris dashed over to work the winch himself. But before he could do anything the terrified animal had managed to kick herself loose. She slipped out of the canvas sling backwards, turned a complete somersault in mid-air, and came crashing down eighteen feet to the iron deck of the Falk, brushing past me and barely missing me.

She Got the Job

As The Patsy hit the deck, shrieks and groans came from the hundred or more passengers of the Cleveland who were watching the loading. The elephant lay where she landed, motionless and, to all intents and purposes, dead. The Patsy, the unluckiest of animals, was again running true to form.

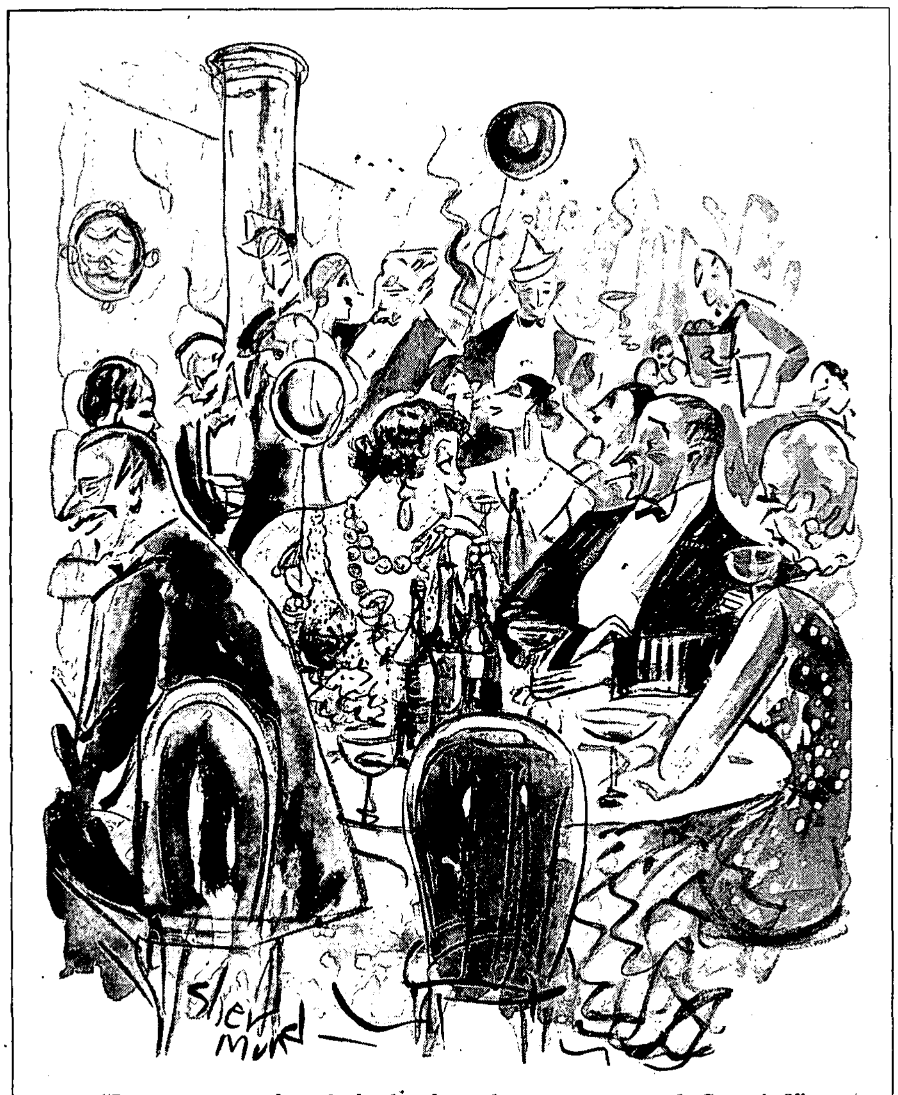
I leaned over the prostrate creature looking for signs of life. After about two minutes I noticed one of the eyelids flutter. Then, without warning, The Patsy jumped to her feet and, swaying unsteadily, started running down the deck. Lal and I grabbed her with elephant hooks and led her back. Without further ado we got the sling around her again, and, with another winchman on the job, quickly transferred her to the deck of the Cleveland. The secret of loading an elephant by the air route is to give the animal no time to kick itself loose. The second it is high enough in the air it should be swung wide and lowered.

The Patsy was still pretty shaky, so I resorted to my favorite—and most successful—method of restoring animals that have the willies, only The Patsy, being an elephant, received a more generous treatment. I got a bottle of whisky and poured it into a big bucket. Next I added a gallon of water. Then, with a brass force-pump, I worked the resultant highball down the elephant's throat, with Lal assisting me. The Patsy's shakiness disappeared and she was soon herself again.

Which, to anyone who knows anything about elephants, was little short of a miracle. The only thing that saved The Patsy (her first stroke of good luck, to my knowledge) was the fact that in falling she landed on the fleshy lump over her shoulders. Had she fallen belly first she would have been instantly killed. An elephant's intestines are fastened to its spinal column and the downward jar of such a fall would have shaken them loose and there'd have been one pachyderm less on earth. Had she fallen on her side she'd have cracked several ribs, with probable internal injuries to complicate matters. Had she landed on her back she'd have snapped her spine. So, if she had to fall, The Patsy didn't select the worst way of landing.

A little over a month after the accident, The Patsy wound up at Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, where the goddess of fortune finally smiled upon her. Which is by way of saying that she landed a swell job—one that any elephant would be glad to have. No tough circus career for her, none of the confinement of zoo life. She got a job carrying the children of San Francisco around in a howdah which I designed. And she's doing it to this very day—one of the happiest and best-loved elephants in America.

The Patsy, after the most sustained run of bad luck I've ever known an animal to draw, got a break at last.



"Is everyone on board absolutely under your command, Captain?"

The Cards are NOT Stacked *against you!*

Do some men seem to get all the high cards in the game of life, while you get none? That chum of your school days . . . the laziest, or perhaps the dumbest in the class . . . is he forging ahead to Easy Street, while you, with your better mind, just plod along?

Fate deals average hands. It's how we play them that counts. Many fail. Only a few SUCCEED. The few, knowingly or unknowingly, follow fundamental rules that make for success.

Many Success Plans . . . But Only One That Cannot Fail!

There are a hundred ways to achieve financial independence. But there is *only one* that *insures* it, that will positively work out for any man who applies it. This plan substitutes certainty for chance, actualities for dreams, definite advancement for futile struggling . . .

A New Dynamic Success Force

This new force is *modernized* life insurance, as developed by the Postal Company in its life contracts. Through it you can insure success. It works out with mathematical certainty. It cannot fail. Sickness, disability, not even death itself can upset it. Come what may, *you WIN!*

Do You Want

—to lay by, in a place safer than banks or businesses, money that grows like a snowball rolling down hill . . . instantly available in case of sickness or loss of employment?

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—to provide for your family either cash or a monthly income—that *doubles in size* if you meet with a fatal accident?

—to have a 20-million-dollar company automatically carry on your life plan, without expense to you, if you become disabled?

—The Postal contract assures all these things and many more, at a cost so low it will astonish you. We have no agents' expenses—we transact all business by mail.

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Income, Retirement and Life Insurance by the Postal plan are offered by mail only. Postal patrons benefit from and share in the tremendous saving effected, year after year.

Postal Life Contracts are so sound—so economical—that they need no high pressure selling. You lay out your plan and make up your mind in the quiet of your home.

Men and Women Can Insure Success

Relatively small deposits carry a Postal Life Contract for you. This contract will be the biggest thing in your life, as it is in the lives of thousands of men and women today. Its low cost puts it easily within your reach. You can better afford it than to gamble against fate year after year.

Start in a small way if you must. But start now. The price of a mere cigar or pack of gum a day will buy you a substantial Postal Life Contract. It would take 54 years to save as much at the same rate.

Write Today—Learn How to Assure Your Success

This plan is backed by a 25-year old company, with assets in excess of $20,000,000, operating under the strict supervision of the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

Fill out and return the handy coupon. We will send you full information *by mail*. Remember, we have no salesmen. *You* decide for *yourself* without persuasion or embarrassment.

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Arthur Jordan, *President*, 511 Fifth Ave., New York

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
511 Fifth Ave., New York City. Col 4-25-31

Without obligation, now or later, please suggest to me, by mail only, a Postal Life Contract suited to my needs.

Name..........
Street & No.......... *City & State*..........
Day, Month and Year of Birth..........
Occupation..........

HARTMANN Trunks

IT TOOK 50 YEARS TO BUILD THIS TRUNK ...but it was worth it!

BUILDING a fine trunk is an art—and one that can't be learned overnight. Like a towering skyscraper, an expensive motor car or an accurate, finely jeweled watch, it's the result of years of studied experience—of painstaking craftsmanship—of constant experimenting for improvements—accepting that which is good; rejecting that which is questionable.

There are no flimsy makeshift materials or substitutes used in a Hartmann. Every feature of this famous trunk has been vigorously tested over thousands of miles in actual travel use before it has been accepted.

The result is ... an absolutely flawless piece of travel equipment ... smooth working, extremely goodlooking and amazingly efficient at handling clothes in transit.

Colors are pleasing—50 sizes and models. $35 to $450. At your better shops or department stores. Hartmann Trunk Co., Racine, Wisconsin

Cuba on Edge

Continued from page 15

government the horrors that accompanied General Weyler's control of Cuba.

It is only natural that such stories should be revived against a hated government, but Cubans today tell you this one:

Horror Stories

Last winter two manacled bodies were found floating in the bay, near a pier. Two fishermen made the discovery. They told the police. They were both immediately locked up and that was the last that was ever seen of the two fishermen.

"In July of 1925," says a report of the Foreign Policy Association, "El Dia printed an article asking if it was proper for President Machado to be connected with a certain electric light company in Cuba. The next month the editor of El Dia, Armando André, was assassinated."

I heard this story in several forms. I heard it in a country store. I heard it from a taxi driver and a boatman.

It is undeniable that many individuals in Cuba look upon Machado today as the Mexicans looked upon Huerta, as a man whose friends will kill for him.

The Cubans whisper to you about Machado and what he does.

"Will there be band music in the Malecón this afternoon?" I asked a taxi driver. Music in the Malecón, with thousands sitting in the comfortable chairs, is a big part of life in Havana.

"No, señor."

"Why not?"

"Well," he hesitated, "you know? . . . you know? . . . the martial law. No people may gather anywhere."

There's a saying in Havana that every citizen who wears a coat carries a revolver, and even on hot days men wore coats, against the usual Havana custom.

I first saw a revolver on the person of a young man in the washroom of a hotel. He and the washroom boy fingered it, laughingly. Later in the day, while I was sitting beside the driver of a touring car, my left elbow accidentally hit the tip of a gun strapped to his waist. There are no taxis in Havana; all the hired cars are open touring cars. A ride in the town costs only twenty cents. After this experience with the armed driver I made it a point, whenever I could, to climb into the front seat. My excuse was that I wanted to ride behind the windshield. At least a dozen times my left elbow encountered what could logically have been nothing but a weapon.

The town seemed to be ready to go off with a bang! It needed only some sort of signal. Every day bombs were discovered. The rear of the home of Senator Fernandez, friend of Machado, was blown off at night. Men in motor cars set off large bombs in the streets; five in one night. Two men were arrested in a cave, five miles out of Havana, with 129 bombs which, the police said, they had made themselves. They were not "Reds." They named one of Machado's political friends as one of their employers.

The troubles of Machado seemed to increase daily. He finally came to the point where he had officers, dressed in civilian clothes, riding about in open cars with machine guns at their feet.

Machado's process of "sitting on the lid" was obviously growing more and more difficult. His formula of closing institutions which criticized him seemed to this writer to be even more desperate than some of the methods followed by Victoriano Huerta as he rocked and swayed precariously in the president's chair of Mexico.

On the Run

Machado closed the rich man's yacht club in Havana, because the members criticized him in the barroom there. It was later reopened. He closed the University of Cuba because the students were against him.

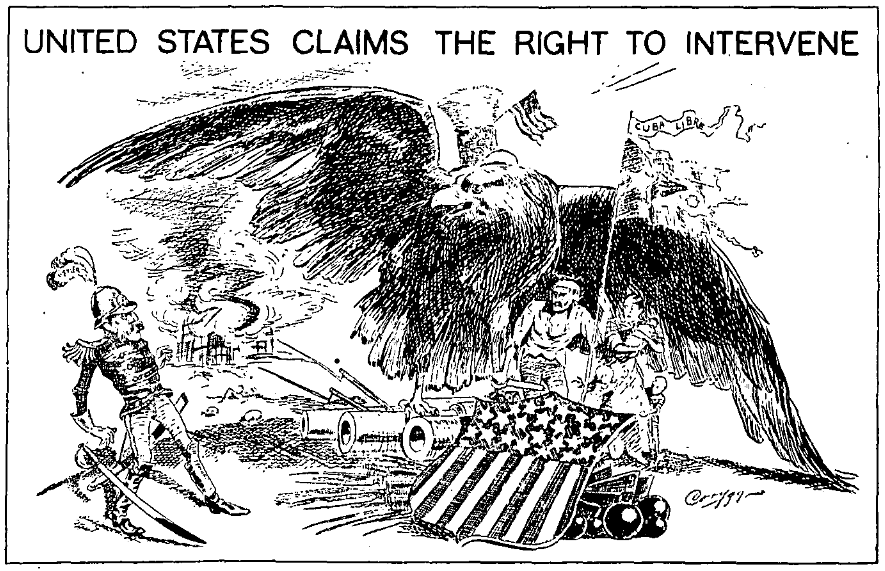
Hundreds of these students started to march to the palace one day last winter. One group consisted of university girls. As they came down the street the police joined hands in a line across the thoroughfare to stop them. The girls went into a huddle and worked out a scheme of attack. They approached the police line, holding hands. But, when the two lines met, the girls bent low and, with their bobbed heads, butted as many police stomachs as they could reach. The police line broke, with grunts.

There came a time when, for a few days, President Machado closed even the ordinary public schools.

"Is your school closed?" I asked a bright schoolboy one noon hour in a book store near the Plaza.

"Not now, señor," said the boy, with infinite politeness. "If the señor will accompany me, I will show him my school. It is very near."

We walked to his school. Children


UNITED STATES CLAIMS THE RIGHT TO INTERVENE
CUBA LIBRE

N. Y. Journal

A cartoon printed in the New York Journal on Sept. 22, 1897 were entering for the afternoon session. "You see it is opened, señor," he explained. "We did not talk against the government. But, maybe," he added, "some of the parents did, at home."

Machado has closed newspapers which criticized him and allowed them to resume publication after publishers had promised to "be good." Even the society women of the town, wives of members of the closed yacht club, have not escaped, according to local stories.

One of these stories told you by many persons is that a group of the influential women of the town marched toward the palace to protest against Machado's removing civil guarantees and establishing martial law in Havana. Machado's secret service was prepared for them.

The women were met near the palace by a crowd of girls who had been released by presidential orders from a reformatory. The girls attacked the society women, pulling off their hats, pulling their hair and tearing their clothes. The rout of the women, some said to be almost naked, was of course complete.

I give this story not as truth, for under the Machado-controlled news and newspapers it is impossible to verify any of the stories one hears, but as a story that all Cuba believes, whether it is true in detail or not.

Now, why all this feeling against Machado?

Undoubtedly it began with the feeling of the people that he had played a political trick on them by serving a second term as president of Cuba.

Machado first took office in 1925, to serve a four-year term that expired May 19, 1929.

"No reëlection of the president," is one of the slogans of the Cuban people. They have had unhappy experiences with presidents who served two terms. In 1906 there was a vain revolution against Estrada Palma when he took the presidency a second time. Cubans say that the United States government supported Palma.

In 1917 Mario Menocal got himself reëlected. A revolution, which got little attention in the press because of the greater importance of World War news, took place in Oriente, Camagüey, and Santa Clara provinces.

Not for Publication

Cubans tell you an amazing story to the effect that American marines were landed in the spring of 1917, while all America was excited over her entry into the World War, and that they helped Menocal to put down the revolution. They say that news of this action by our marines did not get into the American newspapers, though one or two of the braver newspapers in Havana, defying the government, printed the story of Americans firing on the revolutionists.

Machado had been known in both these cases as being a secret if not an open opponent of these self-seekers.

Machado would not be like these men, he told the Cubans. His promises not to make a second try were almost violent. Once he said he would not take a second term "because a man who has never failed to keep his word, a man whose lips have never been defiled by a lie, would lower his dignity and dishonor himself if, after a political labor of twenty-five years, during which he opposed the principle of reëlection with the word and the sword in two revolutions, he should now accept this principle for himself."

And yet, only a few months after making this statement, he was running for the presidency a second time. *And he was the only candidate for the office! No one was able to find a place on any ticket to run against him.*

Cubans tell you that only ten per cent of the potential voters in Cuba voted for Machado in that presidential election of November, 1928.

"And this ten per cent consisted of officeholders," they added.

This election put Machado into office for a six-year term until May 19, 1935, and automatically it makes him a senator for six years after that.

It's the fact that there are four years more of Machado in sight that seems to anger the Cubans today, added to the fact that they believe he got his second term by a trick and is holding it, against popular opinion, by force. The trick? Well, it was worked like this, they say:

For many years the question of preparing a new constitution for Cuba had been agitated. Finally, during Machado's first term, the Congress, most of whose members, as we shall see later, are supposed to be under Machado's control, voted in favor of organizing a Constitutional Convention. The Cubans tell you that members of this Constitutional Convention were hand-picked friends of Machado's.

One thing this Constitutional Convention did was to lengthen the current terms, by various numbers of years, of all officeholders except the president, including even local officials.

As for the president, his current term was not lengthened but the Constitutional Convention, which, the revolutionists say, had usurped the powers of Congress itself, voted that the presidential term, after Machado's term had ended, should be six years.

And then the Machadista Constitutional Convention "put over" Machado for a second time. The convention astonished Cuba by voting the following declaration, which became Machado's excuse for breaking his promises not to run again:

A Bewildering Statement

"Cuba is in the midst of one of those periods of intense constructive reality which from time to time absorb all the magnificent vitality of a people. . . . And we must not forget that this happy transformation is due in great part to the fact that a leader, in whom are found the exceptional qualities of the great builders of nations, has been in power with the purpose of improving the people and with the desire of profiting by the experiences of a quarter of a century lost in the task of forming our nationality. History speaks with indisputable eloquence. Nations are founded by the heroism of many. Almost always the culture, progress, order and peace of a nation in the process of formation are due to the personal effort of a great statesman.

"This is the path the future seems to hold for us. Therefore, the Constitutional Assembly does not vacillate in reaffirming that General Gerardo Machado y Morales, because of the obligation he has contracted and because of his rôle as founder of the Republic, is unavoidably bound to accept a new presidential period."

This statement caused the Cuban people about as much bewilderment as the Wickersham report later caused the inhabitants of the United States.

In the meantime a law was passed, shortly before the oncoming presidential election, *that for the time being, no new political parties should be organized!*

Thus, by the time the November election of 1928 rolled around, the Cuban voter had the choice, at the polls, between Señor Machado and—nobody.

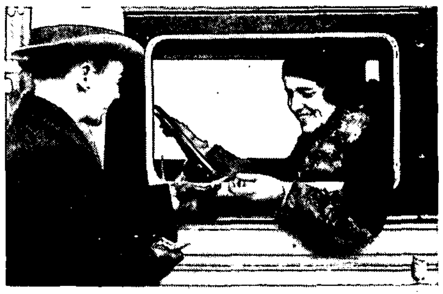
The government estimate was that

(*Continued on page 72*)

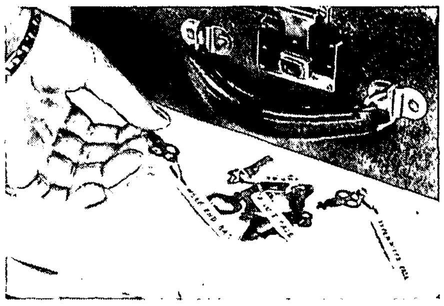
Any Key Case Carries Keys

Only the KEY-TAINER

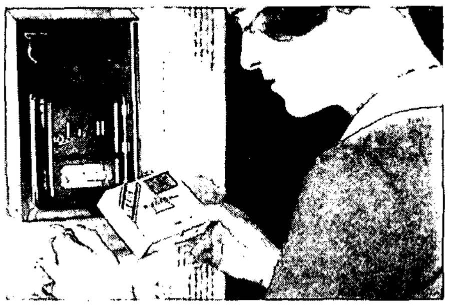
offers these 3 unique features



● *The key to the car*, to the garage . . . any key can be instantly slipped out of the Key-Tainer . . . thanks to the Removable Hooks.



● *Tag important keys* with the new Buxton Identification Tags — little strips of celluloid; they're easy to mark with pencil; they slip quickly on and off key hooks.



● *Lost Key-Tainers* are recovered through an identification file at Buxton headquarters. Buxton rewards the finder and forwards the Key-Tainer to its owner.

MAKES the ordinary key case seem as old-fashioned as Grandpa's key ring . . . This latest of Buxton Key-Tainers has new patented Removable Key Hooks . . . Identification Tags . . . Free Key-Return Service.

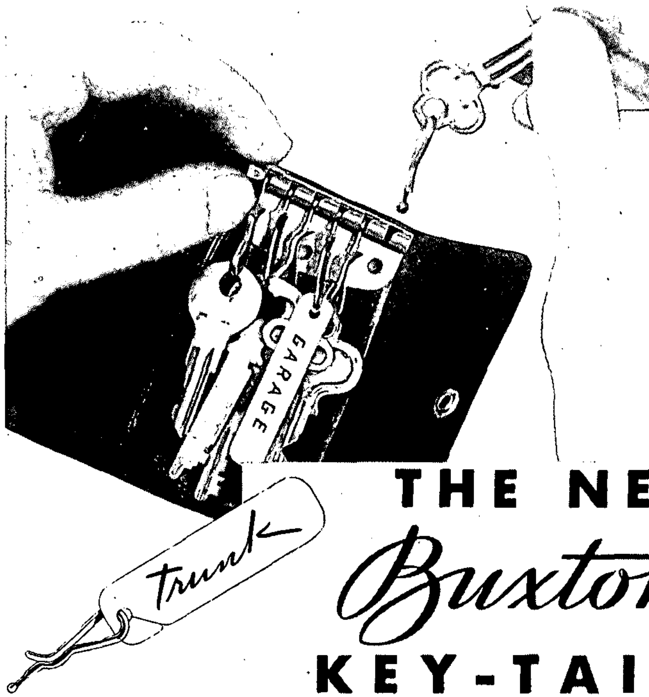
1. *Removable Key Hooks* . . . The new Key-Tainer ends struggles with stubborn key hooks. Gives your keys a new and greater usefulness. Keys are carried only when needed, as few, as many, as you wish.

2. *Identification Tags* . . . Simplest method for classifying important keys. Pencil the name of the key on this little celluloid strip, slip it on the hook, and you'll always be able to select the right key in a hurry.

3. *Free Key-Return Service* . . . Lost Key-Tainers are recovered through an identification file at Buxton headquarters. Buxton rewards the finder and forwards the Key-Tainer to its owner.

. . .

The Key-Tainer, in the new 1931 model, is on display in a shop convenient to you. It's available in a wide variety of handsome leathers, all smartly hand-tailored. Prices begin at $1. Buxton, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



● SEE HOW EASY it is to operate the new Removable Key Hooks. Simply turn down the little catch between thumb and forefinger (at the left of the photograph). Then lift out the Removable Hook. The key, you will note, stays on; the hook comes out. To lock the remaining keys safely in place, you simply turn back the catch.

THE NEW Buxton KEY-TAINER

with the Removable Hooks • •

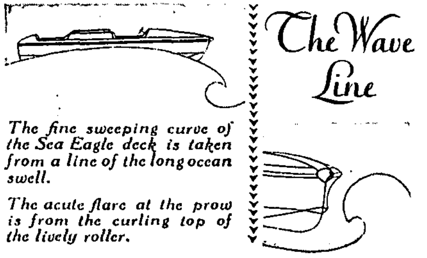
as new
as this
minute

The Sea Eagle

FIRST boat to be styled with nature's own curve, the wave line, Mullins Sea Eagle fits the water. It's at home there . . . a lively, spirited craft in looks and in performance.

Equally as new as its designing is everything else about the Sea Eagle. It is a metal hull inboard and the only one built on a modern production line. It has, as a result of mass production, refinements and equipment of a quality never before approached in anything less than a custom-built craft. Most sensationally new of all its features is its low price! Yes, the Sea Eagle is as new as this minute and, yet, with all of its up-to-dateness, it's a boat to win the heart of any seasoned boatman.

A 40 horse power Lycoming motor gives the Sea Eagle a free and easy 30 miles per hour. At all speeds it's as quiet as a drowsy kitten. It seats five comfortably, three in the forward cockpit, two aft. Specially designed to ride an even keel at all times, the boat is seaworthy and dry in any sea. Metal hull and air chamber lifeboat construction throughout make it safe and unsinkable. You can't help but want the Sea Eagle when you know all about it.



The fine sweeping curve of the Sea Eagle deck is taken from a line of the long ocean swell.

The acute flare at the prow is from the curling top of the lively roller.

SEA EAGLE FEATURES: Galvanized 19-gauge Armco Ingot Iron Hull... Lifeboat Construction with Air Chambers... Lycoming 40 h.p. Motor... 30 Miles Per Hour... Quiet in Operation... 15½ feet long... Seats five: three forward, two aft... Automobile Type Starting and Steering... Unsinkable... Puncture Proof... Safe... Seaworthy... Dry

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(*Continued from page 71*)

sixteen per cent of the qualified voters voted for Machado.

When Machado was accused by angry Cubans of being a dictator he said:

"Dictator, yes! But, dictator of decency; dictator of the most sacred things on earth—democracy and liberty."

This statement pleased his political followers but only increased the bewilderment and anger of the population.

Let's try to imagine an American parallel to this Cuban situation. Suppose, in the United States, a Republican national convention and a Democratic national convention with a third convention—say, of the Farmer-Labor party thrown in—agreed on some certain man, who had already served two terms under one of the parties as president, to serve a third term under all three. Add to this that the national law-making body had passed a law preventing any second candidate from being nominated and you get some idea of the sense of outrage which all classes of Cubans feel today against Machado and the various party leaders who support him. You wouldn't have to be a Communist to see red, under such circumstances.

From the time that Machado accepted the O. K. of this convention, entered the one-man race for the presidency and was finally inaugurated a second time, he has been in trouble. And all of his efforts to get himself out of trouble, including the arrests of friends, the closing of newspapers, schools, clubs and so forth, have only served to get him into more.

How has he held his power with politicians?

"By giving out lottery tickets to political leaders and to many members of the House of Representatives and of the Senate," the Cubans tell you.

The Federal government controls the lottery in Cuba just as definitely as it controls the post-office. Almost every Cuban plays the lottery, even in the remotest country districts. There are as many as three lotteries a month.

The Political Lottery

Again, with the reservation that I am setting down not a provable truth, but only a very general belief among the Cubans, I am appending a studied statement of the "lottery game," as played by Machado politicians, made for me by an eminent enemy of Machado:

"There are 128 members of the House of Representatives," he told me, "and the revolutionists estimate that the Machado government gives 100 of them the right to buy a certain number of lottery tickets at $17 apiece for each of the tri-monthly drawings. These representatives do not keep the tickets. They sell them at the rate of $30 each. These tickets net them over $1,000 a month, each.

"We believe that about twenty of the twenty-four Cuban senators accept lottery tickets each drawing. They are allotted twice as many as the congressmen. This means a monthly profit of about $2,000 for each senator. The senators and congressmen receive $600 a month salary, plus small perquisites for office expenses. So these gentlemen get far more from lottery tickets than from their government salaries.

"A batch of 1,000 lottery tickets goes to a group of Machado's political supporters, every drawing. This means a political fund of $250,000 a month.

"Now this isn't exactly like taking taxpayers' money out of the Cuban treasury. It's only a case of printing enough lottery tickets to go around among the 'right people.' But just as soon as a congressman, a senator or a politician shows signs of not supporting the government his batch of lottery tickets doesn't reach him any more."

Cubans believe the Machado political group, aside from congressmen and senators, profits from lottery tickets. Some say to the extent of three million dollars a year. . . .

What man might take Machado's place in the Cuban presidency?

We have already considered the name of Gomez, and have seen how members of that old family have been removed from positions within the palace.

There is a Gomez, son of the old ex-president of Cuba, who is known to all Cubans as "Miguel Mariano." He is forty-two years old. His record in Cuban politics, say the Cubans, is as clear as his old father's. They tell you that Machado is afraid of Miguel Mariano.

Old General José Miguel Gomez, who was president of Cuba from 1909 to 1913, was the only Cuban president who was not at least suspected of trying to be elected for a second term.

"One term and no more," the grim old warrior said, and he kept his word. He loved the United States for the part it had played in freeing Cuba from the Spaniards; he died during one of his frequent visits here in a hotel in New York City, in 1920. Cubans venerate his aged wife, who is still alive. During her husband's presidency, she took a leadership in Cuban charities and social activities that Cubans have never forgotten.

There came a time, a little over two years ago, when Miguel Mariano had a chance to follow Gomez in resisting the temptation to remain too long in office.

The young man was mayor of Havana at the time. When a law was passed extending the current terms of all elected officials in Cuba, Miguel Mariano refused to take the two extra years.

"The people elected me for only four years," he declared.

The Cubans trust other possible candidates as well.

"There's always something Machado can do," the subdued Cubans tell you. In the Gomez case lawmakers converted the city of Havana from a municipality into a federal district, thus removing it from the control of the law-abiding mayor.

But the story of Machado's dislike of the Gomez family goes even farther back than this.

When old General Gomez was president, Machado was a member of his cabinet. There was a strike of laborers in Sagua La Grande. Old General Gomez, who had been in the United States frequently to study our methods and institutions, had learned that "the right to strike" was admitted by American courts and by American public opinion. Machado sent soldiers to Sagua La Grande to end the strike with their rifles. They succeeded. Gomez sent for Secretary Machado.

"Cuba is civilized," he said. "Men have a right to strike here. You have made a mistake and you must resign."

They're Afraid of the U. S.

Not long ago, Varona, head of the Cuban sugar workers' union, was accused of Communism. He was tried and acquitted. But coming out of a theater, a few days later, leading one of his children by the hand, he was shot down by two men. The Cubans who tell you the story believe they were government men.

There *are* revolutionists in Cuba. Many of them are already in Cabaña prison. Others are spread out over the country.

They're afraid—of the United States.

"And Machado knows we're afraid," they tell you.

As I walked about the streets of Havana and rode through the country districts, speaking in long-neglected Spanish, I wondered what could be in the minds of these Cubans concerning Americans. They are embarrassingly polite; it was hard to find the truth.

"Why don't you look in our school books and see what they teach us about the United States?" one young Cuban asked me. I followed his excellent advice.

There are two standard school histories in the Cuban schools, one for the primary grades and one for high schools. I turned to the pages that told of the rescue of Cuba from Spain.

There was Roosevelt's picture and Taft's; General Wood's and Magoon's.

In the primary history there are three solid pages of praise for the "Norte-Americanos" and how they drove the Spaniards out of the land. It is embarrassing praise, for it covers the Stars and Stripes with glory.

The high school history goes into detail. It shows how we challenged old Spain, how we sank her navy and drove Weyler out and then it tells how our government scientists helped Cuba to conquer fevers and miasma and make the country a safe and beautiful place in which to live.

This praise of us has been put into the heads of Cuban children, in their schoolrooms, for almost two generations. It is there yet, in the minds of all adults.

The Cubans you talk to seem to feel themselves under the wing of Uncle Sam. The average American may not know the Platt amendment; but the average Cuban does. He learns it in school. It has been considered by him America's guarantee of his safety against dictatorship. Here is the part of the Platt amendment that he knows and remembers:

"The government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence and the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty."

For thirty years this Platt amendment has been part of the Cuban constitution.

Cuba has about as many inhabitants as Chicago; three and a third million.

Who decides at what point life, property and individual liberty in Cuba are no longer being protected by the Cuban government? Today Cuba is under military law.

Shall Washington settle the question?

Or Cuban revolutionists?

Bright-Faced Danger

Continued from page 30

raw new brick or weathered wood comprised the town. Lan Rawlins' old cow pony poked stiffly down Front Street past Sullivan's garage, Kinkaid's barber shop and Kelley's Ye Snappy Toggery to the hitching rail in front of the Golden West with its partly obliterated sign sprawling across its forehead between the second-story windows and the shingled roof.

A clump of tumbleweed rolled busily toward the dusty wheels of a touring car parked in front of the hotel as Lan Rawlins climbed out of his saddle. Patiently old Belle bowed her head while Rawlins slipped the rein over her ears and tied the end to the hitching rail. He looked up and saw the Golden West's lobby through the wide plate glass; with a purposeful gesture his blotched, skinny hand dropped to the firm, reassuring butt of his six-chambered revolver. It was on this same spot and with the same old weapon that he had met and shot the boasting Texas Kid in the fall of '87.

Inside, the slick-haired clerk leaned over the hotel desk and listened with eager interest to three men who sat talking in leather-covered easy chairs. Two of them were old residents of Piute—Doc Bowman, the veterinarian, and Claude Fisk, who had dealt in the county's real estate for years. The third was Peter Carmody, a dark-haired young man with a narrow face and wide, smiling mouth.

"IT'S been a long time since you left here, my boy," the veterinarian was saying. "You ought to stay long enough to get acquainted with the old folks your father knew."

"I just stopped over till the afternoon train," said Peter Carmody—for the sentiment of seeing his father's grave, he might have added. "Going down to Dallas on the two o'clock."

"Well—" the veterinarian began, but brought his speech up short in embarrassed silence. Lan Rawlins had come through the door.

Doc Bowman reddened and stared with avoiding eyes at the filling-station sign across the street. Claude Fisk coughed and became painfully engrossed in turning a package of cigarettes about in his calloused hands. Peter Carmody looked surprisedly from one to the other, finding their uneasy silence unaccountable. For the sight of a skinny old man with scarred puttees and a ragged coat too broad in the shoulders was of no concern to him. An indifferent, completely unrecognizing glance was all he gave him before turning to Doc Bowman again.

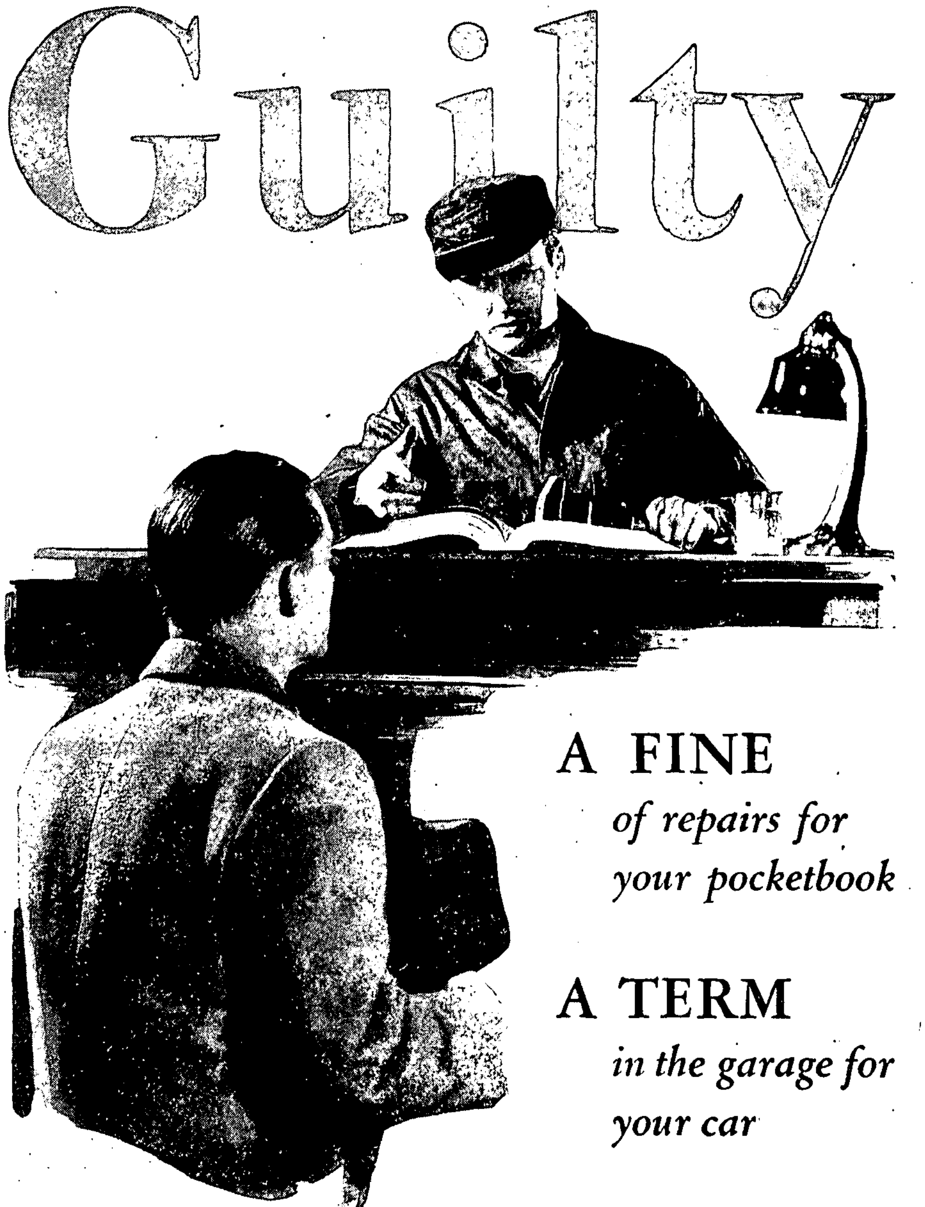
THE slick-haired clerk, who knew Lan Rawlins only as a character of bygone days, called, "Morning, Mr. Rawlins."

Peter Carmody was startled by that name. He realized then why Doc Bowman and Claude Fisk had become so silent. Lan Rawlins! But he was an old man, not the man who had killed Peter's father, but an ancient derelict with a shrunken chest. Peter flushed and, like the others, averted his embarrassed eyes.

Lan Rawlins stopped, confused. He felt dizzy, as if he had lost blood. Pete Carmody's boy hadn't come for him; *hadn't even recognized him.* Lan Rawlins felt that indifference creeping through his old bones like slow, insidious poison. He shivered.

"Better have a seat—you look played out, Mr. Rawlins," the clerk said with genial, off-hand sympathy.

Lan Rawlins nodded. Out of habit he veered off toward a chair by the wall, though there was no longer need for this old precaution. The air in the lobby of the Golden West seemed to grow chokingly thick. It was dark and chilly, too, making his legs feel tottery even as he sat down. It was cold, and he had an overpowering desire to stretch out beneath a pile of blankets and not get up. Through a gathering haze he saw three heads rising casually from above the leather-covered chairs. It grew more and more opaque until he not only failed to distinguish, but also ceased to think of them. The bright face of danger had vanished.



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Double Trouble

Continued from page 13

The Commodore looked at Mr. Watson, they both looked at Mr. Duke and all three stared at Van. The room grew chilly.

Mr. Duke sighed, stretched a languid hand to Van.

"Gimme your keys. I reckon I gotta go and check up." He appealed to Mr. Carver. "Shall I put him in the lockup now, or leave him here?"

The Commodore stroked his chin. He plainly doubted the Van Vleck veracity; on the other hand it would be embarrassing if the story were true.

"No honest man," broke in Mr. Watson sententiously, "should be annoyed by the due processes and precautions of the law. There can be no objection to locking up this man at once. It is unreasonable to ask us to take the responsibility of guarding him in the sheriff's absence."

"I hate to disillusion you," said Van, "but here is one honest man who takes violent exception to the due processes of the law. Also, he would gladly and willingly smack you in the eye for the kind suggestion that he be locked up."

The magnetic tension between the two young men was such as to cause Mr. Duke to bring his shotgun to the ready position. He gently poked Van in the ribs with the muzzle.

"It sho' is poisonous if you are Mr. Van Vleck," he placated. "You gotta allow though, Mr. Watson is saying right. Step along."

The Commodore nodded his agreement. Van continued to look the officious young man in the eye, the hackles on his neck rising like those of a bull terrier.

"I don't know who you are, Mr. Watson, nor what you have against me, but I can promise you that as soon as I get out of this silly mess I'm coming back to look for you and poke you in the jaw."

"I haven't got anything against you," announced Watson, "except that I think you have a mean face and a generally disagreeable and dishonest look. I'll be glad to see you—if you get out of this. Only let me correct you in one particular. In Birmingham, whence I came, we poke each other in the jaw."

"Le's go." Mr. Duke prodded Van insistently with the shotgun.

"I trust that you will see that there is nothing else I can do in the circumstances," said the Commodore, opening the office door. "You will be inconvenienced only a short while if your statements are correct. Also, I trust that you will not hold any ill will toward Mr. Watson. How could he have anything against you? He arrived here only yesterday. He is a stranger here. He knows nothing about me and doubtless never heard of you."

"I wonder," said Van.

The calaboose at Landlocked Bay is neither large nor commodious. It consists of a square common-cell room and the sheriff's office. Both have barred windows and iron doors. The cell room was occupied by four grinning Negroes and many thousands of roaches. There were only roaches in the sheriff's office until Mr. Duke and Van arrived.

Mr. Duke scratched his head. Plainly the ethics of the situation stumped him. Van came to his rescue.

"Don't worry," he advised. "We haven't got any Jim Crow law where I come from. It will be all right if you dump me in with the black boys."

Mr. Duke decided against it.

"No," he drawled, "I guess I'll just lock you up here in my office. I don't want them boys to associate with no hardened criminals."

So saying, Mr. Duke departed, turning the key in the lock with an ostentatious click.

"Now, why," Van pondered, "has Mr. Watson got it in for me? What have I done to him and if so when, where and how? The answer would appear to be nothing. It's all damn' funny and I'd like to ask some questions about Mr. Watson in Birmingham."

Somebody scrabbled at the door.

"Come right in," Van invited pleasantly. The key turned and Susan Ann slipped inside. She backed against the door, breathless, flushed.

"Hello," said Van. "District visiting?"

"Don't be fresh," she admonished. "I—my father and Mr. Watson spoke to me about you."

"Kind of them," said Van.

"It isn't true, is it?" demanded Susan Ann.

Van shrugged. "What do you think?"

"I can't think you are bad," she stated. "I—I thought, I don't quite know what I thought, but—oh—I thought I might be able to do something for you. Send a wire to New York, or something. Help you to get out of this mess."

"There isn't anything you can do," said Van. "I am in the hands of the law, as Mr. Watson has so ably pointed out, and the law must take its course."

"Then," Susan Ann said it very slowly and reluctantly, "you are a crook, an impostor."

"I haven't said so."

"You haven't denied it," said Susan Ann, "and you say there is nothing I can do to prove you innocent."

"Not that I know of," Van assured her. "By the way, how did you get in here?"

"The jail is always open," Susan Ann explained, "Mr. Duke leaves the keys on the outside of the doors, cells and all. We are a law-abiding community. Nobody would let a prisoner out. Mr. Duke says he isn't going to have anybody burning to death in his jail like they did up North."

"So it was just your abstract sense of justice that brought you here," mused Van. "You are not in the least interested in me personally."

She flamed. "Well, I never! The insolence! The nerve of that! What kind of a person do you take me for? If you think, Mr. Whoozis, that you can come down here with your lordly New York manner and get away—"

"Excuse it please," said Van hastily and humbly. "My error. I'd forgotten that I am just a felon in your eyes until my innocence is established."

"Then you admit it?"

"Doesn't it seem silly for me to try and deny it against the best judgment of your father and Mr. Watson?" countered Van.

"I—I—perhaps I'd better go," said Susan Ann.

"Will I see you again?" asked Van.

She smiled wanly.

"I'll be at the dance at the club tonight," said Van. "There is a dance, isn't there? There should be on Saturday night. Will you save me a couple?"

She gazed at him in horror. "Oh," she said. "You're not a bit nice, are you? You're hard. Hard as nails. How can you joke about anything like this?" The door banged behind her and the key turned swiftly.

Van didn't seem as hard as nails. He seemed as soft as putty. He goggled at the blank door and at the floor. A long

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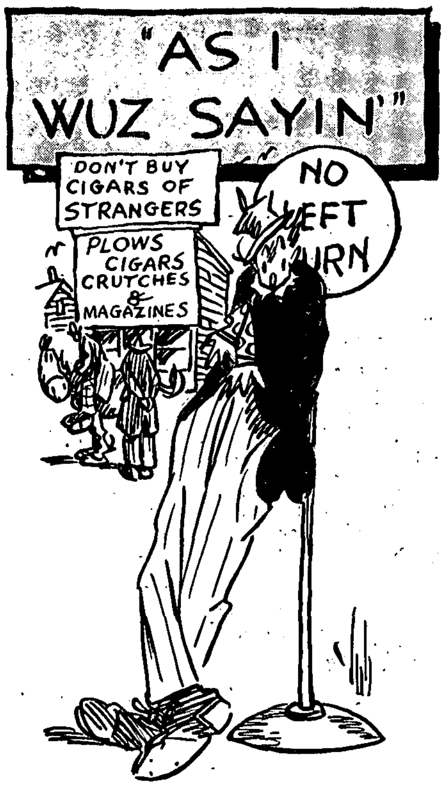
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"It's gittin' to be so you can't turn a corner without runnin' into a new racket, says Lem Peters.

"The latest one is cigars. A Spanish lookin' feller tells you he's jest smuggled some extry fancy ones off the boat.

"Even though they cost twice what you gen'rally pay you figure they're cheap—till you git 'em home.

"If only they'd turned out to be five-cent rocky fords, says Lem, I wouldn't have minded payin' double. They'd still be wuth it."

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time passed. A faint knock sounded on the door.

"Very clubby jail," Van muttered. Then loudly, "Come on in, Susan Ann."

" 'Tain't Susan Ann. It's Molly." A lady of dusky shade and perhaps eleven summers came in carrying a basket covered over with a snowy napkin. "Whe' at's Mista' Duke?"

"He's out on business," said Van, wondering if her pigtails were wired to stay that way.

"I done brought his lunch," said Molly.

"Just put it down. He'll be back soon," said Van.

"Yassuh." She sucked her forefinger. After all she had never seen this tall white man before. In sudden panic she whirled and shot through the door, banging it behind her.

Van laughed and laughed, and looked very sad, and laughed again. He thought that he had not heard Molly lock the door as she darted out. He tried it abruptly and strode out into the blazing sunlight, grinning as he went.

Above the chatter, the glitter and the lights of the Yacht Club, the shuffle of dancing feet, the tinkle of ice in glasses, the rattle of silver on china, was a hectic overtone.

"Will he come here looking for Watson? Duke is losing his grip. Idiotic to leave a jail unlocked. Fancy his taking advantage of a child that way."

SUSAN ANN stayed at the Commodore's table as little as possible. She smiled at her usual coterie of partners clamoring for dances, but they distinctly felt that she was smiling at them, not on them.

Watson, in his dual capacity as part of the mystery and visiting fireman from Birmingham, was the cynosure of all feminine eyes. He preferred to sit at the Commodore's table, to make bread pills and to cast dirty glances at Susan Ann.

Plumpish and pretty Mrs. Carver had faint suggestions of frown wrinkles appearing unexpectedly upon her ordinarily placid forehead. No good hostess likes to see her guests preoccupied, nor does any mamma enjoy having her daughter deliberately neglect a potentially eligible young man.

The Commodore scowled into his ginger ale, if that is what it was, when he thought no one was looking his way.

"I'll admit, Watson," he said, "that the whole business is irregular and queer. Only you must allow that a millionaire who would project a four months' winter cruise in a small auxiliary schooner with only a boy for a crew is bound to be queer."

"No honest man will break jail when he knows himself to be innocent," pronounced Watson flatly.

"My dear man, you must be careful or we shall conclude that you *have* some personal animus against the fellow." Mr. Watson had been talking about buying a large parcel of real estate in Landlocked Bay and the Commodore was torn between his desire to placate a possibly profitable client and his own easy-going point of view. "After all you will have to admit that Duke found the papers just where he said that they would be. The keys that he gave Duke were correct. The boy Snowball told a straight and very circumstantial story. I am inclined to believe that we arrested the real Van Vleck instead of the impostor."

"Then why did he break jail?" reiterated Watson.

"Now, Watson, you've seen our jail. If someone came in and opened the door, wouldn't you walk out too? I'm rather glad he did leave, as a matter of fact. It's a very good thing for the town in a way. False arrest is not an easy thing to explain and a man with all of the Van Vleck money and influence could make a lot of trouble for us. Now he has destroyed his own case."

"I'm not interested in legal quibbles." Mr. Watson was rather nasty about it. "I say and feel that there is something mighty fishy about the fellow. What if the identification papers were correct? How are we to know that he didn't murder the real Van Vleck and steal the papers?"

"It's a pleasantly conceived idea, at any rate, my dear Watson," said a suave voice. Van stepped through the French windows that led onto the veranda immediately beside the Commodore's party. He was correctly garbed in the double-breasted blue coat of the visiting yachtsman.

"You!" exclaimed the Commodore and Watson in unison.

"In person. And a very apt entrance if I do say so as shouldn't. They say that listeners always get a hot earful. I must say I was rather pleased. Especially with your championship of me, Commodore. I can assure you that I shall make no bother about false arrest. I like you too much. I like your whole family, in fact, if I may assume that this is Mrs. Carver."

"Quite. Just so." The Commodore fumed. "Er—ah—my dear—this is Mr. Van Vleck of whom you have heard so much—er," he struggled to his feet, a victim of conflicting emotions, his natural hospitality warring with his jumbled impressions. "Er—ah—won't you sit down?"

"I should like it very much," said Van.

Susan Ann took her time in returning to the parental table. She took enough time thoroughly to compose herself. To get used to Van's presence in the bosom of her family, as it were.

"How do you do," she said. "The town is simply buzzing about the problematical and mysterious Mr. Van Vleck. I'm thrilled. I hope that our little dance won't bore you after all of your adventures."

"It's rather a duty call, you see," he explained gravely. "I had a couple of obligations to discharge."

"Oh, yes," said Susan Ann, "one was to punch Mr. Watson in the nose, wasn't it? What was the other?"

"Susan Ann!" came the horrified duet of her parents.

Van smiled easily. "The other, Miss Carver, was to dance with you, of course. I hope that you *have* saved me a couple."

ONLY Watson seemed to notice the emphasis on the "have." He was made entirely of coiled watch springs and dynamite, one felt. At any moment he might go off with a loud whirr and a terrific concussion.

"I hope," said Susan Ann, "that the nose punching can wait for a little while."

"It can certainly wait until you have danced with me," Van assured her. Watson was remarkably red about the gills as they moved away.

"This is a pretty game, but I don't understand the rules and the objectives," Susan Ann said evenly in Van's ear, smiling brightly for the benefit of the onlookers.

"It's very simple," said Van. "You seemed so keen on having me a crook I couldn't find it in my heart to disillusion you. You must be used to having men get you what you want, Susan Ann."

He felt her stiffen in his arms.

"Only my friends call me Susan Ann," she said.

"Do we have to start all the way back at scratch?" said Van. "I had hoped that knowing each other so well now

(Continued on page 76)

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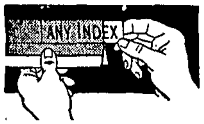

2. Insert the label in the strip of Mak-ur-own.

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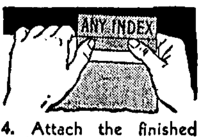

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Tune in on the Wildroot program, every Wednesday morning, 10:45, Eastern Standard time, (after April 26th Daylight Saving time), N. B. C. Red Network.

(Continued from page 75)

we could begin where most people leave off."

"Why should I begin anything with a thief?"

"Oh," said Van, "you still hold to your first impressions, I see."

"Do I look silly?" asked Susan Ann. She looked charming and Van admitted it silently. "You can take in Daddy and Mother with that sweet and charming air of yours, but you can't get away with it as far as I am concerned. My advice to you, Mr. Whoever-you-are, is to slip through the first door we pass, get into your boat and fade into the far, dim horizon before something happens to you." Susan Ann didn't believe a word she was saying, only someone had to pay for making her feel like this about any man.

"What might happen to me?" asked Van.

"Well, Mr. Watson might. He just *might* wallop you good."

"Oh," said Van, "you seem interested in Mr. Watson."

"I think he is very fine—a real man," said Susan Ann, who hadn't thought about him at all.

"On second thought," said Van, "perhaps you are right as usual. I shall just run along and say good night to your mother and father and then fade out."

It didn't quite work out that way. Mrs. Carver was reluctant to let this prize slip through her fingers. She protested.

"It's very ungallant of you, Mr. Van Vleck. You haven't danced with me yet."

"Delighted!" said Van.

They were gone a long time and Mrs. Carver returned alone.

Susan Ann had joined Watson in the bread-pill industry.

"I had to stop and talk to some people," her mother explained, "and Mr. Van Vleck stepped outside to smoke a cigarette. Such a dear boy. I declare, I can't see how any of you could have thought for an instant that he could possibly be a criminal."

Watson rose gallantly to assist her to her seat. He hovered over her, adjusting the light scarf around her shoulders.

"You mustn't be taken in by appearances," he cautioned. "Excuse me," a note of alarm crept into his voice, "weren't you wearing your pearls, Mrs. Carver?"

Quite visible cold chills ran up and down Mrs. Carver's fashionably exposed spine. "Of course I am," she said. Her hand crept slowly to her throat and lingered there unwilling to believe that it was bare.

"I told you so," gloated Mr. Watson.

"I don't believe he would do such a mean trick," flared Susan Ann; "they were such a small string of pearls." Nobody paid any attention to her.

MRS. CARVER'S sobs were pitiful. So were the Commodore's curses. The moonlight cast its romantic glow on Landlocked Bay, the water rippled and glowed, the mooring buoy danced unconcerned and unencumbered. Van was gone and Patricia was gone too.

Mr. Duke, perched calmly on the railing, settled that.

"Yeah," he said, "that Van Vleck feller come along here twenty-thirty minutes ago lookin' like a summer squall. He got in the dinghy, went on out to his boat an' cast off."

Tarpaulins were hastily ripped from motors. Speed boats roared and sputtered. Cars swung down the driveway. Searchlights cut this way and that, confusing everybody. Women clung together and sobbed with sheer joyful excitement. Flappers gurgled in ecstasy and assured their dears it was just too excruciatingly romantic. Men rushed about getting into each other's way and giving each other orders that nobody carried out.

It was nearly dawn when the Carver family turned in. Her bedroom window was grayish when Susan Ann started up in bed. Something had pinged on her screen. There was a decided rattling on the wire netting. Susan Ann pulled on a dressing gown and investigated. In the gravel pathway below a small Negro boy industriously scraped up pebbles and threw them at her window.

"Who are you?" Susan Ann called softly. "What do you want?"

"I'se Snowball. Mr. Van done sent me to git yuh, s'posin' you was Miss Susan Ann."

Perhaps the wet spot on Susan Ann's pillow explains her action. She had thought it incredible that she should cry over him.

"Wait," she said, "I'll come down."

She pulled on a tennis dress and rubber-soled shoes, stopped for a moment to touch her nose with powder and snatch a vanity case and pat her hair into order, all to get a message from a low, vicious and perhaps murderous sneak thief.

"Well, what is it?" she demanded of the boy.

White eyeballs goggled above coal-black cheeks.

"Mr. Van says as how he is in a pow'ful lot of trouble an' as how you all is the onliest one kin he'p him. Mr. Van wants you to come on hot-foot down to the Patricia."

"Is he hurt?" demanded Susan.

"No'm, but he do look pow'ful sick."

"Where is the Patricia?"

"He's done brought her to the club landin', Ma'am."

THE first real beam of the morning sun found a black boy and a pale girl pulling out in a small boat to the Patricia, looking somehow lumpish and awkward as she smacked her bottom gently in the ground swell.

Van, in a surly morning humor, lounged against the tiller of Patricia rounding Buzzard's Point. Even though he couldn't help it, it was hard to be going back to Susan Ann and telling her how silly he had been to run away. He thought about Watson and damned him listlessly.

Snowball up forward kept lazy watch. The kinky head reared, bobbed up and down. Excited chatter drifted back to Van.

"Cap'n. Cap'n Van, suh. Lookee yere up yonder. Lawsee. If it ain't dat ole Patricia boat. Cap'n. Lookee."

Van jerked erect, snatched the pipe from his mouth, rubbed his eyes. The phantom replica of the Patricia loomed out of the bay. She was barely making steerage way. Van spun the wheel, heading straight for her as a scream ripped over the water. Patricia heeled over in the fresh breeze, swung around shaking drops of water from her counter as a dainty lady shakes her skirts.

"Grab this wheel, boy!" roared Van. The false Patricia was moving clear of the low clinging mist. At her wheel stood a twin of Snowball. In her waist a tall man struggled with a girl in white.

Van poised on the forward rail. He smiled faintly as he recognized the man on the approaching boat. "Mr. Watson," he said, "and isn't it annoying that there isn't anyone handy to whom I can say, 'I told you so'?"

Snowball brought Patricia alongside neatly. Inches separated the decks as Van jumped lightly to the deck of Patricia's double. His foot caught in a tangle of gear. Casually he stooped over and began to coil the rope.

"Good morning, Watson," he said pleasantly, "Very slovenly craft you have here. Rotten seamanship."

Watson exploded out of the waist toward the stooping Van. Van barely swayed as he crouched over the rope, his left hand shot out abruptly and Watson as abruptly described the maneuver aviators know as a ground-loop, as his fist caught in the noose Van had made of an end of rope he had picked up. Mr. Watson, continuing his spin, stopped with suddenness against Van's right fist.

"My, my," murmured Van, as he bent over him with another length of signal halyard he salvaged from the pile. "I thought you said that in Birmingham they smacked each other." Mr. Watson didn't hear him. He was far away listening to the twitter of myriads of little birdies. Van surveyed the boat with a critical eye. "Guess we'd better tow her in," he decided. "Very slow job, but safest in the long run with the active Mr. Watson aboard."

He bent over Mr. Watson again, patting his pockets. The most interesting items were an automatic pistol and a small pearl necklace.

PATRICIA, moving sluggishly and sulkily under her auxiliary power, chugged through the entrance of Landlocked Bay. Her sluggishness was caused by her almost twin which she towed behind. Her sulkiness was undoubtedly due to jealousy. Indisputably another lady had taken her place in the affections of her skipper. He was seated in the stern sheets with his arm about the lady in question, Susan Ann. He issued lazy orders to two kinky heads which answered indiscriminately to the name of Snowball. One put the helm hard over, the other moved forward to pick up the buoy. Van turned to his real interest.

"What ever made you do such a thing?" Van asked.

"You sent for me," said Susan Ann.

"But I didn't," said Van as he regarded her.

"I thought you did and that's the same thing." Susan, as soon as she could get the use of her lips, was positive. "Why did you tell me you—you were a thief?"

"I didn't. You insisted upon it."

"Do you really think he meant to kidnap me?" she wondered.

"There isn't any reason why he shouldn't," said Van. "I wish I had thought of it myself."

"It seems so unnecessary," murmured Susan.

Mr. Watson, stretched on a settee in the cabin, stirred and wished that the signal halyard wound around his wrists and ankles had a little more give. He hadn't been cheated. The man who sold it to him had assured him it was of good quality. Besides, his jaw ached.

The slanting beams of the Monday sun fell upon a sad-eyed gentleman with mournful features who perched on a rail above the landing-float of the Landlocked Bay Yacht Club. He shifted the shotgun balanced on his knees as Patricia's heavily laden dinghy drew alongside.

"So you *are* Mr. Henderson Van Vleck of Noo Yawk," he said.

"Yes," said Van, heroically restraining the impulse to say, "I told you so."

"I see you got Watson," commented Mr. Duke.

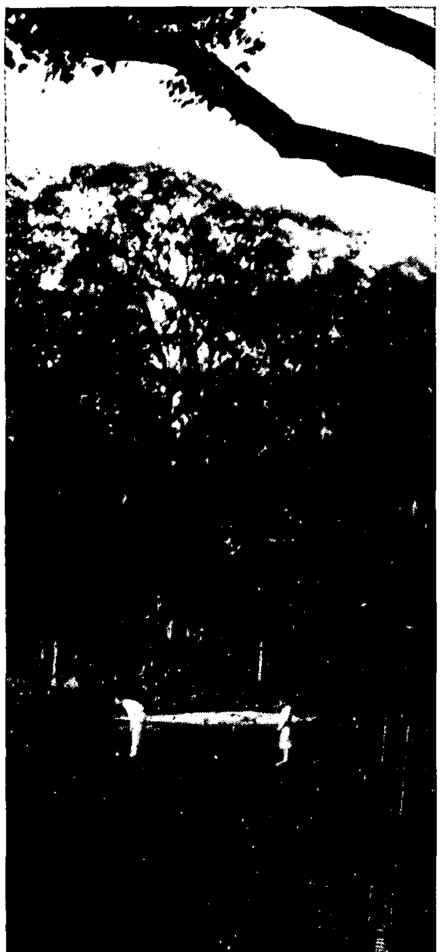
"Yes," said Van. "You might lock him up."

Mr. Duke nodded and took Watson in hand efficiently.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Susan Ann, who was receiving less attention than she thought she should.

"He can handle you all right," said Mr. Duke, nodding at Van.

GOLF
AT ITS FINEST



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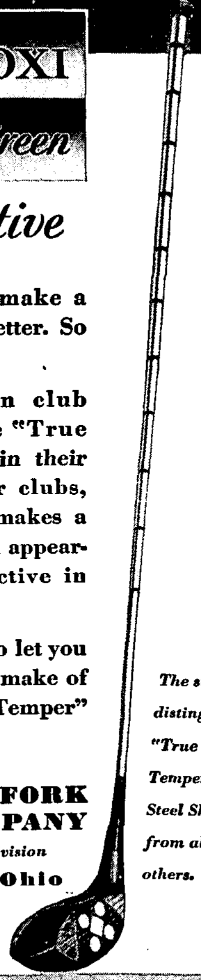

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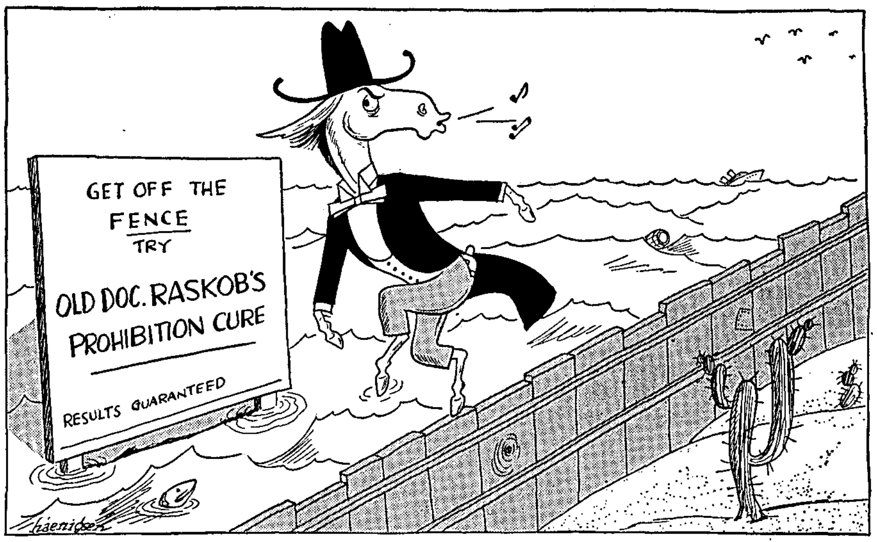

Chairman Handling

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

CHAIRMAN JOHN J. RASKOB has given the Democratic party, if it has the determination to be honestly wet, a practical anti-prohibition plan admirably fitted to its purposes.

Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is politically weak, because a great many voters who think that prohibition has failed wish, when voting to end it, to be assured that there will be no return of the saloon. The Anderson proposal for revision of the amendment is weak in that a great many voters do not desire to see a great liquor-selling machine, with immense political power, built up by the Federal government.

Mr. Raskob's proposal leaves the Eighteenth Amendment in the Constitution for the states that wish to remain dry, and adds a new amendment restoring the state's right to solve its liquor problem in its own way.

No solution involving the manufacture and sale of liquor, however, could be adopted by a wet state without being submitted to the approval of the voters of that state. This proviso, it is presumed, would be a guarantee against the return of the saloon. That plan avoids more political pitfalls than any which has yet been suggested.

Will the Democratic party adopt it in 1932? It is too soon to say. The party now is ready to nominate a wet for President but it hopes to dodge responsibility for being wet in its platform. Mr. Raskob has challenged that ostrich-like program and a shower of abuse has descended on him.

Politicians hate to face realities. They think they can avoid troublesome issues by saying nothing about them. Intelligent men like Senator Cordell Hull and Senator Joseph T. Robinson got up in the national committee and said that prohibition was not an issue! What is an issue if the most discussed question in this country today is not?

Facing the Music

Mr. Raskob has given his party a proposal around which the wet sentiment in the dry states may rally. When he asks for a vote on it the wet sentiment in the Democratic party will probably be stronger than it is today.

The Democrats will have to face the music on the Raskob proposal in the next meeting of the national committee and again in the 1932 national convention. Now that the issue has been raised in the Democratic party it is going to be hard for the party to act as if it had never heard of prohibition. But of course an honest facing of the prohibition issue is involved with the ambitions of the various Democratic candidates for President.

For example, Governor Roosevelt, who is in the lead as a candidate, apparently is seeking dry support and wants a pussyfooting platform.

An interesting phenomenon of politics is the unpopularity in his party of its chairman, Mr. Raskob. One would think that he was the greatest enemy the Democratic party ever had, one who, having got into power under false pretenses, was trying to destroy the party.

Yet no national chairman in my memory has ever done so much for his party as Mr. Raskob has. He has kept it supplied with more money than it has ever had before. He has given it an effective organization functioning all the time, one that is the envy of the Republicans. And now he has offered it the most practical solution of the prohibition problem yet devised, one on which Democrats can come nearer agreeing than on any yet suggested.

Off the Road

The party frankly wants to capitalize the wet sentiment of the country and is going wet at least so far as to present a wet candidate for President. Yet the great majority of the Democratic national committee are looking eagerly forward to the time when they can get rid of Mr. Raskob as chairman.

His name is not one of the Anglo-Saxon names which are at a premium in politics. He is a crusading wet, and he disturbs the dreams of those Democrats who believe that their party can once again, in 1932, dodge the prohibition issue.

Moreover, Mr. Raskob is not a politician. He did not come up to the chairmanship by the familiar road of election, district captain, county chairman, state chairman, and so forth. He does not speak the language of the politicians. He is not at ease among them. He is somewhat shy in their company. And politicians never really like a chairman, or for that matter a President, who is not of their kidney.

Mr. Raskob comes from the business world, but there is less of the hard-boiled business man about him than there is about anyone else who has made his millions. He is extremely modest, not at all self-assertive, though pretty determined when a principle is involved. He is quite gentle and considerate, extremely patient. "I am used to being abused," he said after the dry Democratic senators had attacked him, and as he said it in his quiet voice he smiled one of the gentlest and most engaging smiles in the world.

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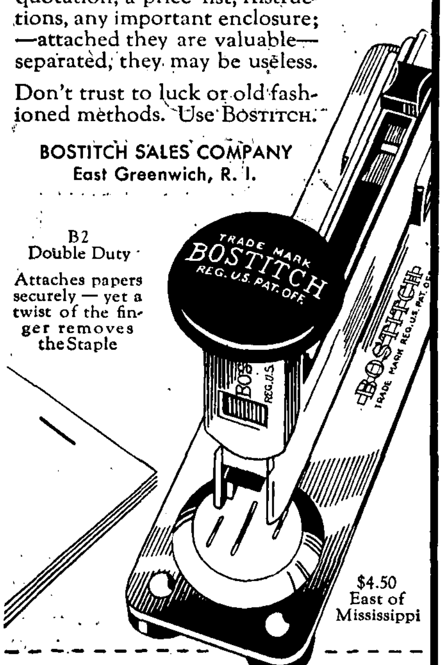
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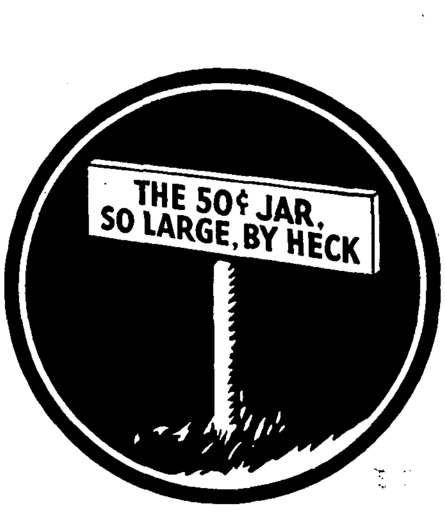
THE 50¢ JAR, SO LARGE, BY HECK

See opposite page →

Gunsight Trail

Continued from page 21

him, I give you my word I won't go out."

They let him stand up to peer out of the little window again. A hatless man in rumpled street clothes was walking toward the car beside which lay Alex Shaw and Bob Macumber. For a moment he stooped in examination. Then he stood up, facing the pump house, and made a gesture of utter finality.

Sally Major suddenly hid her face in her hands. Her shoulders shook uncontrollably, and between her fingers trickled slow, irrepressible tears.

IT WAS night again; the fifth they had seen from within the bullet-spattered adobe walls.

In the five days of their siege they had withstood no less than eleven attacks, and of these eleven only two had been made by daylight. Night was the time for everlasting alertness, long, strained waitings, whispered councils, all of which forever came to one end: the shock and roar of the guns as the people of the Lazy M once more drove the attackers back.

Before the arrival of Earl Shaw, Dutch Pete, taking the place of the fallen Alex Shaw, had twice rushed the door with a ram. The Lazy M defenders could have killed their besiegers by the dozen then. But the great weakness of their position lay in the legal intrenchment of the Bar S. Oliver Major had a stubborn faith that as word of their situation spread, such a storm of protest would rise from the cattlemen of the Southwest as would force Theron Replogle to take the law from the hands of the Shaws. This hoped-for intercession would be worthless to them if they had complicated the case against them by killing men who were acting for the law.

The firing from the adobe had therefore been more warning than lethal through the first day of the siege. Dutch Pete had lost eight men in wounded at his first attempt to ram the door, and three more as he tried it again. After that he had settled back to await the arrival of more brains.

With the advent of Earl Shaw the siege took on a different color. Shaw had begun by planting long-range snipers who brought an accurate and searching fire to bear upon the loopholes of the defenders. A bullet which tore through the muscles at the side of Bart Holt's neck had been their warning that the hour for careless exposure was past. Holt lived and would recover; but, as far as this fight was concerned, the old tracker could help them no more.

Chris Gustafson had a hand smashed when a bullet came the wrong way of the rifle he was sighting, turning him instantly into a one-handed man. He was still in the fight, unfevered and stoic, but he was reduced to the revolver now.

And Dick Major, before the fight was done, promised to fare the worst of all. A spent ricochet had broken his collar bone; he had been shot through the left forearm, and a third shot had chucked a splinter into the side of his face with such effect that it was now bandaged from eye to jaw. Yet he remained the wild, reckless kid he had always been, his incautious eagerness making him one of the primary hazards to the offense.

Twice, and sometimes three times in a night, under the covering fire of his sharpshooters, Shaw's men crept forward through shadow, seeking means to break the stubborn defense. Standing flat against the adobe of the outer wall of the pump house, they attacked the timbered defenses of doors and windows with axes; again, they attacked the adobe itself with mattock and pick. Once they came with fire, hoping to find the roof inflammable, but it was of sod.

Yet, violent though some of the attacks might be, those within felt that Earl Shaw relied chiefly upon the sheer endurance of his siege to take effect.

How many men the attackers had lost the defenders could not know. They did not even know whether Alex Shaw had survived the wound he had received in his shoot-out with Bob Macumber. One man they knew was dead: that was Art French, who had pitched forward with a galvanic jerk, to hang headdownward, suspended from the waist, from the loft of a barn in which he had established a sharpshooters' nest.

That had been four days ago, when the fight was young. Tonight, with their rations running very low, and no sign without of slackening or intercession, it seemed they must be very near the end—some kind of end.

A lantern in the middle of the floor, protected by a cone of sheet iron, cast a thin plane of dim yellow light along the floor; it showed the stirrup of a saddle, a rifle butt, Oliver Major's high-heeled boots, and the corner of a bale of hay. Everything above was shrouded in heaviest shadow.

"It's going on three hours since dusk," Sessions said. "They'll be coming on again soon." The voice of Stephen Sessions was thin and dry, seeming to have lost body in the five days of the siege, and it seemed strange to hear him speak, he had spoken so seldom since he had been their prisoner here.

"It may be," Major said, "they're not coming on tonight."

"You planned to fight three days," said Sessions, dryly. "Instead of three days, it's been five. The grub is almost gone."

Oliver Major's boots moved out of the flat circle of dim light, as for a few minutes he engaged himself in a tour of the windows.

"How long," said Sessions, "do you think you can go on with this?"

"Go on?" repeated Oliver Major. "We can't go on."

"You've made a good fight," Sessions said. "I never would have believed that you could have made such a stand."

They knew that was so. Over and over the defenders had proved that their guns could lash out murderously withering, short-range attacks. Yet it could not last forever.

"God knows," said Sessions, "I tried to make you see what the end would be when you began. But, Oliver, I want to say this: from the bottom of my soul, I'm sorry! I can't say more than that."

IN THE oppressive silence the dim mumblings of the delirious Walk Ross fumbled vaguely. "Three head more. . . ."

"But you see, now, Oliver," Sessions persisted, as if he could bear the silence no more, "you have to give up."

"Give up?" said Major. "We can't give up."

"I don't see the alternative," Sessions said.

"There's been two other ways," said Major. His voice came from utter darkness, like a voice detached. "One was that Replogle would see the light in time. It almost began to look as if he wasn't going to; but his hand has been forced, I think!"

"Forced?"

"Just before dusk," said Oliver Major, "there was that long dust to southward. You all saw it. You said it was driven stock. It seemed to me, then, that that dust couldn't come from no driven stock. I didn't say nothing. I was almost afeared to believe. But the quiet that's come over Earl Shaw's gang out there tells me now that it was so!"

"Tells you what?" Sessions demanded.

"That dust," said Major, a new hard ring in his voice, "was kicked up by ridden ponies! The horses that made it are picketed out there now, maybe a half a mile off—between sixty and ninety head that came up under the saddle. Did you think the news wouldn't run and spread? Did you think the old cattlemen forget the men that rode with 'em?"

"But Theron Replogle—" began Sessions.

"Earl Shaw knows tonight that a state isn't made up of technicalities in books. By God, the Southwest still has men! What Earl Shaw knows tonight, Governor Replogle will know tomorrow. Do you think he can fight the cowmen of the Southwest, once they rise up and take the saddle? They made him, and they can bust him, and well he knows it! And they're up, by God! You'll see!"

THERE was a brief silence, then Sessions said: "What was that other chance, Oliver?"

"Thank God," Major said, "it will never come to that other chance!"

"Are you sure?" said Sessions slowly.

"Wait and see!"

Slowly the minutes dragged by; fifteen minutes, twenty-five. In their weariness they could not exult in, nor perhaps wholly comprehend, the deliverance in which Oliver Major so firmly believed.

The end of uncertainty came in an unexpected way.

Across the night, thin and far, but recognizable beyond possibility of doubt, came the notes of a bugle.

There was the catch of a breath in the darkness near Hughes, and someone moving near him stumbled. Without seeing the figure as anything but a shadow in the shadows, Clay knew that it was Sally Major. He drew her down beside him, and gathered her in his arms.

In the brief span of days that they had known each other, he had never told her that he loved her, had hardly so much as touched her hand; but now she turned her face into the hollow of his shoulder and her tears were hot against his throat.

The hour of the night had fixed that call; but to those who waited in the close darkness of the ancient adobe it seemed to bear another significance, as if, of all possible messages, this one carried the deepest and most inevitable meaning.

Stephen Sessions' words seemed to tumble from him. "You see—see? There's your answer from the cattlemen you looked to! There's your answer from the government, from Theron Replogle! By God, you know now what was under that dust. It was cavalry rode there! You hear me? That's National Guard Cavalry called out by the governor to *guarantee* that your oldtime gun-throwers will keep their hands off the law. You heard their bugle—and, by God, you know it for what it was!"

He paused for an instant, and Hughes could hear his hoarse breathing before

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the words welled up out of him again. "Where are your trailmen? Where are they? I'll tell you where they are! They're every man of them laying low, and hoping they're beyond trouble's reach! It's the day of the law!"

As he stopped a silence fell, so heavy, so curiously complete that Sessions must have felt that he was alone, unheard. It could have been only a few seconds, though it seemed vastly longer, before the apparent emptiness of the dark became too much for him. Abruptly he reached for the lantern and raised it above his head. As the shielded light lifted, the figures in the room became suddenly visible, figures motionless as the walls.

CLAY whipped his eyes to the face of Stephen Sessions. All of that profound, unctuous surety was gone from it; it was no longer ruddy, but a dirty gray, and Hughes thought he had never seen such desolate and haggard eyes in a living face.

Swiftly, as if his arm had suddenly weakened with the weight, Sessions lowered the light to the floor again. The room's motionless figures disappeared abruptly, leaving in the faint small circle of remaining light only the stirrup of a saddle, a bit of ragged hay, and a glimmer of polished walnut where rested a rifle stock.

Dick Major called out from his post in the room where the ponies stood. "Well, do you hear him or not? Dutch Pete's hailed you three times, Dad! Do you want to talk to him, or shall I give him a shot?"

Major said in a dead voice, "To hell with him! Give—"

"Tell him," Hughes ordered sharply, "to come and talk if he wants!"

Dick Major raised his voice to a hail. "All right, all right! Come on and talk!"

In a little while more the thick-syllabled voice of Earl Shaw's chief killer was heard from a short distance outside:

"I'm standing twenty paces out in front. If you fellers want to take a shot at me—I ain't armed; but twenty rifles will take a slam at the flash of your gun."

Hughes stepped to a cigar-box-sized window, and swung aside the shield. His right hand brought his six-gun to the sill. "Speak your piece," he ordered.

"I'm giving you your last chance," Dutch Pete shouted. "The county's wasted enough time and men. If you think you got a chance, why, that was a bunch of cavalry you seen come up. What you think about that, huh?"

"Bring 'em up then," Hughes shouted back. "What are they waiting for?"

"They're not coming up. It ain't in their orders to come up. Do you think we need a bunch of doughheads to handle you? Don't kid yourself. But get this: if you been waiting for help, forget it! Martial law goes on the minute there's a show of outside interference with the law!"

"Tell 'em to go to hell with my compliments," said Hughes.

"I came down here to give you your chance," Dutch Pete shouted back doggedly. "I'm telling you, you're through! I've sent to Adobe Wells, and I've got a case of dynamite. I'm giving you an hour to make up your mind. Either you'll come out with all hands reaching, or, by God, I'll blast you out! And if I have to blow you to hell to do it, that's all right with me!"

"Where do you figure in this?" Hughes taunted him. "Go back and tell Earl Shaw that if he wants to talk to me he can come up here himself, and not be hiding behind the oversize chaps of a big squarehead!" He slammed the shield shut.

There was a silence. "Well, you heard him," said Hughes.

The voice of Walk Ross interrupted him, coming thin and bodiless from where he lay. The blur of delirium was gone from his tongue for almost the first time since his second wound. "I've got it," he said suddenly. "I know now! Just a little bit ago I was startin' to tell you something. I've been tryin' to remember what it was. I remember now. Listen—get this!"

"Yes, Walk?"

"I know now—I know how word got to Earl Shaw that Grasshopper Tanner knew something."

Sessions made a rumbling noise in his throat as if he were about to speak, but Major silenced him. "Shut up, damn you! Go on, Walk! If we can show motive on Earl Shaw—"

"I took the word in myself! God help me, I was too dumb to know it! When I told Art French I was bound to go to town, he told me that Bill Finley, the bartender in the Red Dog saloon, owed him a piece of money. Art says to me, 'Grasshopper knows all about it and can dicker with him for me. Give Bill Finley this note.' Art showed me the note—I don't know why, unless because he couldn't keep me from readin' it anyway. It says: 'Grasshopper knows all about it. Better give it to Grasshopper for me. Art French.' "

"So that was how it was," said Oliver Major slowly at last. "You hear that, Steve? That makes the case against Shaw! If ever I get out—if only I ever get clear—"

Walk Ross closed his eyes. "I'm a blockhead! I—"

"Be quiet, Walk," Sally said.

"You see," said Major, "you see? There's another that they would never dare let live to tell his story in court. We know too much! I suppose there isn't a man here that Shaw can afford to bring to trial or leave on the loose."

"Oliver," said Stephen Sessions, "even so, surrender offers the only chance."

"Never in the world," said Oliver Major with utter conviction. "Anything but that!"

"What else can you do?"

Dick Major said, "We can at least have a whack at shooting our way out—"

"And leave Walk Ross and Dusty Rivers behind? They can't be moved."

CLAY HUGHES lifted the lantern once more; now, at the last, it seemed that it offered no extra hazard. He hung it on a hook in a beam overhead.

"But the girl?" pleaded Sessions.

"What about the girl?" Sally blazed at him. "Do you think there is anything in the world for me with my men rubbed out?"

"But—" Sessions tried.

"The trouble with you," said Sally, her low voice an icy whip, "is that you're fat, and soft, and a coward. You can't bear to face facts in your mind."

"Speaking of me—" said Sessions. He tried to put a light twist to his approach to this last and nearest subject of all, and the effect was ghastly—"speaking of me, what about me? If you still mean to hold me here—"

A crazy laugh cracked Major's voice. "Speaking of you—speaking of you—"

"Just a minute," Clay Hughes cut in. "Mr. Major, I haven't asked a favor yet. I want one now. *Give me this man.*"

"Sessions? What do you want with him?"

"What do you care what I want with him?"

"Take him," said Major. "Do what you like."

Hughes turned to Sessions, his voice even. "Your race is run," he said. "You want to go, don't you? You want to

(Continued on page 80)

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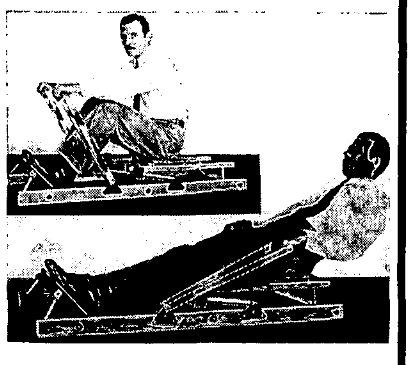

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NOW SHAVE THE NECK

Cont'd from preceding page

(*Continued from page 79*)

save your hide. Well, I'm going to let you. I'm letting you go because shooting's too good for you. I want you to live and take the gaff. Your race is run. Ask yourself why the National Guard Cavalry has been called out by the governor. To squash us, with fifty men against us already?

"You know why! It's because, already, Theron Replogle is afraid. Afraid that enough cowmen will rise up to ride over this posse of fifty men like they'd ride down sheep! Ask yourself what Theron Replogle knew before he called out the National Guard as the defense for a posse of fifty men! Theron Replogle hasn't quite as much savvy as you have, I should judge. You wouldn't have done it in his place. You'd have known better than to do it. And you know now, already, that he's through, and you with him. And that's not all.

"You been trying to believe what you wanted to believe. You almost made it stick, didn't you? How deep are you in the Silverado project, Sessions? I don't know, but I'm betting it's plenty deep. What I do know is that Shaw is a part of your organization. Ask yourself what becomes of an organization when it gets in so deep that it has to kill man after man just to keep one jump ahead of the rope! You know the answer to that. One stone out of the arch, and down comes the whole works.

"You know that; you know what's ahead of you. That's why I'm kicking you out, to save your hide now. But there's just one thing more. You're going to remember this till the day you die. You've got a good memory, haven't you? But you never thought you'd remember anything like you're going to remember what I'm telling you now!"

He got out a cigarette paper and a pencil with which he had tallied calves on more ranges than one. "Sally," he said, "I promised you that when I was ready to tell what Hugo Donnan said, before he died in Crazy Mule Canyon, I'd tell you first of all. I'm ready now."

HE HESITATED an instant, then on the cigarette paper he wrote these words: *"Donnan said nothing. I am going to lie."*

Then he went on, aloud: "Hugo Donnan died in my hands. Until this moment I've never told a soul what he said to me before he died.

"Hugo Donnan pulled me down close to him and he said, '*Get Stephen Sessions*.' Then he died.

"Naturally, I couldn't see how Stephen Sessions could have any connection. I thought he meant he was trying to name the man that was to blame. But you were too high up, Sessions, and in a different part of the state. And—you didn't have the guts. So I said nothing. So long as I thought Donnan meant to point you out as guilty in some way, I couldn't see what he meant. But I see it now. You all see it. '*Get Stephen Sessions*.' That was what old man Major here said, when trouble come down on him and his brand. That's what every honest, hard-fighting man has said in this part of the country when crookedness got him tangled up in an unfair way, and he had to have help from higher up to get out. 'Get Stephen Sessions.' I reckon that's been said many and many a time!

"Me being new here, I didn't know about that, then. I didn't know about what getting Stephen Sessions meant, when I heard Donnan say it as he died. I didn't know he was telling me to get help to straighten out this awful mess. I didn't know he was just repeating at his very end, and in the worst trouble he could be in, what maybe he heard his father say once, way back in the earlies when this country was new.

"I reckon we're lucky here. I reckon I'd rather be the man that's at the bottom of all the Buckhorn trouble, and caused every killing the Buckhorn's ever seen, than be the man that people turned to—'Get Stephen Sessions'—and then found out what we all know now.

"Now—get out! Stick your tail between your legs, and run!"

THERE was a silence when Hughes had finished that long, halting speech. He had used more words than he had ever used in his life, or ever would again; and they were also more words than these people were accustomed to listening to. But one man there listened because he couldn't help but listen; and it was not the ears but the infallible memory of Stephen Sessions that was listening to Clay Hughes.

To Hughes that halting indictment was perhaps the supreme effort of his life; but it was not the low-voiced stumbling phrases of the cowboy that Stephen Sessions was unable to shut out or to evade. Of all men in the world, he was the one who could see, clear and distinct in the half light of that boasted memory of his, the face of every man or woman who had ever said, "Send for Stephen Sessions," and heaven knew that they were legion. They were scattered over mountain and desert and plain, all the length of the Southwest.

He remembered their voices, and their troubles, and their names, effortlessly, against his will. And he knew why he had chosen to fail them all, and what had been the cost to each. Without that deep-mottled background of faces, and of memories sharper than those of face or name, the others could not feel the thrust of those slow, halting words; but this one old man—

There was a silence again; and the face of Stephen Sessions was ugly. The granite was out of it, so that it looked like something shapeless and pallid in which the bones had gone bad. The hard-set line of the mouth was a thing of the past, for the lower lip hung pendulous, and jerked. Yet he did not speak; and as the moments passed Hughes was forced to the slow conclusion that he had failed.

Little time remained. Soon now Dutch Pete would come for his final word. Old Oliver Major, Hughes knew, would not wait for that. Whether Major would choose to rush the house, Hughes did not know; but the old man would certainly walk out fighting, to face the guns. And the rest would go with him, those that could walk, ending the long fight over the Buckhorn water in a final blaze.

"You boys ready?" Major asked. "My idea of it is this: We'll—"

The smash of lead upon the wooden shields of one of the windows broke in like an interruption upon his low voice. Someone, seeing the light of the raised lantern at some crevice, had been unable to abide by the hour's armistice. Four times the lead smashed into the wood of the barricade at brief, regularly-spaced intervals. There was a moment's pause, and once more Oliver Major opened his mouth to speak. Then—

The fifth and last shot found the crack in the planking that it sought. There was a smash of splintered wood and the short growl of the smothered ricochet. A jagged bit of plank half the size of a man's hand spun the length of the room like a bat. As the fragment passed, the thin cloth of Sally's dress was torn open at the shoulder as if by the stroke of a knife, revealing white flesh that instantly covered itself with a swift run of red.

Hughes and Dick Major sprang to support her, one on each side, but after an instant she pushed them away, rigidly, ashamed to yield to pain.

"It isn't anything," she said, her voice small and shaky. For a moment, as she stood apart from them, very thin and still, she looked like a little girl, trying to hide the fact that her fingers were brushing away tears.

Stephen Sessions' voice broke out unexpectedly, a voice that no one would recognize as coming from this man. "It isn't worth it! Nothing's worth it! By God, I'm through!" He jerked to his feet and moved lurching toward the door. "It's too much! It's gone too far! Let me out of this!"

"I told you to get out," said Clay Hughes.

"I can stop it yet!" Stephen Sessions' hands were ineffectual claws as they fumbled at the bar of the door. "I gambled two thirds of my fortune in the Silverado, but this—this is too much!"

"Wait!" said Hughes, jumping to the door.

"Let me out, I say! I can turn the cavalry against them and call the posse off!"

"Sing out to them, then!" said Hughes. He unbarred the door. "You, out there! We will talk to Dutch Pete!"

They could hear voices beyond in the dark, calling Dutch Pete's name; but moments passed before they heard the voice of Dutch Pete himself answer from the house.

Stephen Sessions' voice rang big and powerful, the voice that had once harangued crowds and rounded up votes. "This is Stephen Sessions speaking! I represent Governor Replogle here! Hold your fire while I come out!"

"Who?" called Dutch Pete.

"Stephen Sessions, I say! I demand safe conduct!"

"You lie," Dutch Pete answered after a moment. "Steve Sessions skedaddled over the Pass with the women!"

"Good lord!" Sessions burst out. "Don't you recognize my voice?"

"Sure I do," Dutch Pete shouted back. "Old man Major's who you are!"

Stephen Sessions' face was ghastly. The flesh sagged away from his eyes so that he stared fishily. "They can't shoot me," he mumbled. "They can't shoot me. . . ."

SESSIONS threw up the bar of the door and flung it wide. He was stumping out into the night as Hughes seized him by the belt, jerking him back. Outside a ragged salvo of gunnery wakened, sending a scatter of bullets scudding into the timbers of the open door.

"They can't shoot you, huh?" said Hughes. Sessions staggered backward, and stood swaying; he was staring unbelievably at a slow trickle of blood that ran down his little finger. "They were firing on me," he said idiotically.

"Oh, were they?"

"But I can stop this," Sessions persisted. "If only I can reach the cavalry camp—"

"You could have once," said Oliver Major. "Now—they can put forty guns on the man who tries to make the break."

Hughes jerked Sessions to face him. "Look here. Can you write a message that will do the work?"

"You mean—"

"Does the officer in charge out there know your signature?"

"Yes! If we can get a message—"

"Then write your message." He snatched a tally book from a shelf. "Write, and write quick."

"We can get no message out!"

"The hell we can't. I'll get the message out."

(*To be concluded next week*)

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Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 23

it. He nodded slowly, as one who has clinched a satisfactory bargain. And, crossing to the door, he hissed softly. . . .

DAWSON HAIG spent part of that night in the large caravansary of Bîr Ambar, on the old pilgrim route to Mecca; not in the main building, with its domed roof and colonnades, but in an annex which was nearly habitable.

He had traveled from Keneh in a big French car with an Egyptian driver, over roads which were originally intended for camels. The tiny oasis was nearly deserted, and he dozed a few uneasy hours upon a hard bed. At daybreak they took the road again, reaching Koseîr about noon.

This once prosperous seaport afforded him another glimpse of the slow but sure change which the ways of the West are effecting in the East.

He was taken straight to the house of Dr. Hess, a small villa standing in its own garden and looking out upon a sailless sea.

Dr. Hess rose from behind a table at which he was seated, smiled significantly, and held out his hand.

Dawson Haig caught his breath. The stout and prosperous-looking Hess was a *Turk!*

However, he did not speak, and Haig, nodding, handed him the letter received from Hassan es-Sûk. The doctor glanced at it, smiled again, bowed; then, from a drawer, took out a third envelope identical in appearance, and passed it to Haig. He now spoke for the first time:

"You are the last to arrive, Joseph."

He spoke in French! A wave of relief swept over the listener.

"So I understand, Doctor. But" (a sudden idea entered his brain—he drew a bow at venture), "I think Len Chow and Franz cannot be far ahead."

Dr. Hess smiled even more broadly, and:

"Nearly eight hours," he replied. "Convey to the Chief my best wishes and assurances. If you will follow my servant, he will direct you to the quay. . . ."

The "letter of travel," addressed as before "For Joseph," read:

"You will proceed by motor boat and report.—Chief."

Haig's respect for the efficiency of the Egyptian police service was increased as he followed the servant down rough stone steps to a little quay against which a battered but seaworthy motor boat was tied up: a thirty-eight-foot cruiser which, he guessed, concealed powerful engines in its dilapidated hull.

An aged mendicant was seated at the foot of these steps, gazing out across the sailless sea. He grasped Haig's hand as the latter passed.

"*Bakshîsh! Bakshîsh!*" he whined.

The grip of the detaining fingers was curiously tenacious. Haig paused—and looked down. Instantaneously the nutcracker features were relaxed. He saw a young face under the old mask; and:

"Destination unknown!" he whispered.

"Don't sail yet, Inspector. . . . It's impossible to cover you!" came a swift reply. Then, loudly: "*Bakshîsh! Bakshîsh!*"

Haig dropped a coin, and the clutching fingers were relaxed. But he did not move for a moment. "Impossible to cover me," he thought. Routine did not demand that he should sail for this unknown place and "report!" Common sense was against it.

Further coöperation with his Egyptian colleagues became impossible. But beckoning out of the haze over the sea was a dream-image of Eileen. Some stupendous plot was working slowly to its culmination. Even now he had not grasped it. But his suspicions were horrible. His usefulness might be ended if he should be cut off from his allies. But . . . Eileen!

He must find her at all costs—be near to her. Some means of communication he would surely find. . . .

IN A LONG, rectangular room on the first floor of the house on the hill, Yu'an Hee See's rogues were gathered.

Here was The Wasp excitedly arguing with the one-eyed Chinaman and his former opponent, Franz the Brandenburger. Len Chow was deep in conversation with Jo Lung and a villainous-looking Arab known as Ali. They frequently glanced in the direction of a table at which Dr. Oestler sat apparently pleading with the gloomy, debauched MacIles. Uncle Tom and Kid Brown were drinking stout from tankards.

There were a dozen other faces which must have been recognizable by anyone who had been privileged to enter that room in the Restaurant Suleiman Bey on a certain night when Dawson Haig had sat waiting below.

Wine flowed freely, and the lofty apartment, the ceiling of which was supported by teak beams, was hazy with cigar smoke. A laden buffet stood against one wall between two divans, and three Nubian servants attended to the requirements of the gathering.

Shouted remarks in many tongues produced a babel impossible to describe, and argument amongst some of the groups rose perilously high. Then, suddenly, Dr. Oestler stood up; and:

"*Orders!*" he cried.

That word produced an almost immediate effect. The clamor subsided—died away. Heated interjections there were, the fag-ends of feverish arguments, but at last—silence.

"The Chief will speak to you," Dr. Oestler announced and sat down.

A CURTAIN was drawn aside, just to the speaker's left, and Aswâmi Pasha entered.

He was greeted with a roar of welcome which seemed to rock the room. He smiled, and nodded his handsome head to right and to left. Then he raised both hands. His gesture was obeyed—silence fell again.

"My friends," he said, "as some of you speak French, some of you Chinese, some Arabic, some Scandinavian and German, but all of you, I think, a little English, I will address you in English. Tonight you will have been entertained and I trust are very happy. But after one more drink all round, you will go to your quarters, and you will sleep; because tomorrow is the day for which we have been called together again from all over the world. . . . by Mr. King."

He paused. The silence was so complete that men could be heard breathing. "All are present?" he turned to Kid Brown.

"All present and correct, Chief."

"Every man knows his job and what is expected of him," Aswâmi went on. "Every man knows also what is coming to him if he fails. You have enjoyed success in the past. You have all been made rich by the man you serve. If you are all poor again tonight, this is your own concern. Another chance is being given to you. And this time the shareout will be enormous."

As he paused again, an excited murmur arose; and:

(*Continued on page 82*)

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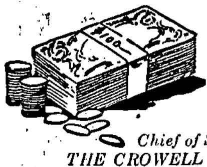

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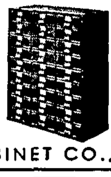

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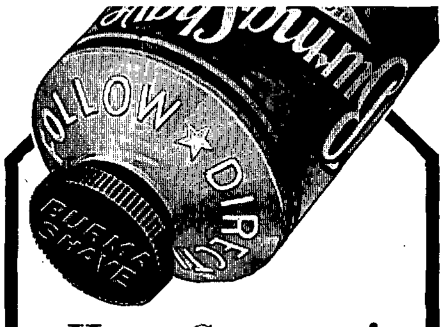

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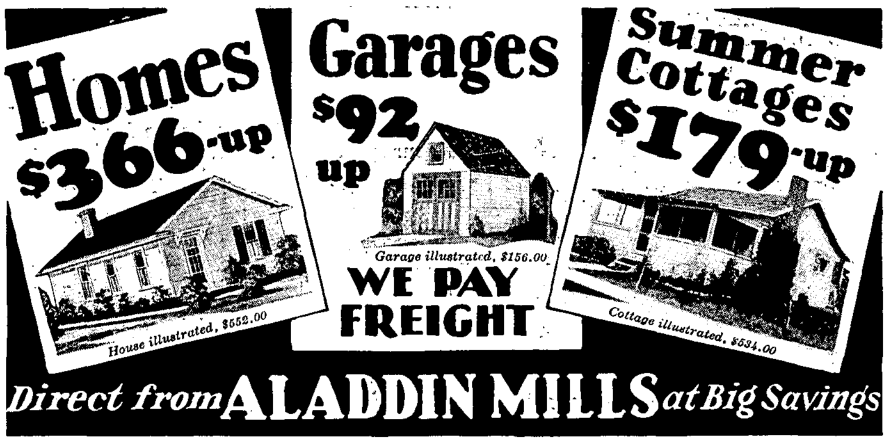
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(Advertisement)

(*Continued from page 81*)

"*Enormous*," he repeated. "If, after tomorrow, any one of you ever need to take another risk in his life—then that man is a fool."

The murmur grew louder; the excitement rose.

"I need not tell you what the folly of one man may mean to all of us. Failure is always paid for here in one way, and in one way only. But failure tomorrow would certainly mean death for every man concerned. Therefore, apart from 'Orders,' I look for good work all round. We shall sail at four o'clock in the afternoon; every man jack of us with a noose around his neck—and so every man will watch his neighbor. And a short shrift, say I, to any backsliders."

A great roar—a wild roar—like that of a pack of wolves suddenly aroused, greeted his last words.

Kid Brown, the cockney prize fighter, alone of all those ruffians shouted but feebly. Across the room he had caught the somber glance of the drunken Scotsman.

"One more glass all round," Aswâmi concluded, "and then—to bed."

He smiled, waved his hand, and went out, sped by a hoarse cheer. Dr. Oestler followed.

Kid Brown stumbled across the room to MacIles' side, and:

"Is it an English ship, mate?" he whispered.

The Scotsman's bleary eyes fixed themselves upon him. There was an interval, and then:

"I ken it is. I've worked out a' the poseetions—an' this will be the old Wallaroo, thirteen thousand tons, out fro' London to Brisbane. . . ."

IN AN office which contained all things essential to a busy man of affairs but which was also decorated in the manner of a fashionable courtesan's boudoir, Aswâmi Pasha sat behind a large writing table.

His deep-hued *tarbûsh* he had tossed onto a divan, and the soft illumination of a lamp standing near his elbow glittered upon coal-black hair, painting shadows upon the handsome face.

Kid Brown, battle-scarred, in pullover and flannel trousers, stood before him, and:

"Am I to regard this interview, Brown," said the Egyptian, "as a piece of private blackmail?"

He raised his left hand, appreciatively touching the base of the table-lamp—a slim nude porphyry figure.

"You can regard it 'ow you bloody well like!" the Kid replied. "I come 'ere to say what I 'ad to say and I've said it."

"I see," Aswâmi murmured. "You are suffering from belated prickings of conscience—"

"Talk sense!" the Kid suggested.

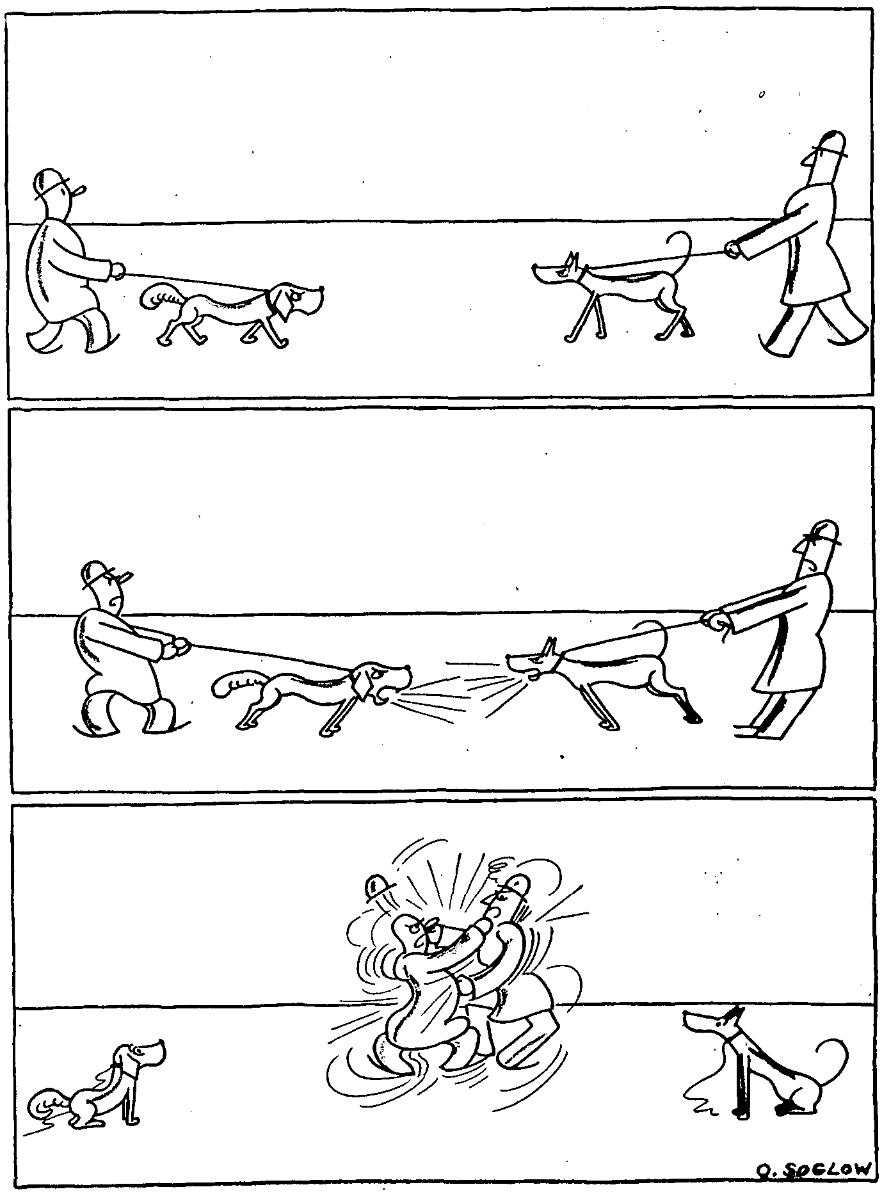
"And you think you may turn them to profit?"

KID BROWN took a step forward. The Egyptian's hand dropped below the table.

"Listen!" said Brown. "I've been your bodyguard for three years and I've done well out of it. There's been some bloody dirty work, though I say so, but I've done it! The German steamer was a bit 'ot, but I never liked Germans and I don't now. The nigger trade don't worry me. The American yacht was fair game. Capitalists and their fancy dames ought all to go the same way. But this 'ere English liner—"

Aswâmi Pasha checked the flow of words with a gesture.

"To sum up, Brown," he said, "this is an appeal against orders? You are demanding an interview with Mr. King?"



The Kid's clenched fists relaxed. His wicked little eyes wavered.

"Do I understand you?" persisted Aswâmi.

"Cut it out! I ain't appealin' against orders. Only I don't want to go tomorrow. . . ."

"Your share?"

"Keep it! Leave *me* out."

Aswâmi Pasha was thinking, "This man has been talking to MacIles. He *must* come tomorrow. Otherwise, he will be dangerous. MacIles must come also—but for the last time. . . ."

"It is in orders that you join us, Brown," he said coldly. "Therefore I have no choice but to refer your protest to—"

Kid Brown sprang forward and grasped the outstretched hand.

"I'll go!" he whispered hoarsely.

Aswâmi drew his hand away, and:

"I shall never understand your objection," he added softly. "It is the cargo we want; not the ship."

"Honest?"

Aswâmi met the glance of keen, deep-set eyes.

"I have said so," he replied. "And now that you have come to your senses, a word of warning: Mac is being watched by Mr. King!"

The Kid drew back, biting his thick underlip.

"Tonight," Aswâmi continued, "the Armenian, Joseph, from Port Said, joins us, taking the place—at the same pay—of the Portuguese sent to us by Polodos. I knew, when I interviewed him in Paris, that this man from Stamboul would fail us, as he had failed us before. Very well. You have taken a gross liberty tonight. You shall have a chance to make good. I have to go with Mr. King to the sheds. See this fellow, Joseph, and instruct him in his duties. Remember—with the Jackal he will be in sole charge, outside, during our absence. *You* will be responsible. . . . You may go."

Kid Brown, with never a word, turned and made for the door; but:

"I may collect women, Brown," came the smooth voice—"but I study men. . . ."

And in a small room situated in a wing of the rambling mansion, far from that exotic office, MacIles was kneeling beside a neat bed trying to pray. There is no more desperate character than that of a religious man gone wrong. And James Malcolm MacIles, ex-chief engineer of a famous liner, was a deeply religious man whom an irreligious woman had driven down to hell.

In drink he was a devil incarnate. And he wanted to pray for strength to remain sober long enough to save his poor soul from this last black sin.

But never a word would come. . . .

AS THE motor boat swung into the reef-sheltered harbor, the *truth* leaped at last to Haig's brain. . . .

From Koseîr they had raced over an oily swell straight to the Hedjaz coast, then southeast down the Red Sea, hugging the shore for five hours. At a small port northwest of Jeddah they had put in for petrol.

To Jeddah—although Haig was ignorant of the name of the place—they gave a wide berth, swinging out and describing a flattened semicircle as they drew in again towards the Yemen mountains.

The motor cruiser, as he had guessed, was engined like a racer. In her cabin were bread, cheese, pickles, bottled prawns, fruit, cold meat and a great variety of drinks. Also cigars and cigarettes.

Yu'an Hee See pampered his servants. And Dawson Haig knew why!

A suspicion—scarcely a theory—which for weeks past—longer; perhaps since that day when the existence of the former Marquis Yu'an Hee See had thrust itself upon his attention—had clamored for recognition, at last drove home. . . .

Drug smuggler—slave dealer—receiver of stolen property—yes! but at last the whole scope of this devil's activities presented itself like a revelation. . . .

The American yacht, a year ago! Why in the name of sanity had he not attached its proper significance to the clue of the fire opals! And less than a year earlier, the big German freighter with a cargo insured for a quarter of a million! Both had vanished, leaving never a survivor, somewhere in the Red Sea. There had been talk about a shifting shoal; an official survey had been made.

Some idea that there might be wreckers at work had been germinating in his mind when he had questioned Rattray. Something the latter had said had fired the train.

A CHILL swept over him which seemed to reach his very heart. He stepped out onto the quay, waiting mechanically for the Negro who was to guide him. . . .

Yu'an Hee See was a *pirate*—a modern pirate!—holding strictly to the motto of that ghastly trade: "Dead men tell no tales."

This was the man, with his damnable organization, in whose power Eileen lay!

His body was icily cold, but his brain raced like an engine. He clenched his fists. What should he do? What *could* he do? Where did his duty lie?

He had deliberately snapped the link between himself and official support. He was alone—alone against an organized group of absolutely callous scoundrels operating under the orders of the most evil man that ever came out of Asia.

The whole ghastly conspiracy became an open book; all his past knowledge of the group, clues which had led nowhere—suspicions at which the chief had laughed. . . .

This last astounding recognition had brought everything into order. His futile journey to Singapore with its nearly fatal termination—how near he had been then to the truth! And what bloodshed and sorrow he might have averted had he not failed.

Now—was he to fail again?—with all the facts at last in his hands?

Eileen!

Eileen he could not think about and remain sane. Turning to the taciturn Negro who accompanied him:

"Do we go far?" he asked.

He fully appreciated the position of Joseph in the scheme of things. Joseph was a nominee of the old villain, Mohammed, at Port Said. He had been given a chance to prove himself, and, unless Haig was greatly mistaken, there was no evidence to show that he had not done so. Therefore, he was about to be received by—whom?

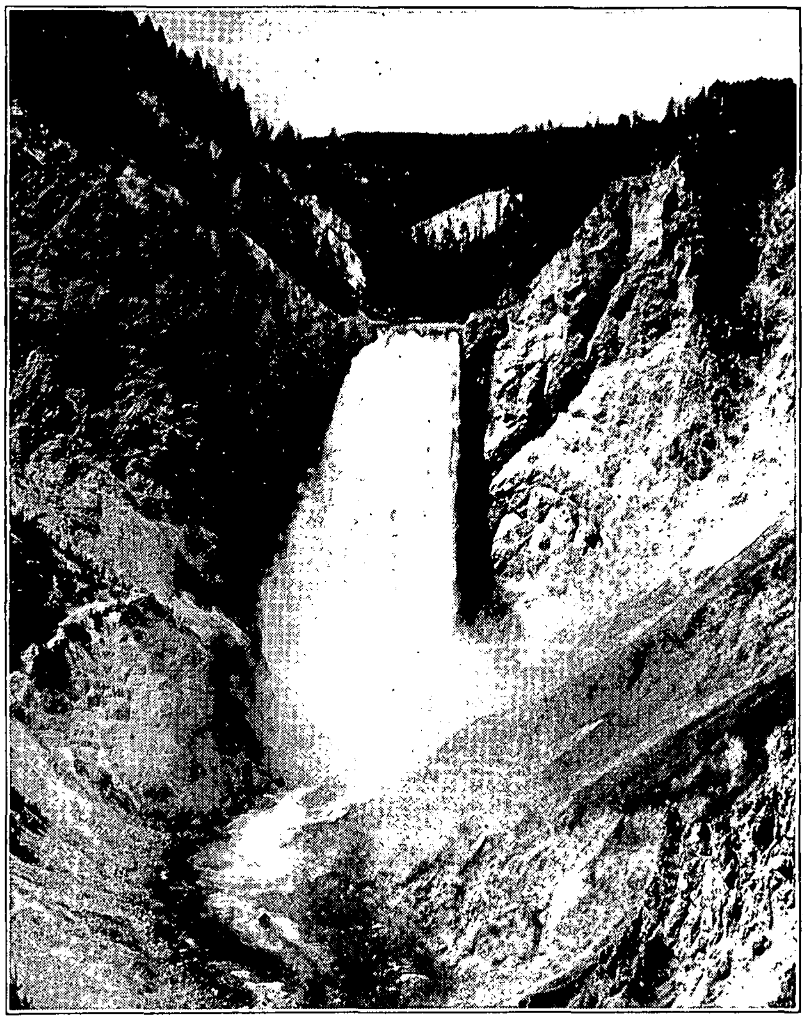
Surely not by the man who laughed! No. Yu'an Hee See was too cunning for that. He would be met by some chief of staff.

A horrible idea flashed through his mind . . . Polodos!

The Greek unmistakably was a man with an excellent brain; a man of culture; a totally different type of character from the missing Jo Lung. And it was Polodos who had taken charge in Limehouse during the critical hours which preceded the sailing of the Wallaroo. Perhaps it was to Polodos that he was being taken!

He remembered how he had cudgeled his brains for an explanation of where the leakage had occurred between Scotland Yard and Sydney. It was painfully clear now. The consignment of drugs—a minor matter—had been removed because at the last moment this greater scheme had suggested itself to the master mind!

(*Continued on page 84*)



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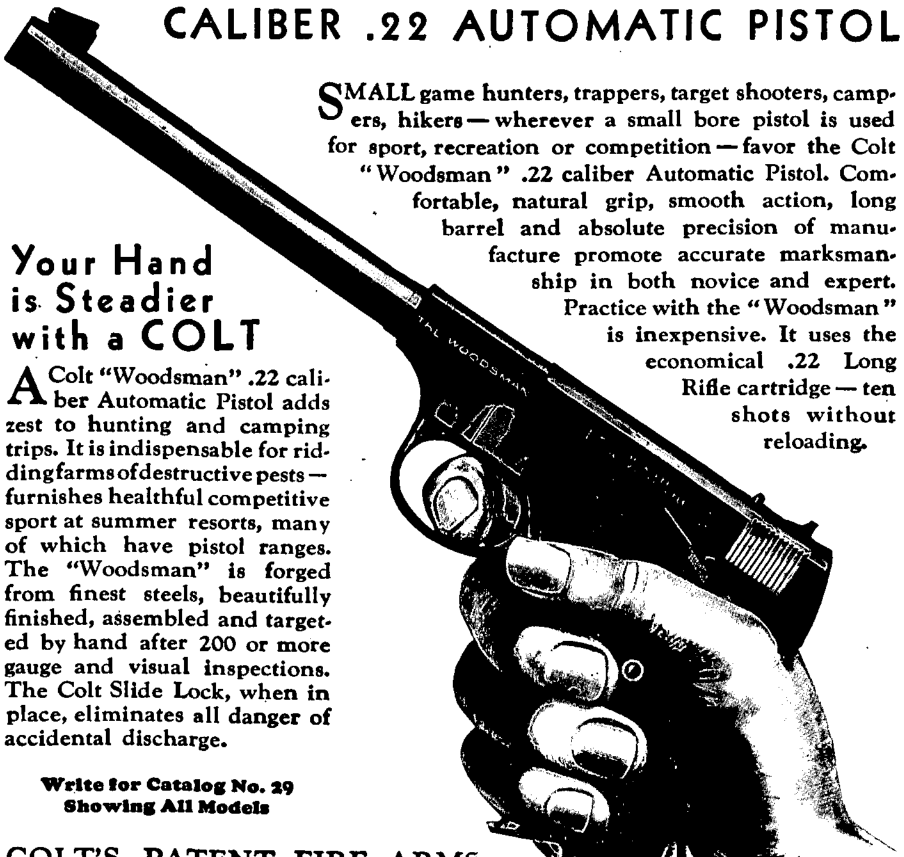

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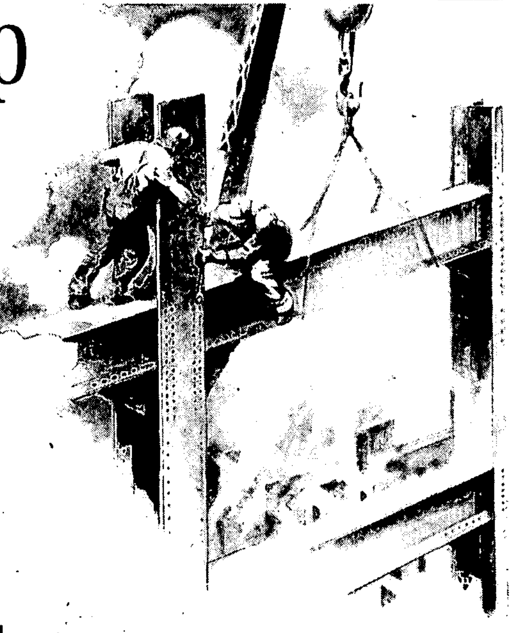

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(*Continued from page 83*)

"There," the Negro replied, and pointed.

They had reached the outskirts of the little town which clung around that secret harbor. Dawson Haig, contrary to method and training, had noted not one single detail since he had stepped ashore. His brain had been on fire. Now, the climbing tree-lined street in which he found himself was dark as a tunnel.

Ahead on the right a long, high wall began. Beyond it, where the Negro pointed, through a tree-design in ebony, he saw twinkling lights.

Massive gates, heavily reinforced with scrolled ironwork, opened onto a courtyard. Light shone out from two windows and a doorway on the left. On the other side, the courtyard was bordered by orange trees laden with ripening fruit. Beyond was shadow. Above, two tiers of *mûshrabîyeh* windows, unlighted; but beyond, projecting above, and farther than the others, was a single window in which an amber light glowed.

For some reason, Dawson Haig fixed his glance upon this projecting window. . . .

A big Negro in uniform stepped forward to intercept him. A quick interchange of remarks, meaningless gabble to the listener, took place between Haig's guide and the guardian of the gate.

HE WAS ushered into a carpeted and well-furnished room, lighted by a hanging lamp and having divans around three sides. The guide disappeared. But the man in uniform stood before him, and:

"Chief engaged," he said, in his thick Negroid voice, showing a gleam of glittering teeth. "Someone see you presently. Have a drink?"

"Thanks," said Haig dryly. "Have you got a whisky and soda?"

"Whisky and soda—oh, yes!"

The man grinned again and disappeared. Dawson Haig looked about him, weighing his chances.

This was headquarters—Yu'an Hee See's base! "The girl is safely on her way," Joseph had said: undoubtedly on her way *here*.

What was the most and the best he could hope for? . . . to get in touch with Eileen, and then—? To get away again and bring help.

What was the worst danger in sight? . . . That one of the Hee See group should recognize him. Jo Lung might know him by sight; he was uncertain on the point. Polodos, of course, was a nightmare. Len Chow and the German must be avoided. Dr. Oestler and the woman Ednam he believed to be under arrest in Suez.

Len Chow and Hartog had never seen him without "Mr. Smith's" tinted glasses, it was true, and never wearing a *tarbûsh;* but. . . .

He stared about him.

The place was an old palace, dating back in part no doubt to those dim days when the caliphs of Bagdad had exercised sway over the Hedjaz and Yemen right to this desolate coast. The reef-protected town certainly was never visited even by the most enterprising tramp steamers. He doubted if the channel were navigable, except for very light craft. This town then, dominated by the ancient palace within its encircling gardens, was part of the private domain of Yu'an Hee See!

The Negro returned, carrying a tray upon which was a bottle of whisky, a syphon of soda water, and a cut glass tumbler. He placed this upon a low table before Haig, grinned again, and withdrew.

Haig mixed himself a stiff drink and was about to take his pipe from his pocket when he reflected: "Joseph would not smoke a pipe." He lighted a cigarette instead.

He took a sip from his glass and wondered.

If detection came, which weapon should he employ? The automatic in his right-hand hip pocket, or an official card from his wallet?

What action was to be looked for from a modern and highly efficient pirate, when, in his own headquarters, he found himself confronted, unexpectedly, by a detective sergeant of the Criminal Investigation Department?

Haig smiled, wrinkling up his eyes characteristically, and took another drink. A vague fragrance of orange trees and of some night-scented plant swept in through the open doorway—so that the figure which entered at that moment seemed wildly out of place amid such fragrance.

This was a bull-necked, deep-chested man, wearing a gayly colored pull-over, gray flannel trousers and gymnasium shoes. His low skull was closely cropped in a manner resembling that affected by Dawson Haig. His jaw was his most prominent feature, and without the other battle scars visible upon his leathern countenance, his former occupation must have been apparent.

"My God!" Haig thought—"I had overlooked *him!*" . . .

This was the man to whom he had spoken outside the Restaurant Suleiman Bey in Paris!

But the little street near the Place Pigalle had been badly lighted, and Haig had worn those tinted glasses which later characterized "Mr. Smith."

No glimmer of recognition showed itself upon the man's brutal face.

"Hello, mate!" was his greeting. He glanced at a slip of paper which he held in one large, muscular hand. "You're Joseph Rasta. That right? First time at the base?"

Dawson Haig suppressed a sigh of relief.

"That's so," he replied.

"Got your letter?"

"Here it is."

"I'm the Kid," the other replied, apparently by way of introduction, pocketing the envelope which Haig handed over. "You speak good English for a bloody Armenian."

"I've lived in England," Haig explained, "and I never met anybody in these parts that spoke my language."

"There ain't nobody," was the gratifying reply, "so stick to plain English."

The speaker whistled shrilly, and the Negro doorkeeper appeared at once.

"Another glass," the Kid directed.

He pulled a packet of cigarettes from his trousers pocket, selected one, tapped it on his thumb and lighted it, thoughtfully regarding the new arrival.

"You look pretty useful," he conceded. "The Chief's engaged in 'is 'arem—so you get your orders from me. I'm first lieutenant—see?"

THE Negro returning with a glass, the Kid half filled it with whisky, to which he added a dash of soda water; then:

"You're the garden watchdog," he went on. "See?"

"I don't think I do," Haig confessed.

"Well, bloody well listen and I'll learn you. What you got to do is to patrol the gardens, 'specially the 'arem garden, and watch the 'you-nicks.' "

"Eunuchs!"

"Yes, Joseph, you-nicks. They ain't like you an' me. They can be bought over. See, mate? If you pipe a cat in the garden—shoot it. Don't shoot a you-nick or a monkey or a bloody parrot, else you're in for it. But anything else what moves—shoot. . . . Now I'll introduce you to your new pal—name of the Jackal—and show you round. . . ."

(To be continued next week)

"Hey, Babe, you're up!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. A-9-5
H. K-7-6
D. Q-J-9-2
C. 6-5-2

West
S. 7-4
H. Q-5-3
D. 8-7-4
C. Q-J-10-8-7

East
S. 3-2
H. J-8-4-2
D. K-10-6-5-3
C. 9-4

South
S. K-Q-J-10-8-6
H. A-10-9
D. A
C. A-K-3

THE above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, well illustrates the contrast between ordinary uneventful bidding at Auction Bridge and the more exacting bidding in Contract Bridge. At Auction South would obtain the contract with a bid of one Spade; but the hand was played at Contract with an expert holding the South cards.

As the most probable way of reaching the slam contract, South started with the artificial two-Club bid. His idea was to find out whether North had an Ace and a King. South planned to bid four Spades if North denied an Ace and King by bidding two Diamonds: of course he would not make that contract if North did not help; but South's only possible losers were one Spade, two Hearts and one Club, and it would take very little assistance from North to insure the game trick. A Jack of Hearts would do it if West opened that suit; or a Jack-Ten of Clubs if West opened Clubs.

South was much pleased and somewhat surprised when North answered with two No Trumps. He knew that North's Ace was the Spade but he could not tell whether North's King was the Heart or Diamond; neither could he tell whether North had any additional assistance. However, the Ace made the Spades solid and either red King left South with two losing cards at most. Being sure of eleven tricks, South bid five Spades to suggest that North bid for a slam if possible. North's Queen and Jack of Diamonds looked like a slam to North, so he bid six Spades.

In the play West led the Queen of Clubs which South took with the Ace—a false card—and Declarer saw that North's Queen-Jack of Diamonds would be of service; but the small slam was not assured.

To trick 2 South led the King of trumps and to trick 3 the Ace of Diamonds to get it out of dummy's way; next the Six of Spades which was won with dummy's Ace. Dummy then led the Queen of Diamonds and South ruffed with the Ten when East covered with the King. Had East played a small Diamond, South would have discarded. To trick 6 the Eight of Spades was led and won by dummy's Nine, both adversaries discarding Clubs; and at trick 7 South's Trey of Clubs was discarded on dummy's Jack of Diamonds—which eliminated the danger of losing any Club tricks.

At this stage of the game most players would have conceded one Heart to the adversaries; but Declarer tried for the fifty extra points. To trick 8 dummy led a small Club, taken with South's King; then came a "double squeeze."

South led the Queen of trumps and West discarded the Ten of Clubs which left him with the Jack; North discarded a useless Heart, and East parted with the Deuce of Hearts. The adversaries had not yet actually felt the pinch; but it will be noted that with four tricks left to be played, North had the King and one Heart, a Club and a Diamond, and South the Ace and two other Hearts and the good trump. West still had a good Club and three Hearts, and East a good Diamond and three Hearts. The second stage of the squeeze developed when South led the last Spade to trick 10. It was West's first turn to discard and he dropped the Trey of Hearts.

Knowing that West had kept the best Club, Declarer discarded dummy's Six, retaining the King and Seven of Hearts and the Nine of Diamonds; and now East, with the Jack-8-4 of Hearts and the good Ten of Diamonds, was obliged to keep his Diamond and let a Heart go, for the same reason that West kept his Club. The double squeeze—a play not often seen—had worked to perfection and all that Declarer had to do was lead a small Heart from closed hand, win with dummy's King, return a Heart for South to win with the Ace, and take the thirteenth trick by leading the thirteenth Heart.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. K-10
H. 4-2
D. 8-5-4-3-2
C. A-7-6-4

East
S. 7-2
H. K-9-6-3
D. J-10-9-7-6
C. 5-3

West
S. 8-5-3
H. 10
D. A-K-Q
C. K-Q-J-10-9-8

South (Dealer)
S. A-Q-J-9-6-4
H. A-Q-J-8-7-5
D. None
C. 2

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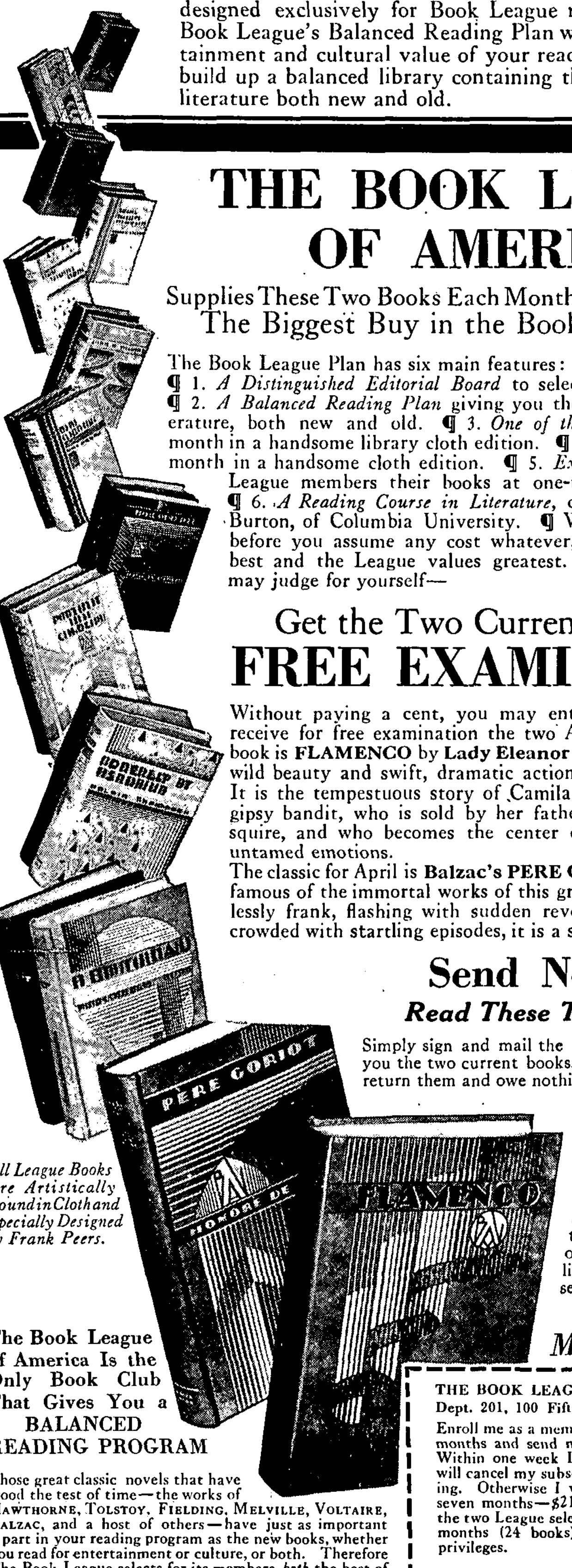

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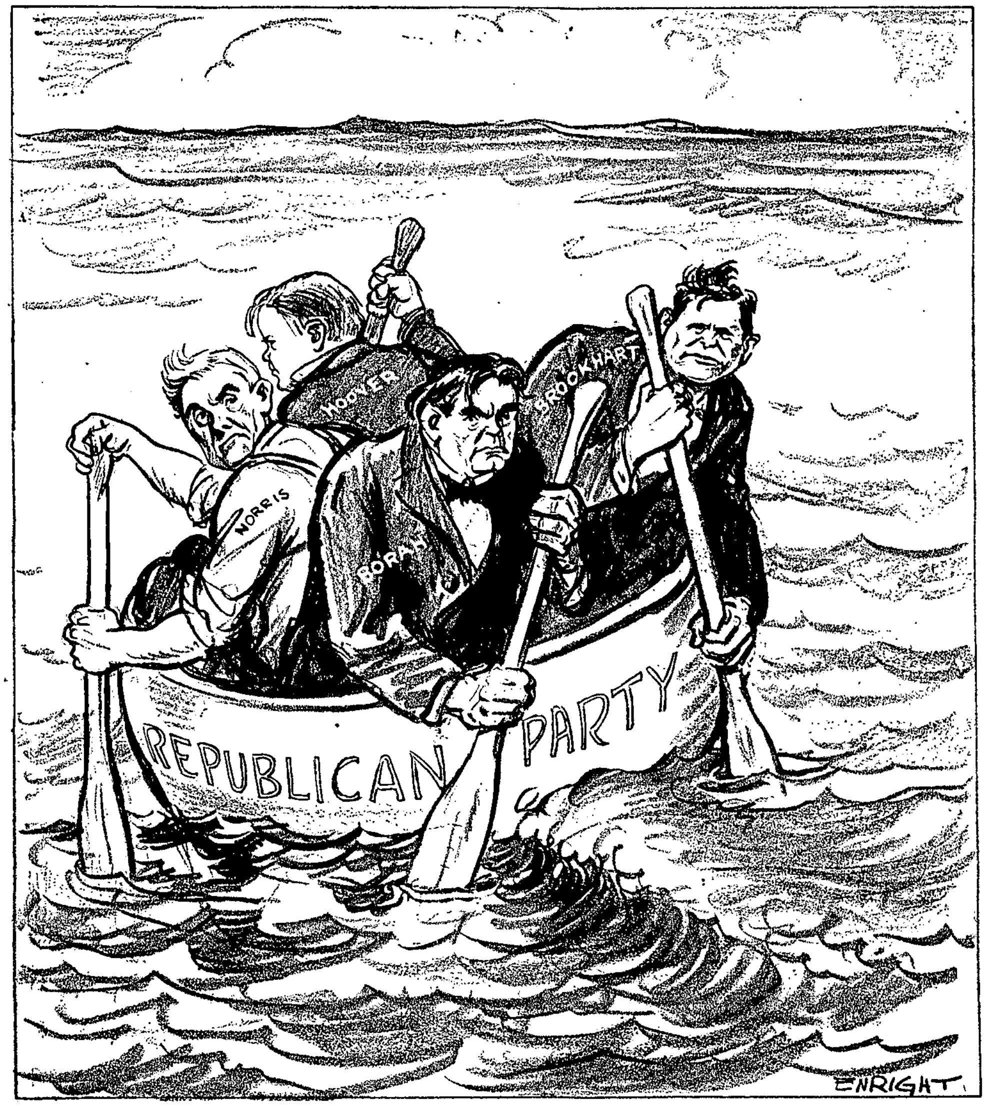

PARTY loyalty isn't even skin-deep now. It reaches only to the tag or political label.

The only strong bands which hold us together as Republicans or Democrats are habit and desire for office and power.

It is not that principles are lacking. We have plenty of principles. The trouble is that we cannot agree upon them.

Republicans, Democrats, Progressives are all at sea. Some want to go in one direction; others in another. Seldom in American history has there been more confusion of purpose.

A few weeks ago the Democrats had a meeting of their national committee at Washington. The fight between the followers of John J. Raskob and the Southern leaders was very bitter.

On many matters the Southern and Western leaders differ in belief from the representatives of the great industrial states.

The Southerners and Middle-Westerners would like to avoid taking sides in the prohibition issue. They also have some of the old Populist fear of big corporations. The Raskobites are precisely opposite. They want to face the prohibition music and they are not afraid of big business. Some job, making those irreconcilables recite the same political creed!

Republicans are not better off. They are wet and dry, industrial and agricultural, quite as passionately as the Democrats.

Contrast the beliefs of the Wisconsin La Follettes with the opinions of Calvin Coolidge. Look at the clash between President Hoover and the Progressive Republicans. Nothing holds Borah, Brookhart, Norris and Hoover in the same party except the name Republican.

Not even the Progressives can recite a single creed. They are both Republicans and Democrats who sometimes work together but upon vital matters they differ. Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin is a wet while Senator Norris of Nebraska is a prohibitionist. Neither is a blind partisan on this subject but fundamentally they are at variance.

On economic matters the confusion is quite as profound. The Progressive meeting at Washington represented chiefly the Rocky Mountain states, Republican and Democratic.

Each of these states wants high tariffs on its own commodities and lower rates on other goods produced elsewhere.

Worse still, Progressives from the old Populist sections are very suspicious of big business leaders, whatever their opinions.

Owen D. Young of the General Electric Company is quite as liberal in his expressed principles as any of the Western Progressives, and yet to some of them Mr. Young wears horns and a tail. We have a curious history of fearing corporations in this country and Mr. Young represents a great corporation.

Organized labor does not lessen the confusion. Labor is supposed to be liberal or democratic and yet at the Progressive conference the American Federation of Labor was still opposing unemployment insurance and lining up in opposition to recognition of Russia.

What a spectacle! Big business, through Gerard Swope and Owen D. Young, and Progressive politics in the person of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York advocate insurance to stabilize employment and labor union leaders oppose it on philosophical and historical grounds!

Yet people talk about economic determinism and of history being made by relentless economic forces. Economics is important but muddle-headedness has its day.

One of the sources of this confusion is our fear of big business. That fear is rapidly being dispelled as stockholders become more numerous, but it lingers. The "power trust" issue is largely a figment of the imagination. "Power trust" is an awesome phrase, suggesting economic goblins who may catch the unwary.

The important present fact is that big business was never more eager to keep out of politics. Whatever the past, today the corporation is on the defensive. All it wants is to be left alone.

Of course the government has to come in as a regulator where rates and similar matters are concerned. Railroads want busses controlled now as formerly shippers wanted the railroads brought to leash. Regulation is inevitable, necessary and desirable, but the danger from profiteering politicians is quite as serious as that from too-greedy corporations.

Given railroad or utility commissions, untrammeled by partisan or corrupt politics, manned competently, the "power trust" issue would quickly disappear as the routine problems were settled.

We won't have a new party in the next year or two. The experiments of the last twenty years haven't been encouraging. We'll muddle along, hoping somehow that good men will get elected to office and that out of their virtue they will do right by us.

We should, however, have to trust less to luck if political leaders had the sense and the courage to stand for principles instead of merely running for office.

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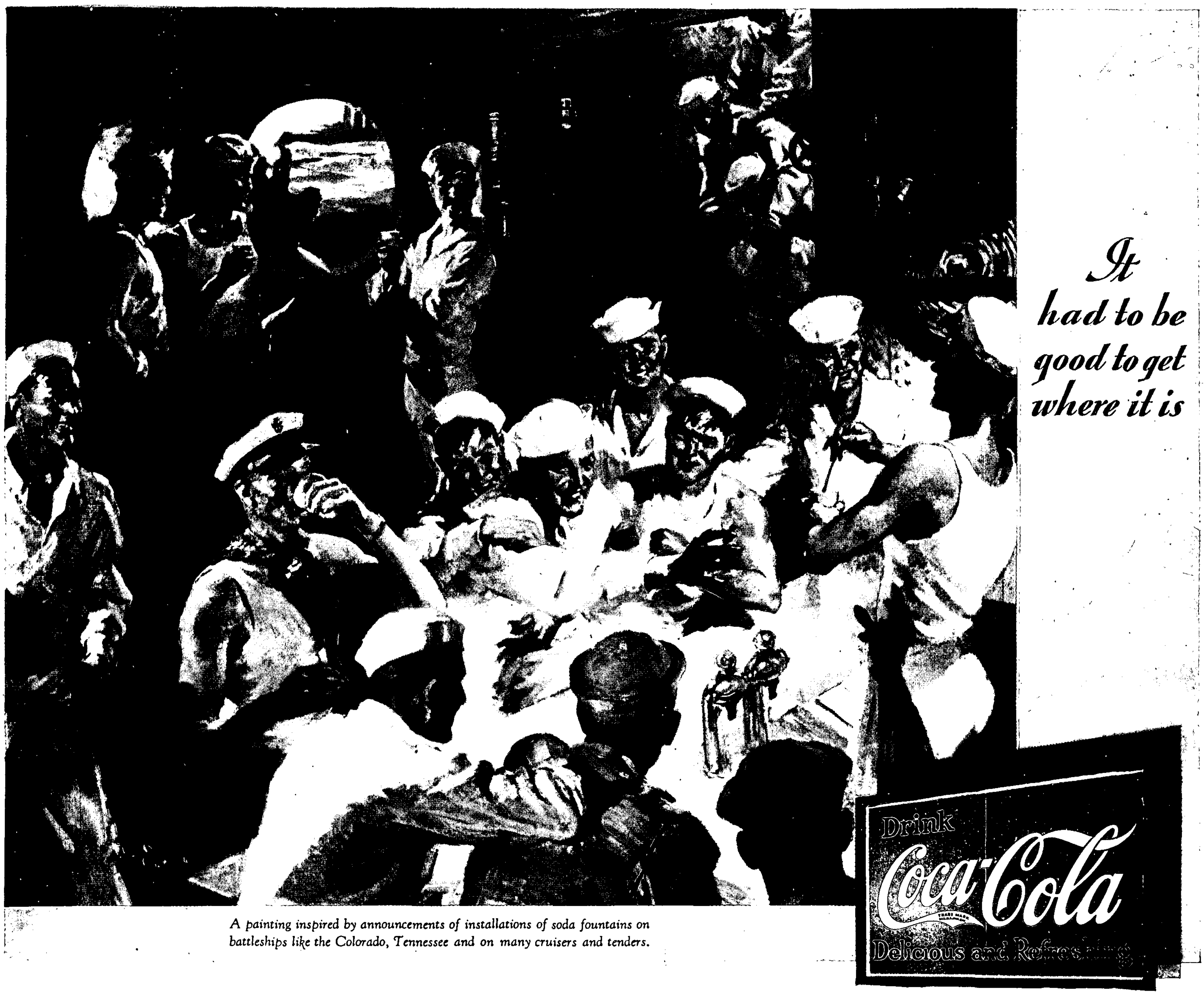

A painting inspired by announcements of installations of soda fountains on battleships like the Colorado, Tennessee and on many cruisers and tenders.

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